THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CLAN-ALBIN.

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MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL, TANJORE

A NATIONAL TALE.

A nation fam'd for song and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

BEATTIE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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MAHARAJA BERFOGI'S

CLAN-ALBIN,

A NATIONAL TALE.

CHAP. XXXII.

I pine for her.
In crowded halls my spirit is with her.
Through the long sleepless night I think on her;
And happiness is gone, and health is lost,
And fled the flush of youth; and I am pale
As the pale ocean on a sunless morn.
I pine away for her, yet pity her
That she should spurn a love so true as mine.

SOUTHEY.

WHILE the Piper is plodding his solitary way towards the south of Ireland, we shall return to the sick couch of Norman. The information Captain Drummond had so thoughtlessly given, struck on his heart like a thunderbolt, drying up the springs of existence, and in a single moment blasting every hope. He had hitherto lived but in his hopes. The illusions of a glowing and active imagination,

so far exceeded tame, cold, joyless reality, that he too often abandoned the sober certainty of moderate happiness, to pursue for a season those phantoms of enchantment, which, like the gay pictures in a summer's cloud, vanish with the gleam of sunshine by which they are created.

The loss of Monimia was an evil which he often contemplated, and which indeed he sometimes fancied arrived. But, in dreadful paroxysms of the deepest despair, he now felt the immeasurable distance which lies between the fear of abandonment and the overpowering conviction that hope is forever shut out.

The attachment of Norman, originating in enthusiastic admiration and the purest feelings of youthful love, had gradually grown up in solitude, harmonising with every soft affection of his happy nature;—cemented by entire sympathy in tastes, in talents, and in virtues, with her by whom it was inspired. This strong and tender regard, unlike the transient sentiment of preference inspired by the possession of some fashionable accomplishment, or by the beautiful idol of passing admiration, was formed to resist time, absence, and the decay of beauty; and was only

to be subdued by unworthiness in its object. The sacrifice of this attachment could be yielded to duty and to reason; but reason nor duty could never fill up the gloomy aching void left in the heart it had occupied and blessed. To *him* it had hitherto been happiness to love, even without aspiring to the rapture of being beloved; but the greatness of his misfortune, by discovering the extent of his hopes, displayed also the fallacy of this sentiment. Instead of resting satisfied in the silent adoration of unrivalled charms and virtues, even during the first glow of passionate admiration, his quiet, contemplative, and domestic mind, stretching beyond the fleeting period of a brilliant youth, perceived in Monimia a creature formed to dignify and sweeten every stage of life,—to enliven solitude,—and to embellish society,—to share his counsels, as well as to refine his pleasures,—to be the companion of his understanding as well as the object of his admiration and tenderness. In her he had fondly imagined the perfection of female excellence,—a character soft, yet firm,—just, though indulgent;—which exhibited the rare union of amiable affections and an enlightened understanding, and the still rarer combina-

tion of graceful accomplishments, perpetually relieving those serious duties, whose place they were never permitted to usurp.

His acquaintance with Monimia was besides the most brilliant scene of his obscure life. During that short year, he had thought, and felt, and enjoyed more than in all those which had preceded it: it was the era of a new existence, the date of all his hopes and projects; and that existence was now annihilated; an insuperable barrier was placed between him and the accomplishment of those hopes.

With the feelings of misery, despair, and forlornness, in which the first weeks of his illness were passed, (and which indeed constituted that illness,) a gentler sensation of soft regret was often mingled, and a modest consciousness of worth made him sometimes sigh, "O may she never feel how happy we might have been!"

About this time, letters from Eleenalin, announcing the happy establishment of Flora, proved more exhilirating to his dejected spirits than all the cordials prescribed by the skill of his physicians, and administered by the affection of Pat Leary. On the evening of that day on which he received these letters, he went, for the first time, to breathe

the fresh air at the door of his tent.—How reviving, after sickness, is the first sight of the blue heavens, the green earth; and the first breath of that mild breeze, which seems the spirit of returning health!—For a moment Norman forgot his sorrows; and when Drummond came hastily forward, exclaiming,—"Moore! Moore is come to review us!" he felt that something still had power to impel the languid pulses of his drooping heart. After congratulating Norman on his amended looks, Captain Drummond, more leisurely, informed him, that, before the army assembled there went into quarters, a grand military spectacle was to be exhibited, at which the illustrious soldier he had mentioned was to be present.—"You must make haste to be well," added he; "I would break my heart if you were not to see him. For my own part, I could fall down and worship him:—A Scotchman too;—we are all *citizens* of the world, you know, but we are *men* of Scotland. I would not love you, if you did not feel that distinction."—"Then continue to love me, for I do feel it; and your admiration of our illustrious countryman can never outstrip mine."

Drummond contrived to send Leary away;

and then proceeded.—"I have a better reason for loving you; I have the comfort of pouring out upon you all my own vexations. People have hitherto talked of the obstinacy of a mule,—but the obstinacy of a man who was so long a subaltern that he is unfit for a field-officer, and yet was made one,—so long a bachelor that he is unfit for a husband, yet became one,—so long a father, that he knows not how to part with his rights to a son-in-law,—beat it all to nothing. The unreasonable old man talks of sending Mary home to the Highlands. Do advise me to run away with her. Gordon has set us a good example." Norman complained of sudden faintness; and his frank friend, apologizing for occupying his attention so much, assisted him to his couch, and withdrew. For a moment this information seemed a new wretchedness; and Norman, surprised at his own sensations, with a degree of self-contempt, felt that he had still been the dupe of a wild unaccountable hope. This consummation of fate was, on the whole, salutary; and, after a few hours of exquisite suffering, he brought his mind to the contemplation of Monimia, the wife of Sir Archibald Gordon.—"One other night to

misery," sighed he, "then back to the duties of man,—to cares and sufferings!"

He rose with the sun of the next morning; and, while Leary prepared his coffee, tremblingly approached the little desk, which contained what had once been more precious than a prince's ransom. The first thing he met was a drawing of the cottage in Eleenalin, and old Moome spinning with her distaff in its porch. It had been sketched by Monimia, while she sat in her skiff in the bay of Lochuan. He recollected how earnestly he had hung over her while executing this drawing,—how carefully he had cut her pencil,—and how happy the possession of the picture had made him.—"I must keep this for her dear old sake it represents," thought he, glad of this excuse to comply with a secret inclination. Among some manuscript music, he had found a song in the handwriting of Monimia, which was adapted to a fine Highland air. These circumstances, and an idea which, though often checked, still recurred, gave it infinite value with Norman, and he indulged himself with perusing it for the last time.

Though Norman durst no longer think that the verses he read were of *private interpreta-*

tion, he continued to gaze on the characters in which they were traced, lost to the consciousness of every surrounding object.

"If you would suffer me to put the least drop in *it*," said Leary, stirring up the coffee—he had scalded his fingers in preparing it—"It would take off the rawness this *could* morning. But sure the candle you were in such haste for is burnt to the socket." This remark recalled Norman to recollection. He held the papers he had collected to the flame, snatched them back by an involuntary impulse, and sighed as they lay a heap of ashes. Leary, who was a very shrewd fellow, watched this scene with much interest, while he pretended to be busy with his own affairs. "If I might make *bould*, I would advise you not to sigh so deeply," said he: "My mother, poor soul! used to say, every sigh makes a drop of blood fall from the heart. Now it stands to *rason*, that a heart always bleeding should never be whole."—Norman tried to reward the kindness of Pat with a cheerful smile, yet that smile seemed in mockery of gaiety.

But his small success in recovering tranquillity did not relax his efforts. He busied himself all the morning in writing to Eleen-

alin and Glen-gillian, and afterwards encouraged the jokes of Leary, who knew very well when it was proper to speak, though he sometimes forgot when it was proper to have done speaking. From the familiar histories of Leary, as well as from personal observation, Norman gathered many particulars respecting the fine country he now inhabited, which were very interesting to his feelings, though most afflicting to his heart. And in Ireland he continued to find many subjects of amazement and regret, and of silent unavailing pity.

Meanwhile, time and resolution gradually advanced his recovery. He had a strong desire to see the hero of his imagination, and this wish almost accomplished itself. Every soldier looked forward with impatience for that day which was to invest him with a kind of reflected importance. At length it arrived; and the officers, zealous for the honour of their respective corps, led their soldiers to the field with mingled pride and trembling.

The troops, for thirty miles around, had assembled in one spot, and an immense crowd of spectators were collected to witness this magnificent "rehearsal of murder." On every side a gay throng wooed the eye of Norman,

who sighed at the recollection of the enthusiasm this splendid array would have inspired before "thought had destroyed his paradise."

The general officers had not yet entered the field, and his eye carelessly wandered from one group to another. Dismissing the cares with the business of life, the holiday-face of every light-hearted Irishman was brightened with animation and smiles, and the bosom of Norman caught the kindly influence; for the social principle still flourished there, and a gleam of sunshine was sufficient to revive its drooping blossoms. The scene he beheld was one in which all ranks had a common interest,—for who so debased as not to share in the glory of his country, and who so exalted as not to feel that his highest boast is to be called her son? The eye of Norman, following the dissipation of his mind, wandered from the dignified military chief to the humble patriot,—from the fantastic votary of fashion to the pale mechanic, or the sprightly maiden who, having obtained an hour's respite from toil, singled out from the close ranks the favoured military hero.

In a few minutes, General Moore and his staff galloped into the field. It was not the

portrait which fancy had drawn that the anxious eye of Norman now contemplated, and for a moment this difference deranged his ideas. But it was the first SOLDIER of his country who stood before him, with that visible, though subdued greatness, which so truly shadowed forth the character of that illustrious individual, who to a Roman spirit added an English heart.

The mind of Norman was again kindled by the sparkles of his original enthusiasm, and agreeably absorbed in the complicated business of the day, when a splendid open carriage was seen advancing beyond the opposite line. Sir Archibald Gordon galloped up to meet it. The line broke,—the party alighted,—and Monimia was inclosed in the centre. Ah, it was no illusion! It was the Monimia Norman had loved and lost, who now unconsciously passed him so closely, that her robe brushed his clothes; while his palpitating heart still confessed her undiminished power.

Monimia was accompanied by a numerous party of ladies; she leaned on the arm of an officer, and in her hand led Mary Fitzconnal. The party halted a few paces from the spot on which Norman was standing, resting on

his arms. In compliment to the day, or rather to the officers, the ladies wore a sort of military costume; Monimia alone preserved the habit and the delicacy of her sex. She appeared like the gallant Henry IV. surrounded by his decorated courtiers, conspicuous only by superior beauty and majesty. Yet, as a tribute to national valour, she wore the bonnet of Scotland,—a golden button fastened a plume of snowy feathers among its velvet folds,—a golden broach fastened the mantilla of plaid silk above her white dress,—and that silk was the chequer of Clan-Albin.

Monimia appeared more gay, more brilliantly beautiful than Norman had ever beheld her. The soft invidious bashfulness which used to steal over her features in the solitudes of Glen-Albin, was exchanged for that decided air of high fashion, which enabled her to converse and to smile with her companions with blushing dignity, as if her proper sphere were here where every eye was fixed upon her.

It is scarcely possible to imagine situations more opposite than those of Norman and Monimia on this eventful day. When he first beheld her, a joyous welcoming smile for a moment played over his emaciated fea-

tures; but, with the recollection of the succeeding minute, he shrunk behind his companions, pale, spiritless, and broken-hearted, and more in sorrow than in anger. Yet not for a moment could his eye wander from the lovely object, which fascinated to destroy. If she moved as if to approach towards the spot where he stood, the increased pulsation of his heart announced his proximity to the object which impelled all its movements. Once the soft melody of her voice fell on his ear, and recalled those sensations of rapturous delight, which can only be distinctly recollected when they are renewed.

Norman had remained a considerable time in this tantalizing situation, when Luath, his wolf-dog, which he had lost more than a year before, suddenly sprung upon him, loading him with caresses, and howling with extravagant joy. A chain, which the animal dragged after him, showed that he had broken loose from confinement. This meeting powerfully affected the heart of Norman, and tears filled his eyes as he cordially returned the kindness of his faithful friend.—"Poor Luath, *you* have not forgotten me," said he, in a voice of soft reproach,—reproach that was unheeded. A servant, in the livery of Sir Archibald

Gordon, advanced to reclaim the fugitive; and so powerful is the habit of obedience, that the dog at first obeyed the call.

But this was to Luath a day of adventures; for at the next step he met Mary Fitzconnal, who for a moment had lost her party. Luath speedily recollected his play-mate, and their joy at meeting was mutual and fervent. Again Luath forgot his keeper: he ran back towards his master; Mary bounded after him, and, with a scream of surprise and transport, clasped the knees of Norman. He hung over this warm-hearted child in an agony of tenderness, unable to answer all her fond and hurried questions. Pat Leary at length reminded him how much such behaviour was at variance with the etiquette of the moment, and he gently tried to dismiss her.—"Surely you will come with me. My mother will be so happy to see you;—though you never answered my letters, she will love me so for finding you out; and Luath, and Hugh,—where is Hugh? Oh we love you all in our hearts! You must come to the ball. Sir Archibald will be there,—but we don't love him, with his ugly eyes;—you used always to dance with my mother." While Norman listened to the prattle of the child, Leary exclaimed,

"I'll be hanged if there be not the lady you burnt the other morning; her picture it was, I *mane*."—Monimia was seeking her little charge, somewhat astonished to see her conversing so intimately with a soldier. Something in the figure, and in the air of the head which bended over Mary, attracted her attention. She advanced as rapidly as her trembling limbs could bear her; she stood opposite to Norman,—Luath was fawning at her feet.—"Can it be possible?"—He looked up, and saw the hands, involuntarily stretched towards him in eager transport, and the lovely blushing countenance beaming with its wonted sweetness, sensibility, and open-hearted kindness. It was the Monimia of Glen-Albin,—the Monimia he loved!—"Can it be possible!" she again exclaimed, "Is Lady Augusta well? Ah, why do I see you thus?"—With the succeeding moment the colour faded from her cheeks; she felt all the delicacies of her situation, and, taking the hand of Mary, attempted to go away, before one of her questions had been answered.—"The Lady is *now* quite well," said Norman at length, "and I am—but this is no place."—"Oh, no, this is no place," added Monimia,—and they both looked hastily round on every hand; and when

their eyes met, she regarded him with a look of tenderness so anxious, of pity so soft! and moved forward slowly and reluctantly.—" If I might make so *bould*, my lady, as to *ax* if this young Miss's name is not Fitzconnal?" said Leary; and Monimia, turning round, replied in the affirmative, and eagerly inquired if he knew any thing of her relations?"— " Perhaps I do, and perhaps I do not," answered Leary;—" but there comes a gentleman that should, for he was at the burning of her father's house."—This was Sir Archibald Gordon, who advanced, pale with anger, while his aunt followed, as fast as *excessive embonpoint*, and a military riding-habit, would permit. A single glance of her experienced eye sufficed to comprehend the whole scene.— " Oh fie, fie Mary, to trouble Mrs Montague. But come, my dear,"—and she took the arm of Monimia,—" the carriage is drawn up."

" I have some hopes, Madam," faultered Monimia, " of discovering the relations of my little Mary." Indeed!" exclaimed Lady Gordon, secretly admiring what she fancied a trick of the moment.—" Ladies, ladies," cried Sir Archibald, " I shall be forced to remind you that the men are under arms. Discove-

ries, *of whatever kind*, must be deferred for the present."

"O tyrant!" smiled out Lady Gordon.—"Well, my dear, we must just yield to military despotism."

"A minute will tell all I have to tell," said Leary:—Phelim Bourke, of his Honour's own regiment that was, was her cousin-german, which need be no disparagement to her, nor to any lady in the whole kingdom, for better blood is not in it, though he lies under the sea the day."—The countenance of Gordon became livid with mingled rage and horror; his teeth almost chattered in his head; yet at the very moment in which he felt those agonies of remorse for the fate of Bourke, it seemed as if he would willingly have consigned Leary to the same suffering. A numerous party were now attracted to this spot, and Lady Gordon found it impossible to get away; though Monimia, who fancied every eye rivetted on herself, was equally anxious to be gone.

The man, to whose charge the wolf-dog had been committed, now tremblingly approached; and, when about to lead it away, began to apologise to his master, while the gentlemen around joined in admiration of the far-famed SUWAROFF."—"'Tis Luath he is

called," said the child, who caressed her old friend, "Mr Macalbin's Luath."

The presence of Monimia bridled the fierce anger of Sir Archibald, and subdued the resentment of Norman: but when the dog was again to be led away, the latter snatched the chain from the servant, and calling to a lad who stood at a small distance, placed it in his hand with an air of haughty resolution, and said aloud, "David, you will keep this dog till I claim him from you."

The pale cheek, quivering lip, and restless eye of Monimia, now evinced, that the self-possession which she enjoyed in the midst of thousands, to whom she felt indifferent, could be put to flight by the sudden view of a single object interesting to her affections. She saw the looks which the angry rivals darted on each other, with dreadful apprehensions; and as the only means of withdrawing Sir Archibald, prevailed with herself to request that he would attend her to the carriage. He led her away in triumph; the party followed, some speaking of the dog, some of the lady, and some of the young soldier, who was again left alone and hopeless.

It was some hours before the mind of Norman emerged from the tumultuous and bewil-

dered state into which it had been thrown by the late abrupt interview. He had then seen Monimia! She was probably in his neighbourhoood; he might again see her; she was still unmarried, and looked as if—Norman durst not define that look. This, however, was but the bright side of the picture. He had been rescued from the torpor of settled despair, only to be agitated by the fluctuations of hope, and the still worse tortures of suspense, or that bitter feeling which followed the comparison of their relative situations:—She, great, powerful, distinguished,—himself, poor, insulated, unknown, without a place in society, or a name he could claim as his own. This last humiliating consideration perpetually banished the wild schemes he was ever forming of seeing her *but once*, and of confessing his presumptuous love and merited unhappiness.

When the review was ended, he sought Pat Leary, and heard the disastrous story of Fitzconnal. It was a tale, to which Irish annals afford but too many parallels, of a people treated as slaves, and punished because they then ceased to act like men. Several individuals of this misled and unfortunate family had terminated a tumultuous life by a violent

death; but the father of Mary had been exiled to Germany, and was now supposed to be living somewhere in France.

Next day Leary was summoned to attend Lady Gordon, who deemed it necessary to hear the amount of his information, as the best mode of preventing it from being more diffuse than she wished.

This message was no sooner received, than Leary, proud to have something to communicate, hastened to his former patient. "Did you hear she sent for me, the *ould* one it was? They are all entire living at the Lodge; see ye, yonder down the shore, and across the bay.—Norman perceived a gentleman's seat about six miles off, which at sun-set he often looked to as a beautiful feature in the landscape. Leary hung on a few minutes, and added, "If you had any word of any kind at all, I would be proud of bearing it."—"I have nothing to say," replied Norman, colouring, "but if your little countrywoman remember me, give her my love."

In the evening, Norman wandered along the shore, agitated by restless impatience for the return of Leary: he was accompanied by his dog. Grey twilight came softly on; the wind rose with the increasing tide, and heavy

though short showers of rain swept across the sky. Heedless of the rain, he still walked on, starting at every sound, and fancying every rock the advancing figure of Pat Leary. He was about two miles distant from the camp, when he was suddenly alarmed by shrieks of a female. No sound could convey so quick an impulse to the heart of Norman. He darted across a ledge of rocks which divided him from the spot whence the voice proceeded; and, by the remaining light, perceived Sir Archibald Gordon grasping a young woman in his arms, while she wildly screamed, and struggled to disengage herself.

"Call on your Bourke now, you devil," said the intoxicated ruffian, more bent on gratifying his diabolical revenge, than the fury he was pleased to call love. If any thing could have increased the just indignation of Norman, it was this brutal sarcasm; and it required but a slight effort from a manly arm, nerved by a good cause, to rescue the trembling girl from her furious insulter. She fled precipitately, in the strong sense of personal danger, forgetting even him who came to her rescue; and the baffled hero directed his rage, and the sword he disgraced, to the bosom of the unarmed but daring in-

truder. With alertness peculiar to himself, Norman warded off the thrust, till a second and a third attempt, at which the point of the sword entered his arm, compelled him to close with this hero, and to wrest a dangerous weapon from an arm so unworthy of an honourable trust. While they struggled together, the wolf-dog sprung at the throat of the Baronet; and, but for the active generosity of Norman, another minute would forever have terminated his atchievements in war and gallantry. While Norman quieted the infuriated dog, Sir Archibald recovered his sword; and in the phrenzy of revenge, losing even the sense of personal danger, again attempted to lodge it in the body of his enemy. Again Norman caught the naked weapon, and dexterously wrenched it from the baronet, who fell on his knees as he struggled to retain it, and, in the fury of unmanly rage, applied his teeth to the presumptuous hand that resisted him. A deep blush stained the cheek of Norman at an act so humiliating to the dignity of man.—" Despicable coward!" cried he, " since nature has furnished you with fangs to defend your contemptible existence, why should you disgrace the weapon of a man of honour,"—and he

hurled the sword along the shore, where it shivered to pieces among the shingle.

He then called his dog, bound a handkerchief round his bleeding arm, and departed. Advancing a little way, he overtook Dora Tracey, whose anxiety for her deliverer increased as her personal fears abated. At one period, this girl had shewed abundance of rustic coquetry in her behaviour to her great admirer, Sir Archibald, and her gallant lover, Phelim Bourke; but from the death of the latter, the generosity of a female nature made her regard his destroyer with warm and unchangeable aversion. Norman kindly drew her arm within his own, and offered to convey her to the protection of her father. By the way, she informed him that she had been picking up shells on the beach for Miss Grant; darkness had come on before she was aware; and as she was hastening homeward, Sir Archibald had overtaken her as he returned from the Lodge.

The guards were pacing their nightly rounds before Norman and his companion reached the camp, at the skirts of which they were met by Captain Drummond. Had the figure of Norman been easily mistaken, the deep shade which invested every object might

have prevented recognition, which he anxiously wished. But this was impossible; for his gay friend was, at least, as desirous of making a discovery, as he was of passing unknown. After a long whistle, he sung out, "Oh ho, is it so?"—and then pompously repeated in French, from the celebrated letter of the corporal: "*Sentiment* is nothing without love, and love is nothing without *sentiment*."

"I was gathering shells for Miss Grant," said Dora. "And Mr Macalbin was helping you no doubt," added Drummond sarcastically; "but, as I presume you have done for the night, suppose you go away, and leave me to convey him home. And look ye, there is old Tracey, who knows if he approves of shell-gathering."—Drummond laid his hand on the arm of Norman, as if to draw him away, but feeling it wet, and seeing the handkerchief, he started back, exclaiming, "Good God, what is the matter?"—This question was answered by Dora, who, throwing herself into the arms of her father, burst into tears, and in a few incoherent words, though of powerful interest to the heart of a parent and a soldier, explained her adventure, or rather the part which Norman had taken in it.

"And you have fought that brute? You are wounded?" cried Drummond; "here is a tent, for God's sake come hither."—"I have not fought, I am not wounded, compose yourself my dear friend," replied Norman, smiling at his warmth.—With the vehement resentment of an honest, though untamed spirit, old Tracey poured forth curses, both loud and deep, on the brutal wretch who had insulted his child; but prone to kindness, his feelings soon flowed in a more humanised channel, and he silently wrung the hand of her preserver; for though language could strongly express his hate, it sunk beneath the more powerful feeling of his gratitude.

Notwithstanding the remonstrances and entreaties of Norman, Drummond went in search of a surgeon.—"I am truly ashamed of troubling you, Sir, every time I bleed my finger," said Norman, while the surgeon, in obedience to Drummond, uncovered the arm. "A sword wound!" cried the other in surprise.—"Aye, don't fail to mark that, I pray you," said Captain Drummond; "and all about it; how many inches below the elbow, how wide, and how deep, and all the rest of it. It wont end here, I promise you."

While he still spoke, several gentlemen ran into the tent, eagerly enquiring what had happened.—" Sir Archibald has come to the guard without hat or sword," cried they, " denouncing Macalbin and his dog.—Here is the guard !"

The surgeon was permitted to finish his business before the party seized their prisoner, who betrayed neither uneasiness nor embarrassment. To the numerous inquiries of his acquaintance, he calmly, but steadily replied, " I will leave Sir Archibald to tell his own story."—" Poh ! never mind !" said one, piqued at the disappointment of his curiosity, " let us go and finish our game. There's Dora Tracey weeping without ; it is only the second edition of Phelim Bourke." The officers withdrew to interrogate Dora.

When Tracey, his daughter, and Captain Drummond had seen Norman lodged in the apartment which had lately been occupied by Bourke, they went together to the house of Colonel Grant. The Colonel was certainly very much grieved at the intelligence he received ; but it was his temper never to feel sorrow unaccompanied by anger ; and he now cursed his daughter for wanting shells, Dora for gathering them, Sir Archibald for a brute,

Norman for a hot-headed fool, and, finally, himself for the most unfortunate man that ever existed. The girls wept together; and Drummond and old Tracey patiently waited till the first whirlwind of his wrath had blown over.

In the midnight silence of his prison, Norman had abundant leisure to review his situation, and he did so without either fear or anxiety. In his late conduct, he felt nothing to regret,—he trusted in his innocence, and in that innate sense of justice, which neither interest nor habit can banish from the bosom of man.

The rapid flow of ideas in the mind of the solitary prisoner, accorded ill with the lazy pace of time. When he had walked through his vast and dreary prison for about an hour, he fancied the night very far advanced, and laid himself on the humid straw, (last used by the unfortunate Bourke,) to obtain a short repose. He at length fell into a broken uneasy slumber, haunted by indistinct visions of Lady Augusta and Monimia; and of Hugh, whom he fancied he heard moaning in anguish, without the power of aiding.

It was the real voice of the Piper which fell on his sleeping ear, and mingled with images

of fancy. Poor Hugh had taken advantage of the harvest-moon, to perform on this day a double march, in order to gratify himself, and agreeably surprise his young friend. Hugh had walked nearly eighty miles; and when he reached the camp, the midnight guard had been relieved. Forgetting previous fatigue, his spirits became uncommonly high, as the strengthening moonlight discovered the white tents in the distance, and with all the spring and alacrity of his cheery temper, he hastened on, concerting fond and jocular things which he intended to say to "*him*."

The disappointment and anguish of this faithful creature, when he learned that Norman was in confinement, admits of no description; and his doleful wailings, as he sat on the broad stone steps of the prison, were so true to the genuine feelings of nature, that the obdurate guards melted at their touching expression, and began to find the dormant sympathies of humanity stirring in their bosoms; and as they paced the little allotted space before the prison-door, they still returned to comfort him.

Next morning, when Norman approached his narrow grated casement, he started at seeing Hugh and Luath seated together, and the

eyes of both mournfully fixed on the bars of his prison; he stretched out his arms with an exclamation of delight, prevailed with the guards to admit them, and, in the next minute, hugged the Piper to his bosom.

CHAP. XXXIII.

A stream of many tides against the foes of thy people; but like the gale that moves the grass to those that ask thine aid. So Trenmor lived, and Trathal was; and such has Fingal been.

OSSIAN.

IT was to the address of Miss Sinclair, that Monimia owed her present residence in the family of her paternal uncle, Lord Glanville. In sending Monimia from the Highlands, that lady had the double motive of forwarding her own design on Montague, and of thwarting the favourite scheme of her former patroness. She contrived to apprise the Glanville family of the suspected fortune, and the affair was concluded. Lord Glanville felt it his duty to protect, and "properly bring forward," his brother's child;—his Lady made no material objection, and very polite letters summoned Monimia to England.

The *New Inns*, as the house of Macpherson was called, was the post-office of Glenalbin, and of the surrounding country. No one was quicker at apprehending an obscure hint than its owner; and when Lady Gordon suggested the expedience of enclosing every letter addressed to Mrs Montague under cover to Sir Archibald, (by way of saving expense, as he represented a borough,) Macpherson bowed very low. "I suppose poor Lady Augusta finds difficulty enough in living on her narrow income. So you may send any letters for her, or her family, in the same way, and I shall make Sir Archibald return them with a frank. But this must on no account be mentioned: I would not for the world hurt her feelings."—Macpherson bowed lower than before, and would have complimented her Ladyship on her delicate and considerate goodness; but, though she sometimes submitted to temporize with her own conscience herself, she resented similar freedom in others, and her rising frown produced a silent acquiescence.—"If your Ladyship before going would just have the goodness to mention the lease of Loanbane to his Honour, as I paid the *grassum*, and in the hurry"—"I shall not forget," interrupted

Lady Gordon ;—" So, good b'ye, Daniel, look to your master's interests till we return." —Macpherson began a fawning speech : but her Ladyship seemed in haste. He bowed, as he slid backwards to the door.—" Sordid wretch !" exclaimed her Ladyship ;—" and Gordon is taking *grassums*, and letting his land for half its value.—Well !—patience."

Lady Gordon was too good a politician at once to prevent all correspondence between friends so devoted as Monimia and the lonely islanders. The correspondence began with much animation ; it became more irregular, and at last suddenly died away. Lady Augusta at length began to suspect that her highly-gifted young friend was not superior to the usual caprice of her age ; and Monimia, her woman's heart torn with contending feelings, feared that *her friend* was but too wise, too firm, too exempt from human frailties herself to pardon them in others. Jealous pride, and alarmed delicacy, were quickly roused to combat her lurking weaknesses.—" Cruel Lady Augusta !" thought she, " I will take the lesson you set me. I will convince even you, that it was not necessary first to soothe me in my folly, and then to wean me from its indulgence. Since you

think it proper that the hope you once encouraged should now be renounced, shall I be mean enough to feel any difficulty in tearing it from my heart?"

Monimia tried to combat her luckless partiality, but, unhappily, more in the irritability of pride than the strength of wisdom; and, in the meantime, she resolved, at least to act as if she no longer remembered that spot, and those beings that engrossed all her affections.

Lord Glanville was a fourth-rate politician, of first-rate pretensions and activity,—a sort of constitutional activity, become morbid from the continual stimulus of hope, and the pain of disappointment; for his Lordship was at this time in *opposition*. His party possessed an overflow of talent, with a plentiful lack of numbers; and to them the measure of his value was exactly his borough, his personal vote, and the name of his family:—he was formidable to the minister in the very same degree. Wonderful oratorical talents, and the usual attendant on great judgment—a bad memory,—made his lordship dislike that business-like thing called debating; but, with the polishing aid of his son's tutor, he made one or two set speeches every session, and, at the solicitation of his friends, published the same

on the very best of paper. What with being in the House as regularly as any fixture there; inditing letters and pamphlets on all kinds of subjects; canvassing towns, counties, and boroughs; watching the gates of —— house, from the garret-windows of his own; carrying on a most extensive foreign and domestic correspondence; and, moreover, educating his only son into the first statesman and the finest gentleman of the next generation, his Lordship found sufficient employment to make him the most busy, bustling, through-going, and troublesome person that ever disturbed the quiet of a family, or tried the patience of those who had the misfortune to be reckoned among his friends. The most pitiable object of his talents, however, was his own son, who, from the hour of his birth, had been the unfortunate subject of all sorts of moral and physical experiments, till the poor boy was become puny, peevish, and stupid. He had lived chiefly under the immediate eye of his father; but he had also, for a time, been sent to box and see the world at Westminster-school,—to row, and make Latin verses at Eton,—to live on vegetables with a learned curate at the foot of Snowdown,—to overcome all national prejudices at Geneva,—

and to learn the philosophy of politics under the care of a Scotch professor. In any of these situations he might probably have done very well; but, unfortunately, his father would have had nothing more to do, and the chief delight of Lord Glanville was in doing *at nothing*.

Monimia justly thought that she had never seen any person so active in displaying his own imbecility.

Lady Glanville was a mere common-place woman of fashion, who went about the ordinary business of fashionable life in the usual manner. She sometimes made a feeble opposition to the suffering of the only creature she cared for, but forgot her regret when she no longer beheld the tears of her son; or, if she remembered them, thought it a pity that a boy could not be trained into the first statesman and the finest gentleman of the next generation, without so many tears and complainings. She herself had been educated, or rather reared in solitude, under the care of a maiden aunt, without any tincture of that literature common to her rank, and with a very slender knowledge of those accomplishments so sedulously cultivated by young women of the same condition. Yet she dressed

elegantly, looked *elegantly*, saw the best company, gave opposition routs, nearly as celebrated as the opposition dinners of her lord, and lived on, from season to season, with a kind of indolent good-nature that promoted her own quiet, and permitted the quiet of her neighbours.

On her first entrance into life, Monimia had been patronised by the family of her mother;—a family detested by Lord Glanville from the period of a contested election. That he had wrested from them the disposal of his beautiful niece, and her large fortune, was the subject of great self-congratulation; and the kindness of her reception corresponded with his triumph. It was a kindness compounded of vanity, duty, civility, and selfishness; languid and feeble in its nature, and cold and heartless in its demonstration, which knew no degrees either of increase or abatement.

Lady Gordon found little difficulty in obtaining an intimacy in this family, or in raising doubts about the fortune, and insinuating the engagement of Monimia with her nephew as a fixed thing, which, however, she rather permitted than approved. In short, whispers, paragraphs, and reports, made Monimia soon

be regarded as the future Lady Gordon, by the prescription of society; for Lord Glanville was always too busy to have time for any thing useful; and his lady was too indolent to trouble herself about the matter.

The first winter glided away in the usual occupations of fashionable life. Lady Glanville made her protegée wear every thing, and know every body, and accepted no invitation in which she was not included. Lord Glanville sometimes met her in society, and often darted in upon her and his lady in a morning, when he could escape from the daily levee with which he chose to fetter himself. Sometimes he felt a momentary concern for the deep dejection which, towards the end of the season, was but too evident in her appearance, and, in his own way, tried to give her comfort. —"How d'ye do, Monimia? Pray be happy, my love. Lady Glanville, make my little Monimia quite happy. I'm so hurried, and worried with affairs."—"Dear me!" would the lady reply, with a look of vacant astonishment, "I am sure Mrs Montague is quite happy. I have procured tickets for Lady ——————'s breakfast; and ordered your dress the very same as the Ladies P——. I think a Maria Louisa blue will be charmingly be-

coming to you, my dear."—"Ay," said Lord Glanville, "do make Monimia quite happy; get the Maria Lou—" and suddenly recollecting himself, he exclaimed, "Oh! you simple woman! there would be a theme for the higher powers. The terrible Glanville dressing his niece in Maria Louisa blue! No, no, no; that will not do. And Lady ——" *(the lady of a minister,)* "bowed to you at the opera last night. I marked her. She has her cue. It won't all do, my little lady. Nobody shall say the wiles of a fair woman, or the charms of a fine place, could tempt Glanville to desert his friends, worthless as he is to them."

"Dear! I am sure Lady —— could not do less than return my bow. She is a very well-bred woman."—"Poh! leave all that to me, my little woman.—And nobody will have any thing to say to the niece of a poor whig-nobleman? Sir Archibald Gordon has not produced his credentials yet.—Oh! this is a sad thing,—a terrible thing indeed, that your poor uncle's name, in the black-book, should terrify all the lovers. Never mind, my little Monimia,—every dog has his day. If next campaign were over, we must think of pairing *you* off,—leave all that to me. But public busi-

ness, you know, of course—The house will be met,—good morning, ladies." His Lordship shuffled off.

The political sagacity of Lord Glanville often led him to speculate in the funds; and in his anxiety to render Monimia quite happy, he had already sold out more than the half of her little fortune; but, unluckily, he never found a fit opportunity to buy in again. Not that he intended to do her any injury,—but so closely was he employed in watching the national purse, that the money imperceptibly slid out of his own. But even from shameful, self-created, pecuniary distresses, could the alchymy of vanity extract gratification.—"So your poor uncle has half-ruined you too, my little Monimia?—Seek money from me, Lady Glanville? Why, you simple woman, where should I find money? Why did you marry a needy place-hunter? No loaves and fishes among us. Connect yourself with the thriving folks, my little Monimia."—"Dear me, I am sure your private fortune is good enough: And, they tell me, you will get no place, whatever change happens; I am tired of whiggism."

"Family persecution combining with the allurements of place and power,—Glanville

whistles them off like dew-drops from the lion's mane."

Monimia sometimes smiled, and sometimes sighed, in reply to all this. Lord Glanville, indeed, seldom troubled her with his theories of politics or education; for he rightly concluded that they were beyond her comprehension; but before he went out, he often drove his tortured pupil into the drawing-room, exclaiming, "Go along, you young rebel, to the feet of your cousin. Monimia, my love, you know what I mean for Charles James, —a grace, a manner, a decorum."—Monimia sometimes procured for the poor victim of vegetable regimen, the more substantial advantage of a plate of cold meat; and when his father returned, and found his sullen fits gone, he was perfectly convinced that he was taking the best of possible means to train him into the first statesman, and finest gentleman, of the next generation.

Yet the recollection of this winter was for ever endeared to Monimia; for in it she gained a friend,—and such a friend as a lifetime were well spent in acquiring.

This was General ———, the colonel of the regiment into which Norman had chosen to enter, and the gentleman to whom Lady

Augusta had applied in his behalf. General ——— represented one of the most distinguished families in Scotland; a family whose real grandeur had happily never been obscured by the vulgar decoration of bestowed title. In early life, this gentleman had lost a beloved wife, and he possessed the heart which feels that loss irreparable. Yet his was that enduring, quiet, and unobtrusive sorrow which shrinks from the eye of the world, and is fearful of its pity, and seeks and finds no consolation, save in brooding in solitude over its own treasured sadness.

The good genius of his country found this gentleman a melancholy wanderer on the continent of Europe; and amidst scenes of death and danger, his widowed heart sought to forget the fair perspective of that happier life which stretched before him, ere misfortune had wedded him to glory. Virtue would indeed have gone without her earthly reward, could such a mind have been the continual prey of corroding sorrow. His lasting grief, and endless regret, at length assumed a gentler tone. The soft remembrance of her he had lost, was indeed ever present; her image was everywhere around; her idea blended with the whole scheme of his life,—

and happy was its influence. It cherished his natural benevolence for all his kind; it tamed the brilliance of success; it blunted the sting of disappointment; it mingled with the consolations of his faith; it carried forward his affections into that futurity, where alone is perfect peace and perfect joy,—in the visions of slumber it blessed him!"

This lofty character,—without fear and without reproach,—united the extremes of every thing captivating. It was romantically tender, amiably good, chivalrously great; and the young fancy of Monimia flamed forth in ardent admiration.

Monimia sometimes saw this gentleman at Lord Glanville's political board,—for many distinguished characters were occasionally seen there, and often met him in society. That love of Scotland, and of the Highlands of Scotland, which glowed unseen in the hearts of both, formed a natural attraction, and an agreeable theme for conversation; and they soon discovered in each other the same taste for nature, and the same love of the peasantry as well as the landscape of Scotland. Monimia had not the merit of being singular in her admiration of this distinguished character;—for, whatever indiscrimi-

nate censure may affirm, modest greatness, and real and manly goodness, are admired and loved even in this bad world, and that in no stinted degree. But others had many different occupations, pleasures, and pursuits; and she had no pursuit, no pleasure so valued, as contemplating the virtues of the friend she anxiously wished to obtain. However mortifying it may seem, it must be confessed, that in the first stages of this intimacy, Monimia was compelled to make all the advances, tho' even then General —— thought her a very charming young creature, with far more heart, and talent, and good taste, than falls to the lot of most of the *trained* young ladies, who form the marketable commodity at the watering places and in the metropolis; and sometimes imagined, that a woman, much inferior, would be a more suitable companion for Sir Archibald Gordon.

During the early months of summer, chance again threw them into the same circle, and they often met in morning rides and also in evening parties. General —— was too experienced in all the varying symptoms of heart-rending sorrow, not to perceive that Monimia was the secret victim of consuming grief, and that she loved himself for what he

had suffered, as much as for what he was. She was now, therefore, the object of his tenderest pity; for he feared, that while she endured like miseries with his own, she knew nothing of his consolations. It was with a certain mournful pleasure, therefore, that he saw this gentle and uncomplaining girl single out himself with innocent freedom; and though neither ever breathed the most distant hint of any personal cause of grief or regret, they perceived that they often felt together, and that social suffering relieved pent-up and solitary anguish. Yet an uninterested observer could scarcely have perceived the melancholy tone of feeling which generally pervaded the minds of these two persons; for General —— always appeared mildly cheerful, and Monimia was often gay and lively. But hers was that soft and seducing gaiety which, resembling the sprighty melodies of Scotland, required only a slower movement, and a more emphatic expression, to breathe forth the most subduing tenderness or voluptuous melancholy.

In the late session, Lord Glanville had applied so closely to some foolish scheme of finance, that his private affairs were greatly deranged: some impertinent persons, indif-

ferent to his labours for the public weal, even talked of executions, and he found it absolutely necessary to visit Ireland. Monimia was delighted with an opportunity of revisiting her native land, especially as General —— was going thither to join his regiment; Lady Gordon also contrived to be included in the party, under the pretext of going to her nephew.

This brilliant party accordingly crossed the channel together; and in Dublin they were met by Sir Archibald Gordon. During the fortnight they remained in that city, they lived together in the same hotel; and Sir Archibald seemed to claim all the little privileges of an accepted lover, while Monimia behaved with the most mortifying coldness, and often as if she was unconscious of his presence, or even of his existence. Her conduct was a perfect enigma to General ——, who was compelled to conclude that her heart revolted in secret from an alliance formed either in obedience to the wishes of her family, or from the too common imaginary necessity of accepting the richest and grandest man that offered her his hand. Her behaviour, indeed, often threw him into a kind of delicate embarrassment, for, avoiding,

or more properly overlooking the gallantry of Sir Archibald, it was from himself she seemed to expect, and to love the little habitual attentions due to her sex:—it was his hand she sought on leaving her carriage,—his arm on which she leaned, in walking through the city; and those symbols of deference and protection, which it had once been so pleasing to bestow, were become almost painful, when the sullen brow of Sir Archibald Gordon told that they infringed the rights of another.

One evening the whole party were invited to a very public *private* concert. The General was late in going, where politeness alone forced him to attend; and when he arrived the rooms were much crowded. After paying his compliments to the ladies of the house, he went to take his station by Monimia and Lady Glanville.—" I knew you were to be here" said Monimia, rising at his approach, " I have saved a place for you;" and she made room on the sofa on which she was seated. The General sat down, but perceiving Sir Archibald,—who had hovered round her all night,—he felt somewhat uneasy, and, rising, said, " Sir Archibald, pray accept of this seat, and be very sensible of the distinc-

tion I make in your favour; for I do assure you, there is no man in existence to whom I would yield it but yourself." Sir Archibald made his bows and acknowledgments, and sat down; on which Monimia instantly rose, and, with a look of haughty displeasure, walked to a different part of the room. General —— had that morning been informed, by Lady Gordon, of the nature of her nephew's engagements with Monimia; and he could not help thinking the behaviour of his young friend childish and degrading, though still he greatly pitied her.

Monimia's anger soon vanished; and, in the course of the evening, she again advanced to her friend. His manner appeared cold and constrained, and she feared that she had offended him; and, with sweet and earnest insinuation, sought to regain his favour;—but Sir Archibald approached, the General mentioned an engagement, and went away, leaving Monimia overwhelmed with chagrin.

Next morning, on entering the breakfast parlour, she perceived the seat next her own, which was usually occupied by General ——, empty, and himself seated at another part of the table. She sat down, however; and Sir Archibald, taking the only remaining place,

seated himself beside her.—"You are not reading the fashionable paragraphs to me this morning," said she;—for General —— was accustomed to read the newspaper to her during breakfast. The General handed the newspaper to Sir Archibald, saying, "Lord Glanville and myself are absorbed in war and politics this morning. We must leave the fashionable paragraphs to younger beaux."

After breakfast he rose to go out, and Monimia followed him to the door of the apartment.—"Might I crave one little minute of your time," said she, in a faultering voice; and the General bowed, and led the way to the drawing-room.—"Dear Sir, tell me, how have I offended you?" said she, while tears trembled in her eyes—"Valuing your friendship as I do, not for the whole world would I willingly offend you. Tell me, then, I entreat you, what I have done amiss. I will make any atonement, only restore me to your kindness."—There was an expression of openness, innocence, and candour, in the tearful, anxious eyes that were fixed on General ——, which admitted of no misconstruction.—"Never for a moment have you offended me, my lovely young friend," replied he earnestly. "On the contrary, nothing has been so re-

freshing to this desolate heart, as the kindness with which you have honoured me."—His voice quivered for a moment; and Monimia could have gathered with her lip the half-starting tear which spoke all the fond recollections of that desolate and all-enduring heart.—" But I wish," added he, smiling on her, " that you had some sage old female friend, to whom I might put one *fatherly* question."—He again smiled in her face, as if to explain the nature of that delicate question. But Monimia was very slow of apprehension, for her mind reverted at that moment to Lady Augusta Macalbin, and in bitter sorrow she replied: " I have no female friend. All I love is snatched from me, and my heart clings the more fondly to whatever is left to me,"—and she involuntarily pressed his hand to her side, as if to preserve that. He printed on her cheek an elder brother's kiss, and for a moment held her to his heart. It was the silent covenant of their mutual amity. Monimia raised her head in sweet emotion, and her bashful eyes thanked him for kindness so precious to her. In their situation there was nothing equivocal. His widowed heart was sealed up, and consecrated to the remembrance of supreme felicity; and the unde-

caying recollection of something still more tender, more rapturous, more blessed than all she now felt, preserved the heart of Monimia,—that heart so exquisitely alive to every impulse of refined delight,—from feelings which might have proved as agonizing to herself as distressing to her friend. When she raised her head, he smiled more softly on her, and again resumed the former subject.—"'Tis so long since I have scanned meanings in ladies' eyes," said he, "that I am in truth quite out of practice. Must I have recourse to Sir Archibald to tell me all I would divine in yours?"—Her dark eyes flashed with mingled surprise and indignation.—"Is it possible, General ——, that *you also* think Sir Archibald Gordon has any pretension to influence my conduct?"—"Not your conduct; I cannot be so ungallant as to suppose that. I know of course that young ladies must not only govern themselves, but their admirers. But I did think Sir Archibald had some pretension to influence your heart; and I know that those who influence Monimia's heart will greatly influence her conduct."

"Ah, I thought you loved me better than to think such a man"—Monimia checked her-

self abruptly. The secret of her heart was blushing on her lovely averted countenance. She struggled with the weakness she regarded as degrading to herself and her sex,—and banished the idea of Eleenalin. She looked up with modest confidence; and, with some attempt at gaiety, added, "Do not mistake me. Sir Archibald Gordon certainly did once offer me his hand and his fortune; but you know I am a free-born Irishwoman, nobody can claim the little hand you hold without my own consent first "had and obtained." I did myself and him the justice to decline his addresses, with sufficient firmness, I believe—for it is said I am very positive—and remained very sensible of the honour, and so on. I fancy I should have been very *grateful* too; but, as I conclude you gentlemen *fall in love with us*, as 'tis called, as much to please yourselves as to oblige us, I am pretty easy on that score. At any rate, I feel that it costs me an effort of benevolence to appear even indifferent to Sir Archibald Gordon, since his strange conduct has drawn upon me the persecution of society,—so, on the whole, we are quits."

General —— was rejoiced at this explanation.—"Am I then authorised by yourself to

say that no engagement exists between you and Sir Archibald, and that the idea has arisen merely from his ungentlemanlike pertinacity?"—"Nor did the shadow of an engagement ever exist; nor could it,"—replied Monimia. "And you are not only authorised, but solicited, at least, to believe it. Were Lord Glanville not so busy just now writing out receipts to the poor Irish peasants for cooking their potatoes, and shewing them how, with a little economy, they might live so comfortably—(don't think me a very undutiful niece, if I say he has taken a happy time for doing so)—I hope he would not allow Sir Archibald Gordon *to blink the question* in this manner—for I do indeed feel the conduct of that gentleman to be very ungenerous.

Monimia was afraid of involving her friend in any dispute with Gordon; and, repenting of what she had said, she hurriedly added, "My uncle will, however, soon be at leisure: In the meantime it is all very amusing to me; and, should the homage of Sir Archibald become very troublesome, you know I can easily go over to Scotland, and swear a *law-burrows* against himself and his aunt."

General —— was laughing at the oddity of this idea, when Lady Gordon entered the drawing-room.—"Bless me, General! I thought you were gone out."—"But you are happy to find me more agreeably engaged," replied he, still laughing, in spite of himself, at the idea of Monimia taking a *law burrows* against Lady Gordon.—"Your spirits are quite enviable this morning," said Lady Gordon, lost in astonishment.—"I do confess my spirits are much better than they were at the same hour yesterday," replied he. Lady Gordon coloured as she looked eagerly round. She remembered that at the same hour yesterday, she had, with great dexterity, insinuated the engagement of Monimia with her nephew. The General immediately went out, and Monimia took her work.

From the day of this explanation Monimia again found her arm resting in security within the arm of her friend. Her glad smile welcomed his approach; her affectionate glance was lifted to him in trustful fondness, and sought in his eyes an answering regard, while warm admiration of his noble qualities gave zest to that pure attachment which so largely contributed to her happiness. It was love without passion and without illusion,—which

gave time for sober enjoyment, and precluded all the tortures of imaginary suffering—that Monimia cherished; and for her General —— felt an elder brother's love, animated by that natural desire of pleasing, which ever attends the social intimacy of polished persons of different sexes.

In a few days after this, the party proceeded to Glanville-Lodge, a seat in the county of Cork belonging to Lord Glanville. The weather was charming; and Monimia full of delight to find that the land of her fathers justified her patriotic fondness. The party arrived at the Lodge on the day before the grand review; and on that day Lady Glanville determined to give a ball, by way of welcoming her friends to the country. A very short notice was sufficient for the ladies in the neighbourhood; and wherever there are soldiers, it is not difficult to make up a party of pleasure.

General —— was too delicate to rob Colonel Grant of any of those honours which had cost him so much swearing and perspiration; so he declined taking command on the day of the review; and, after he had ushered Lady Glanville's party into the field, he mounted his horse, and joined General Moore

and the inspecting officers of the district. It was leaning on his arm that Norman had first seen Monimia.

The general officers dined together; but, late in the evening, General —— looked in at Lady Glanville's ball. He expected to find Monimia dancing and gay; for he thought her spirits had improved much in the journey through Ireland. but he found her pale and melancholy, seated alone, and seemingly absorbed in her own thoughts. When he remarked her looks, she pleaded indisposition, and in a few minutes retired; leaving those who had come together to see the destined bride of the dashing Sir Archibald Gordon,—the far-famed and beautiful Mrs Montague,—in amazement at her want of animation and beauty; for the men said she wanted the one, and the ladies denied that she had ever possessed the other.

Next day Monimia found herself unable to leave her chamber, though a distressing consciousness of the suspicions of Lady Gordon made her very solicitous to appear with the family. On the following day, Lady Glanville carried her out on an airing, in compliance with the advice of Lady Gordon, who chose that time to converse with Pat Leary;

for her Ladyship had now the strongest motive to vigilance;—her own honour, as well as the interest of her nephew, depended on preventing all intercourse between Norman and Monimia.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage.
While I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
  Enjoy such liberty.

LOVELACE.

NORMAN had neither satisfied his own anxious curiosity, nor answered half of the eager questions of the Piper, when he was summoned to his grated casement by the whoop of Pat Leary. All his humble friends and former comrades were assembled round the prison; and a heart, which depended for half its happiness on the affectionate regards of those around, was inexpressibly soothed by this mark of kindness. When they had satisfied themselves that neither his health nor spirits were affected by the alarming situation in

which he was placed, and looked their good wishes, they all departed, except Leary, to whom Norman was indeed very desirous of giving audience. Him, however, the centinels would not admit; and he walked about, in the hope of Captain Drummond taking him in with himself when he arrived.

Captain Drummond soon afterwards came with his uncle. He had been attempting to obtain the liberation of Norman on parole, or at least the indulgence of having him made a prisoner in his own tent; but he had not succeeded in either of these attempts, so he forbore mentioning that they had been made.

"Well, Macalbin, you have succeeded in getting yourself into a pretty scrape at last," said the comforting Colonel. "What the devil business had you to interfere? You must have a wonderful fondness of running your head against a post."

"I rather suppose, *plase* your Honour, it was the post ran *again* him."—"None of your wit, Leary. But let us hear *your way* of the story now, Macalbin. It was a mighty affair, no doubt, that Sir Archibald presumed to salute Miss Dora in passing. If I live another day, I'll have that gipsy drummed out of the regiment."—"Ah, poor old Tracey!" said

Captain Drummond, laughing, "what a mercy it is that your little girl is not a soldier!" "Ay, poor old Tracey!" said Colonel Grant, "I vow to heaven it is hardly to be borne, that forty years good service should not entitle his little girl to the respect—." Colonel Grant had been too gracious; he abruptly cried, "'Tis a damnable shame. It was too much, however, to attempt the life of Gordon because he ventured to salute Miss Dora, forsooth, in a civil way."—"Colonel Grant does not believe that I attempted his life," replied Norman.—"But you wrested the sword from him,—you and your dog together; you don't deny that?"—"I did take the sword," replied Norman.

"Took the *soord*, but left him the teeth," exclaimed the indignant Piper, starting forward, unable to keep silence when he heard his innocent friend thus accused. The gentlemen looked round, and saw the Piper, like a Highland *Urisk*, his small eyes sparking through his hairy cheeks, while he exposed the double set of his own fixed teeth.

"Ah, Hugh, is this well done?" said Norman.—"Norman Macalbin," replied the now reckless Piper, "don't look at myself as if you would eat me. I am a man who, with

your leave, might be your grandfather, and should know something of the world. Though not a drop's blood to you, you know yourself I love you as much as if I had born you every day since you came into the world, and that day too; and am I going to hear my own flesh and blood put in the wrong, to conceal the doings of a Gordon? I am ashamed of his doings as much as yourself, but my own is always my own."—"Aye, that it is," said Captain Drummond,—"there's a good man; tell us the truth: Gordon bit him, did he not?"—Norman turned away, shocked at a disclosure so degrading to the dignity of man; but, happily, the ideas of Hugh were not so much generalised; the honour of Clan-Albin was safe, and he had few scruples respecting the Gordons.—"He knows himself he did not tell me; did I not find it out by the mark and *face* him about it; and God knows but he put venom in it,—and none of Moome's salve of the *wavering* leaf have I at this present."

As Hugh's warmth abated, he made many apologies to the gentlemen for the freedom he had taken; and, turning to Norman, said, "You know, darling, you should not make myself angry with you, nor go over the cords

with me, seeing it is all for your good, as Moome says, when she scolds myself when I would be staying too late at a fair."

Colonel Grant pulled Norman's hand from his vest, where he concealed it.—"This is a new mode of fighting," said the disgusted old soldier, dropping the mangled hand. Still you ought to have remembered his place in the army," added he, trying to fortify himself in his professional opinions: "His sword was sacred,—and of that you robbed him." "The sword he disgraced, by drawing it on an unarmed man," replied Captain Drummond, with warmth; and his gracious uncle told him he wanted none of his remarks. "To set your savage dog on him, too," said Colonel Grant, wishing to provoke the young soldier to minute explanation. Norman turned round, reddening with indignation, "Had this been the fact," said he, "Sir Archibald Gordon would scarcely have been able to-day to relate such a tale."—Colonel Grant looked at the powerful animal, which crouched at the feet of Norman. "Hey!" cried he, "as I hope to live, this is the wonderful Suwaroff." "It is our Luath, the Gordon stole last year at the New Inns, when, to my shame be it *tould*, I was little *overtook*, which has not hap-

pened since, however."—Colonel Grant and his nephew exchanged a very meaning look, and Norman preserved entire silence.

"Well, Macalbin, we shall see how all this will turn out," said Colonel Grant, moving to go away. "Don't let your spirits be depressed,—though I can't even yet conceive what tempted you to interfere,—but—"

"Tempted me to interfere," repeated Norman, "my whole soul impelled me to an act sanctified by all that is sacred in humanity; the voice, the suffering of a woman, tempted me:—But forgive my warmth; you know not, no man can feel, what I owe to woman."

WOMAN was indeed the tutelary genius of Norman's wayward fate. Her kindness had preserved his feeble existence, fostered his infancy, and tended his childhood; she had been his earliest and almost his only friend, and from her lip of love he had imbibed those lessons, which would have told him to "drain his dearest veins," in protecting the meanest of a sex so sacred. In every felicitous occurrence of his life, Norman could trace the agency of *woman*,—and through so endeared a medium every blessing was to him twice blessed.

With the natural embarrassment which a

delicate mind always experiences when its strongest feelings are betrayed to those who can neither comprehend their nature, nor sympathize with their display, Norman walked to his window, and stood there for a few seconds. Pat Leary, who had been working about the desolate apartment, as an excuse for remaining with the gentlemen, approached, and, with many winks and grimaces, held out a small twisted billet. Leary had a natural genius for mystery and intrigue, as well as a talent for insinuating himself into the confidence of his superiors, though it must be owned that he never abused that confidence. At any other time, Norman would have been greatly amused, and also somewhat displeased, at so much apparent artifice; but now, with an eager trembling hand, he took the billet, and hastily put it into his bosom.

Colonel Grant shook the hand of the prisoner, exhorted him to keep up his spirits, and went away, ordering Leary before him.

"Colonel Caustic is not in the best of his humours to-day," said Drummond, "but I am;—for the General supersedes him, and I hope that will be useful to you. A court-martial it will be, no doubt, and it is pecu-

liarly unlucky that there was no witness of your *rencontre.* I own, I would be happy that it were dropped even yet, and I do think Gordon, if he has any remaining sense of honour or shame, ought to be so also; for your condemnation will by no means prove his acquittal." Drummond appeared sunk in thought for some minutes, and then added, "Do you know any thing of female influence; your warm friend, Miss Grant, is very well acquainted with the lady who, of all others, may be expected to sway Sir Archibald. You have heard me talking very foolishly about her; but I seriously assure you, she is even more amiable than charming. If, by her mediation—." "I have no favour to accept from Sir Archibald Gordon," said Norman; "and I beg that, on this subject, you will now, and for ever spare me.—"No favour," replied Drummond, "but justice, which, my young man, we must sometimes receive as a favour."

"This affair will be settled by men of honour," answered Norman, "and I do not despair of justice. But though life, or more, depended on Sir Archibald Gordon, I could accept no boon from him."—There was a proud resolution, indicated more by the manner of Norman than his words, which put an

end to the conference.—" Then we must do the best, and hope the best," said Drummond, taking leave. " I'll see you again in the evening. In the meantime, I shall send Leary with your books and things."

And now, nothing but Hugh was between Norman and the gratification of his vehement curiosity.; yet, in the presence of Hugh, he could not read the billet: he therefore entreated the toil-worn Piper to lie down on the straw couch; and to oblige him, Hugh consented.—" Now sleep Hugh," said he, burying him under the straw. " God bless that kind hand," said the half-sobbing Piper: " Yes, darling, I'll try since you bid me; though, God knows, sleep is far from me. But I'll say my prayers, and that is always a great help to me when I fall off my sleep."

In such a situation, the shrewd Leary would have been asleep in a moment; but poor Hugh had none of his cleverness. Norman drew the billet from that fluttering prison on which he had placed his hand twenty times, during the last ten minutes, as if fearful that some magical influence might snatch away his treasure.

With fear and trembling, did he unfold the twisted note. It was written by Mary,

Fitzconnal!—and this discovery, in displaying how unwarrantable was the hope by which he had been agitated, produced a feeling of mortification, as painful as the disappointment he had sustained.

He laid this juvenile epistle on his knee, unable to examine its contents, till a faint revival of his former hope gave him courage to proceed.

"I saw the soldier that knew my poor "mamma, who died, as he came up the ave-"nue," said the little writer, "and I ran to "meet him, and he told me you loved me "very much, and I am sure I love you very "much indeed, and so does my mother. But "you don't come to see us as you used to do "at the Druid's Isle, and Dunalbin, to dance "with me and my beautiful mother. She "was not well at the ball though; and she "did not dance with any body, but cried "very much when she came to bed, with the "headache; and my cheek was wet with her "tears, for I was not asleep, because I want-"ed to ask when we would go to see you. "She does not know herself; but she kissed "me, and bade me go to sleep, but my heart "would not let me just then, it was so sorry;

"and I am sure you would be sorry too, to "see my beautiful mother crying, for I know "you are very good-natured.

"Now you must excuse this bad letter, for "when I wrote you before, my mother always "gave me a beginning; but, to-day, she is "gone out with Lady Glanville. And you "must excuse me too, that I have no wafer, "for Lady Gordon's cross maid won't let me "have any, because, when I went to ask it "just now, I picked up a letter addressed to "my mother, on the floor of her Lady's dres-"sing-room; and it is your writing I know, for "we read the songs you translated for my "mother, very often indeed. I am sure, the "soldier will tell you, how the cross creature "bawled after me on the stairs, for he was "with Lady Gordon just then. But I held "it firm, let her beat or scratch me ever so "much, and ran to General ——, who came "up stairs, and he said I acted quite right, "and sealed up the letter with my own seal, "before Morrison's ugly eyes; and he will "keep it himself till my mother comes home, "for Morrison dares not scratch him. I have "no more to say now, but that I love you "very much indeed, and more than when I "began to write, and that you must come in

"the afternoon to see us, and bring poor
"Luath with you.

"Your dear
"MARY FITZCONNAL."

"The soldier has not come down yet, and
"Morrison wants to see my letter, and to be
"friends with me; but I won't, though she call
"me ever so many 'charming creatures,' and
"'cunning monkeys.'—I think you very
"handsome indeed in your Highland sol-
"dier's dress."

The epistle of a lady of eight years has seldom excited a sensation so powerful, or invited so many thick coming fancies, as did Mary Fitzconnal's. But it would be superfluous to relate the variety of conjectures which Norman rapidly formed and dismissed, while he revolved the perplexing and inexplicable circumstances to which the little girl alluded. The only point on which his mind could rest with certainty, was, Monimia still feeling a feeble and ineffectual remorse, while, in the strength of ambition, she had resolved to conquer her own tenderness, and

"To break the honest heart
That wore her in its core."

The problem so difficult to Norman, was, nevertheless, of very easy solution. Lady Gordon, on the day succeeding the review, had taken from her repositories the only letter which Norman had ever ventured to address to Monimia, that she might give it a second perusal, and gain some insight into the character of the writer. When Leary was announced, in her haste to conceal these intercepted letters, she had dropped this one, and Mary found it.

When Monimia returned from her long ride, General —— met her at the park-gate; and she alighted to walk home with him, while Lady Glanville drove on. After congratulating her on her recovery, he presented the sealed packet, and she turned it curiously round.—"What can this be?" said she, smiling. "Were you a poet, I would for a moment be happy in the idea that it was some tribute to my peerless eye. But it comes from you, and bears the impression of my beloved country's charming emblem. Have I your permission?" He bowed, and she burst the seal. He sat down at the foot of a tree, at a small distance from the bank where she seated herself; and for the next half hour amused himself with sending a favourite dog

on errands; he at last threw the pebble the dog carried towards Monimia, by way of reminding her that it was time to be gone. She gave a faint scream; and fancying himself called, he walked up, and found her weeping in unrestrained agony over the letter he had given to her. Greatly shocked and grieved at a sight so unexpected, he was at a loss whether to walk on in affected ignorance of what he saw, or to follow the impulse of his heart, by taking her to his bosom and soothing her sorrows. Monimia determined for him. Hastily drying her eyes, she sighed convulsively, as if to gather voice, and said, "General ——, will you oblige me by saying how you obtained this letter?"—"Have I not mentioned that?" said he, telling the particulars of Mary's battle with the waiting-maid. Monimia leaned heavily on his arm, and tears still trickled silently down her face. He gently pressed her trembling hand to his side, and, while he hung over her in tenderness, whispered, "My young friend will do me the justice to believe, that no one could be more reluctant to wound her delicacy, had I no hope of being useful to her. But I think I can be of some use. Do I guess aright in imagining that criminal curiosity, or an un-

fortunate accident, has betrayed to that prying woman, Lady Gordon, and of course to the world, some tender secret which Monimia would conceal from even her most valued female friend,—Will you give me leave to speak to her Ladyship?——The burning blushes which dried up the tear-drops on Monimia's cheeks, and the fluttering of her truant heart, confessed that the spirit, if not the letter of her secret, was discovered.

"I have no secrets," cried she, with womanish eagerness, placing the letter of Norman in the hand of the General.—"I blame nobody; but the cruel detention of this letter, and perhaps of many others, made me believe my best and dearest friends guilty of an injustice that has caused me dreadful suffering.—It is from Glen-Albin; that spot where the happiest days of my life were spent,—where I feared that I was for ever forgotten. Oh, how cruel and unjust they must have believed *me*, when I could treat such a letter with silent unconcern!"

Lady Gordon was at this moment seen in the same walk with Monimia. The General drew down her veil, and then said, "Had you not best go through the shrubbery into the house, while I meet Lady Gordon."—"You

are ever kind and considerate," replied she, gliding away through an embowering alley.

How happy was Monimia when the tumult of her feelings subsided, and left her time to reflect and to feel all her happiness.—"*They* love me still," thought she, weeping in tender joy at the thought, "and we shall still be happy;"—and she regretted that, for a moment, she had parted with the mournful letter which assured her that she was not forgotten."

"Selfish that I am," thought she, upbraiding her joy.—"But *he* said Lady Augusta was *now* quite well. And could he think that I had known her otherwise, regardless of her suffering, and of his young and noble spirit, struggling in her defence, and bending beneath the crush of evils too terrible to be combated?"

Monimia rose from the bed on which she had thrown herself, and began to write to Norman. She knew not what to say; yet it seemed impossible to exist another hour under his displeasure: Yet did he seem displeased with her? Ah, no! Monimia remembered his sorrowful glance of unutterable, unconquerable love. She pressed her hand against the throbbing heart, which seemed

ready to burst from its prison. " *He* loves me still !" was the cherished idea of subdued apprehensive thought; " and we shall all be happy !"

Mary Fitzconnal had acuteness enough to perceive that on this day she had performed a very meritorious deed, — when Monimia fondly kissed her,—praised her firm conduct, —and, dismissing her maid, permitted Mary the much-desired honour of assisting her to dress for a great dinner, to which she had been already twice warned.

In flying down stairs, fastening her bracelets, she met General ——, who was about to enter the drawing-room.—" Oh, mamma, you are beautiful to-day," cried little Mary, looking down after her over the balustrade of the bed-chamber floor, " your eyes are like Norman's."

The General held the letter of that Norman in his hand ; and Monimia, colouring in beautiful confusion, took that loved letter, while she called to Mary, " Ah, you little flatterer, I am beautiful, because you dressed me !"—" Aye, mamma, but I could not dress your eyes." General —— thought he had indeed never seen her so beautiful ; and smiling on the lovely mistress, and the admiring

maid, he was about to compliment the latter on her talents for embellishing beauty, when a footman threw open the door of the drawing-room.

General —— was not skilled enough in the economy of a lady's dress to know that it contained no depository for letters; and Monimia foreseeing the ceremony of being handed to the dining-parlour on this day of state, approached a distant window, and insinuated her letter into the bosom of her dress.

It required all the good-breeding of Monimia to behave with common politeness to the woman who had occasioned her so many hours of mistrust and misery, and her friends equal suffering; and when the ladies withdrew, as the only method of controlling her feelings, she, unsolicited, seated herself at the piano-forte, and continued to play till the gentlemen came up stairs.

At the request of Lady Gordon, Mary Fitzconnal was permitted to drink tea in the drawing-room; for her Ladyship affected a violent fondness for Monimia's favourite, and had thus early volunteered her services in procuring her an establishment. The little girl found General —— seated by her whom she called mother, in a bow-window, in the end of

the room, which had been struck out for the sake of a beautiful view. She playfully let down the curtain, saying, "You have a nice little drawing-room of your own; pray drink your tea here together. I will place my mother's work-table, and be your attendant; O do!"—"Ask Lady Glanville's permission," replied Monimia, smiling at this conceit; and permission was asked and obtained.

A very lively dialogue immediately commenced between those within and those without the curtain, but General —— found time to whisper, "I have perused your letter, and can well understand the suffering you must have felt at the unaccountable delay of such a letter. I have a claim of my own on your correspondent; to-morrow morning, if you give me permission, I shall tell you more."—Monimia bowed in reply.

The Ladies Glanville and Gordon, on the motion of the latter, now seated themselves immediately without the window-curtain. The mind of Lady Gordon gave her no intimation of any attachment of the nature of that subsisting between Monimia and General ——, and she began to feel some vague uneasiness at its progress. She, indeed, believed, that the heart of Monimia was still in

the possession of the young soldier; but enthusiastic admiration, combining with the sense of propriety, and the ambition of distinction, might produce very wonderful things; and her Ladyship knew human nature too well to marvel at even greater changes than those she anticipated being accomplished by time, and female ambition, and wiles, and beauty. She had often seen (and who has not?) the soft, weeping consoler, transformed into the smiling antidote of widowed grief: and what has been, may be. These apprehensions were greatly increased since the day of the review; for Monimia, independent in fortune and in action, had made no attempt to see or to hear from her lover. True, she had been greatly agitated and indisposed, but to-day she appeared brilliant in beauty and high in spirits; and, moreover, she had made a very eloquent eulogy on the generosity of a certain Highland laird to his swarming tenantry. Now, this was exactly that kind of delicate and implied deference, the force of which Lady Gordon could well estimate; and she pondered all these things. Lady Gordon had seen young women of the highest rank, when an adequate motive was held out, descend from the eminence on which nature

and society had placed them, not merely to admire, but to imitate the most disgusting peculiarities. She had seen them smoke tobacco, and drink grog, and train puppies. In short, her Ladyship knew, that very young, and what are esteemed very frivolous women, often possess a flexibility or sagacity of mind, which can avail itself of the weaknesses and prejudices of others to accomplish a desired purpose, with a suppleness and dexterity faintly understood by their lordly superiors; and she was quite sure that every one, —and even the high-minded Monimia,— would readily employ these talents, whenever a motive powerful enough roused her faculties to action.

Lady Gordon was also aware, that a nature so delicate in its tenderness as that of Monimia's friend, would, till the last moment, revolt at the mere imagination of any woman aspiring to a place in that sealed heart, which was hallowed to the recollection of departed joys: and on this belief she rested her plan of attack.

"Now, Lady Glanville, what if I should treat you with a mighty discovery, as that convenient curtain spares Mrs Montague's blushes so nicely? Nothing less than the Ge-

neral kissing hands this morning in the *berceau* walk."

"Your Ladyship may add, on the conclusion of nothing else than a treaty *defensive*, replied Monimia from her sanctuary;—" or, perhaps, *offensive*, should offensive measures be deemed the best means of self-defence. Are my tactics good, General?" "Quite so." —There was something womanish in the tone of Monimia's voice that alarmed Lady Gordon.—"Ah, General," cried she, "are you there? I move, that all parties come from behind their curtains, and answer for themselves."

"Your Ladyship shall be obeyed," said Monimia, pulling up the curtain, "let the guilty seek concealment.

The swell and fall of Monimia's bosom had by this time pushed Norman's epistle into view. This was a circumstance which the General durst not see; but the lynx-eye of Lady Gordon immediately darted upon the letter, and she as quickly recognised the hand-writing, though she had not the least suspicion that it could be the paper she fancied safe in her private repositories. Actuated by a variety of motives, she snatched the letter in affected sport, exclaiming, "Ah,

here is a prize, Lady Glanville;—the whole negociation, copied by some most confidential secretary too, I see." "Lady Gordon, I entreat you," cried Monimia in great distress; but her Ladyship playfully peremptory held away the paper.—"Lady Glanville, shall we order it to be laid on the table, or refer it to a secret committee above stairs, in case something occur which, for the safety of the state, requires concealment. You know the safety of the state always requires, that the *faux pas* of ministers should be concealed."

"Oh, never mind, you know we are whigs; let us have it," replied Lady Glanville.

"Lady Gordon, you will find nothing *original* in that paper, I believe. For more sakes than mine, give it back," said Monimia with some severity.—Lady Gordon gave the letter a second glance; the paleness of guilt overspread her features.—"You could not believe me so ill-bred as to pry into your secrets, Mrs Montague. Here, my dear, is your letter."

"I am sorry to see your laudable curiosity so baulked, my good lady," said General ——. "I was in hopes of a wonderful discovery." "There is a point at which curiosity becomes quite unwarrantable," replied Lady Gordon;

—and Monimia gravely added, "There surely is."

In a few minutes Lady Gordon left the company, and examined the desk which contained the Eleenalin correspondence under seven seals; but, when opened, the letter in question was indeed missing. Having interrogated her maid, who denied all knowledge of the fact, she paced the chamber in all the agonies of detected meanness, till joined by her nephew. It is the peculiar misfortune of the intriguing, that the unforeseen accident of a single minute may disconcert plans which years have been spent in inventing, forwarding, and maturing; and it was now the misfortune of Lady Gordon. Her nephew had taken too liberal an allowance of wine to be capable of either consoling or counselling; and her temper, though generally under the most well-bred discipline, was at this moment not proof against such a cause of irritation. She vented bitter and unqualified reproaches; and Sir Archibald made insolent, and even brutal replies. They parted in anger; and on this night, and in this mood, he met Dora Tracey and Norman.

While Lady Gordon was actually shedding tears over her baffled plans, and the stinging

ingratitude of that selfish being, for whom she had practised so much baseness, and endured so much shame, Monimia was eloquently pouring forth her surcharged heart to Lady Augusta Macalbin.—"Ten days more," thought she, "and she who is all delicate kindness will make my vindication;"—and she committed the incoherent note she had written to Norman to the flames.—"I will not take my cause out of her hands," said she, "she will say more for me than I durst say for myself;"—and having again requested that Lady Augusta would not lose a moment in informing *all her friends* of the true cause of her apparent neglect, she closed her voluminous epistle. Sweet on this night were the slumbers of Monimia; for her dreams were of those she loved and trusted, and looked to for endless happiness.

At an early hour on the next day, Sir Archibald Gordon visited his aunt; and, after a hurried apology for his late behaviour, with an air of savage triumph, announced the captivity of the "Glen-Albin adventurer."—"This is beyond my hopes!" exclaimed Lady Gordon: But when she heard the story, even as told by Sir Archibald, it appeared in a very different light; and, throwing aside all

disguise, she conjured her nephew, as he valued his last hope of Monimia, and all her desirable accompaniments, immediately to hush up the affair.

"Mrs Montague will feel so grateful for your kindness to the young favourite of Lady Augusta," said she, indicating the turn dexterity might give to this affair.—"'Tis so sweet to oblige those we love. Let this be the moment then to bring every thing to a happy conclusion."

It was the temper of Sir Archibald Gordon never to be in the wrong, but he became fiercely and obstinately so if any one presumed to oppose his will; and at this moment he would not have given up his desire of revenge, though the hand and dowry of a princess had been the reward of forbearance. Vain, therefore, were the pleadings, tears, and threats of Lady Gordon; and he was flinging off, as much exasperated with her as with his captive, when Mary Fitzconnal tapped on the door, and delivered a note, written with a pencil. It ran as follows:—
"Mrs Montague will thank Lady Gordon to
"order her maid to look out the other letters
"from the same quarter as that which Miss
"Fitzconnal picked up yesterday; as they

"can now be of no use but to the person for "whom they were intended."

In the momentary agony of complete disgrace, the habitual address of Lady Gordon for a moment forsook her; and she placed this note in the hand of Sir Archibald. They had never, in direct terms, spoken to each other of the letters which passed through Sir Archibald's hands; but it was perfectly understood on all sides, though now, scowling his eyes over the writing, he sullenly said, "What am I to understand from this note? But I have no wish to participate in ladies' secrets."—He abruptly left her, mounted his horse, and returned to the camp.

On this morning Lady Gordon might well have said, "Oh, misfortune, if thou comest alone, thou art welcome!" for her English letters announced a terrible domestic feud between her favourite niece, Belle, and the good humoured coxcomb Mansel, to whom she had been a few months married. The aggrieved young lady complained hardly of silliness, impertinence, and stinginess; and the father of the gentleman, (for he had fled himself), of extravagance and caprice, and a temper, so provoking in its insolence, that no ordinary mortal could endure its gusts and

squalls. He ended by entreating Lady Gordon to return and cement the union she had formed.

"Then for England," sighed Lady Gordon, crushing the epistle of her dutiful niece in her hand.—"Ungrateful wretches! And it is for being so heartless I have suffered and still suffer." Her Ladyship forgot that her own honour and glory were her strongest motives of action; and while she wept the disappointment of her ambitious projects, she pleased herself with thinking that she bewailed the ingratitude of her family.]

There was, however, no time to lose in fruitless lamentations. She gave her orders with precision and dispatch; dried up a few womanish tears,—repaired her smiles,—and, blessing Mary Fitzconnal at leisure times, in a couple of hours was ready for her journey.

"Equipped for travel! Bless me! cried Lady Glanville, when her guest entered the parlour, where she sat with Monimia and General ——.

"Yes! I have just half a minute to thank your Ladyship for all your hospitality, and to beg the honour of your commands for England,—and your's for Scotland, Mrs Montague;"—and she turned to Monimia, who, in

delicate confusion, had turned away,—"and then off. I have an old relation at the point of death, who, for family reasons, requires my immediate presence.—*A propos*, of old relations and great legacies: I have letters from my friend Mrs Miles Montague, this morning. It seems past doubt *now*, that her queer lord is the lucky man,—heir to the whole Indian fortune. I do not condole with you, my dear; for you know we always thought it was so."

"Dear! and has Mrs Montague no claim to that fine fortune, after all?" said Lady Glanville.

"So it appears. Money is certainly the one thing very needful in this wicked and luxurious age. Yet youth, beauty, talent, and opportunity, are admirable substitutes: A kind of metallic tractors, that draw the gold of the old and loving into the pockets of the young and lovely." Lady Gordon glanced her sharp eye towards General ——; but it sunk beneath his penetrating and half contemptuous look: and she hastily added, "Such charms and talents are unbounded fortune."—"Especially when graced by truth, candour, and innocence," added the General.—"O, if your well-known gallantry choose to throw those little items into the scale, who can object?

A-propos of gallantry"—Your Ladyship is *a-propos* to every thing this morning," said the General, smiling.—" O! but this is so very *a-propos*," replied her Ladyship, playing off his remark—" Your rural beau, Mac— Mac— Mac— Mac—, what is it, my dear?" said she turning quickly to Monimia. " Mac— any thing you please," said the General, in pity to the confusion of Monimia—" You would not insinuate that Mrs Montague is so very unfashionable as to remember the names of rustic beaux."

" Well, your Glen-Albin Strephon,—that is a *nom du guerre* for all pastoral swains, like Philopatria to newspaper writers, or Carril, or Ullin, or Anna Matilda, to magazine bards and bardesses,—has got himself into prison last night, according to the most approved practice of modern chivalry. I own poor Sir Archibald's share of the affair is somewhat mortifying. You know 'tis impossible for a *new* man to admire two cherry-cheeks, without fancying all the world as mad as himself. I understand it was a battle-royal; a man fights like a lion, under the inspiring eye of his lady. Now, this furious Orlando, his dog, and damsel,—you know she might scream most animatingly,—were fearful odds against poor Sir Archibald *solus*. 'Tis a whimsical

affair for grave discussion in a court-martial: I wish I were behind a curtain."

No, never till this moment had Monimia felt any thing so dreadful as the pang of mingled jealousy, alarm, and humiliation, which now seized on her heart. Overcome with sudden faintness, she sat down, though all the party were standing, and Lady Gordon, turning to her, exclaimed, "Bless me, Mrs Montague, I entreat a thousand pardons! Could I have imagined—Lady Glanville—General ——." In that short minute a thousand recollections darted through the mind of Monimia, restoring it to confidence, and composure, and dignity. She rose with sudden energy, and gently waving back Lady Gordon, while the blended glow of indignation and generosity suffused her cheek with a richer bloom than that which had forsaken it.—"Lady Gordon, I cannot, I will not affect to misunderstand you. I am not so despicable as to disclaim the acquaintance of Mr Macalbin, young man though he is, because you tell me he is plunged into misfortune; for on his innocence I could pledge my life, my honour. I well believe, madam, that your nephew has gained some momentary triumph over the unfriended experience

of Lady Augusta Macalbin's adopted son," (and her eyes filled with tears,) —" But I am equally certain, that when this affair is impartially investigated, his share in it will confirm the opinion I have ever entertained of him and of Sir Archibald Gordon."

" Bless me, my dear, you take it gravely; and certainly give the most flattering of all proofs of admiration, by imitating the conduct of your—your *friend*, Mr Macalbin ;— I mean in attacking those who never meditated attack on you. Nor do I fancy your— your *friend* so very guilty as you seem to suppose I do. A person of my standing in this wicked world must just shrug her shoulders,—pray stop your ears, General ——, at such every-day infidelities,—I mean slips, however heinous they may appear to a young lady in—her *friend*; and fancy them very venial transgressions. For a young man,—a soldier too,—being the slave of two black eyes, though stuck into the head of a serjeant's daughter,—*pour passer le tems*, you know,— this unsanctified generation will find many excuses. I am not disposed to be severe on your *friend*; though I own it was abundantly foolish and dangerous to insult and attack a man of Sir Archibald Gordon's rank in the

army in consequence of this innocent *pen-chant.*

"Lady Gordon reserves her severity for her own sex," said Monimia, with a look of unqualified disdain.

"But is this gentleman attached to the encampment, ladies?" inquired the General.—"Dear me, aye."—"What is he? Is he a man of family?" said Lady Glanville.—"He can number Adam, and Cain, and, for aught I know, Melchisedec, among his grandfathers," replied Lady Gordon. "I rather think this last is head of the family, and it is not a small one, nor of yesterday. It has lasted since frail damsels were first led astray by their wicked stars on the plains of Chaldee." "Lady Gordon, you must permit me to put my question a second time," interrupted General ——, disgusted at this malicious banter.—"Then he is a volunteer in your regiment, one of those gentlemen cadets who live in splendour, God knows how."

"Thank God, he is no mercenary soldier," thought Monimia, while the General hastily said, "And is my volunteer and Mr Macalbin the same person? I rejoice to hear it." "Then do rejoice, with exceeding great joy; for the Glenalbin Strephon, Mrs Montague's

'*friend*, and your volunteer, is one and the same multipotent person. This Mr Jones is exactly that Mr Jones;—the love-lorn Miss Sophy's Jones, is good Squire Allworthy's Jones,—the *foundling*, named after Saint John." *

General —— deigned not to notice this spiteful remark; but the woman's soul of Monimia, more easily moved to resentment, spoke its feelings by a downcast glance of withering scorn.

"I was honoured with a letter from Lady Augusta Macalbin, on the subject of a young friend of her's, some months back," said the General.—"I wrote to her immediately; but I am afraid, that, like Lady Gordon's damsels of Chaldee, Highland letters are apt to go astray."—Lady Gordon did not blush; but she flushed through a triple coating of rouge, and advanced to the window.

"The chaise is in waiting, and my false spirits are fled," said she.—"Why do I delay the fatal moment? Yet, how cruel is the parting of friends!" She embraced Lady Glanville; she approached to embrace Monimia, who involuntarily drew back.—"I find," whisper-

* In the Highlands, illegitimate male children are often named after St John, and females after the Virgin Mary.

ed she, "that your suspicions of that vile creature, Morrison, are but too well founded. She is altogether the tool of *Ursy.* I have used my authority to make her give up your letters;—you will find them on your toilet. I am shocked to think I have had so base a creature about me. Now, since it must be so, farewell, my love. Were it possible to do without that sordid gold, it has ever been the first wish of my heart to call you by the dearest of names."—Monimia dropped a very formal curtsey, gravely replying, "My gratitude shall ever keep pace with your Ladyship's kindness."—"Charming girl!" cried Lady Gordon, saluting the cheek of Monimia.—"I shall give your love to that uxorious Mansel. Belle's good father-in-law is quite eloquent by to-day's post on the old story of being about to be blessed with an heir to his fine estate. How admirably is it said, that we live a second time in those we love!"

Her Ladyship took the arm of the General, and Lady Glanville attended her to the carriage; and with bows, salutations of her own hand, and a well-managed white handkerchief, she wheeled off with tolerable eclat.—"Thank God!" said Monimia; and going to

the window to be sure that Lady Gordon was indeed gone, she saw Captain Drummond ride up, and drew up the sash. He touched his hat, but refused the invitation Lady Glanville gave him to walk in, pleading business with the General as the reason of his visit to the Lodge. When he had conversed a few minutes with General ——, the latter ordered his horse, and entered the house to bid the ladies good morning.—"This is the intimate friend of my unknown volunteer, I find," said he, "which is another presumption in his favour; for Drummond, besides being my neighbour's son, is a good honest fellow. I am impatient to hear the whole story; for a certain fair advocate has already raised a powerful interest in my breast."—"That interest will be more powerful when you do hear the story," replied Monimia. "Lady Gordon made a serious charge, and you may think that I made a rash defence; yet I place a whole life and an unblemished character against that charge; and if I am deceived, I shall be most painfully so."

They parted; and after Lady Glanville had yawned, and declared Lady Gordon a very pleasant, well-bred woman, and wondered if she would be two miles off yet, and thought

she would be stifled to death in that great stuffy cloth habit, and fancied the Lodge would be intolerable without her,—Monimia escaped to her letters.

They were few in number, but Monimia could not read them through. Her mind still wandered to Norman, and busied itself in imagining the cause of his imprisonment, and the distressing consequences which might result from the displeasure of a man high in power, and unrestrained by any feeling of justice. As indignation abated, her fears returned. She thought of the words of Lady Gordon, and her confidence was staggered,—and she dreaded, as an evil of the greatest magnitude, that, while Norman still retained the world's esteem, he might, to her more refined sense, have lost that bright bloom of youthful virtue, which, once effaced, can never be restored; that he might have imbibed the maxims of the world, and exchanged the pure morals of his solitude for the attributes of a soldier.

The day passed away, and General —— did not return to the Lodge. He had not, indeed, promised to return; but Monimia had promised it to herself, and the disappointment of a self-made promise is the heaviest

of any. Twilight found her straining her eyes from the window of her dressing-room, now elated with hope, and now weeping like a true woman.

"Mamma, mamma, here is Hugh Piper," cried Mary, dragging Hugh forward, on the landing-place; "and he won't come in."—"Ah, I am so glad to see you," said Monimia, hastily opening her door; "Is Lady Augusta well?"—"Very well, considering, my Lady," replied Hugh, taking off his bonnet, and scraping and looking round this fine apartment with a strange mixture of fear, anxiety, and gladness.—"You must excuse my own brogues, Madam, and the nails; for I would not be so ill-mannered, did not Miss Fitzconnal drag me on. Though far enough from them who could teach me, I better know what becomes a Lady like yourself." "A Lady like myself would have you to sit down, and tell me how you do," said Monimia, placing one chair, while Mary placed another.—"Och, God himself bless you," replied Hugh, melted by unlooked-for kindness.—"Then, with your leave," and taking off his brogues, he advanced a step.—"Though the poorest of my name, I know better than sit down before a lady; but having this small

parcel, commended to your Ladyship, with kindest love from *ould* Unah Macalbin of Bruachrua,"—and he bowed, and delivered the pearls,—" I made *bould*, hearing from Mr Leary of ——'s regiment," *(the Highland appellation of the General,)* " that you was in the country, to follow on, give them to you with my own hand, though, perhaps, it was taking too much upon myself."—And, again bowing, Hugh would have withdrawn, but Mary hung round him; and Monimia, in a voice that touched his affectionate heart, said, " Does Moome, then, still remember me with kindness."—" Is it herself? Och, and that she does, madam," replied Hugh. " When I would be coming home from the New Inns every day in the winter, with no word at all, your Ladyship then in London, not having time to write, and poor Mr Buchanan in his grave, and Macpherson very hard on us, and the boy to part his country, which was worse *nor* all,"—(Hugh brushed off an intrusive tear,)—" She would say, ' A great Lady like her, with your leave, will have much to think on, and take up her hand with, in the throng companies, more *nor* the likes of us, God help us;' or give herself a *rock* backwards and forwards this way, and sigh a deep sigh, and

say, 'But I have seen Macalbin's *dochter* have another day;'—for, poor *ould cratur*, you see, madam, she will always be thinking of the *ould* stile, and the like of that, which you know, madam, is nothing at all to any body but just to ourselfs."

"And it is thus you madam and lady me, you unkind Piper," said Monimia, in a tone of affectionate reproach—"me who used to be your dear and your darling at every word."

"Och, that you was, that you was," sobbed Hugh, now fairly dropping his brogues;—"My dear, and my darling, and my own Lady's darling, and Norman's heart's darling, I'll swear for him,—when you would be at home in the countries, like a child of the family, with Mrs Major Hector Monro Craiggillian, (*Hugh loved to give his friends all their titles*) and the young Macalbin, walking like the angel you was in the woods of Glen-Albin. These are the days it is my happiness to remember; but the Highlands and the Lowlands makes a great differ."—And Hugh sighed while he looked round on the finely decorated apartment, and at the richly attired young beauty who stood before him; and that vision so light, so lovely, that it looked like some gay creature of the element, softly

echoed the Piper's sigh, and whispered, "A great difference indeed!"

At length Hugh was persuaded to sit down, and he soon recovered his usual cheerful familiarity; and entered into copious, and, as some might have thought, very tedious explanations: And when he artlessly told the story of Phelim Bourke and Dora Tracey, and revealed the unspotted innocence and honour of him he now chose to call "the young Macalbin," Monimia rose involuntarily from her seat, her eyes sparkling with triumph and joy. "I could have sworn it," she exclaimed.—"Could you, dear? Och, God bless you, and have you in his keeping! So could Mr Leary, who, with your leave, is one of the best fellows ever God made. Says he, this very day it was when he came with the books, 'Mr Macalbin, you shall never want a witness to do you *sarvice* while this *ton-gue* wags in my *hade.*' I was coming from the Lodge about that hour,—it could not be much in or over,' says he, 'and I perfectly remember like a *drame*, seeing you have a *tussle* with Gordon, and him swearing he would *stick* you, and Dora screaming, 'Murder, murder, sorrow be on the villain, he has kilt Mr Macalbin with his sword!' He gave the

sweetest of his smiles,—our own Norman did, darling,—for though pale enough, and in low order, with the long and the sore sickness, his own sweet smile is left him yet."—"And Mr Macalbin has been ill?" said Monimia in her softest voice.—"Ay, that he was, and never let us know of it, or we would have come to him on our hands and our knees, if we had begged the way. But, says he, 'Friend Leary, let us hear no more of your *drames*,—that *second-sight* evidence won't do here. It does not become a manly fellow to *drame*;' and with that, in comes Captain Allan Drummond Logievar,—there is another of the prime,—and who should be with him, but General ——'s ownself,—there, again, is the chief of chiefs! God bless him, above and beneath, and round about, and the very ground he stands on. And thinking it manners to come away, the gentleman conversing very throng, with your leave, I made Serjeant Macdonald drop few lines to Craiggillian, (as true a heart, the Serjeant too, as ever warmed with *CLAN'S blood,) and made off with myself with all speed to see your Lady-

* CLANRANALD, chief of one tribe of Macdonalds, is called Clan in his own country.

ship; Mr Leary telling me it was here you was."

"I am much obliged by your visit," said Monimia; "and when you go home,"—"Is it to the prison, darling?" said Hugh.—"Yes! but I hope that a prison will not long be your home,—tell Mr Macalbin, I was so unfortunate as never to receive the letter with which he favoured me till yesterday,—that I have written to our dear Lady Augusta, and that in a few days I hope to congratulate him on his freedom."

"Och, that I will, lady dear, and a joyful heart his will be to hear it! So, with your leave, I will go to him, who is not so happy as me in seeing you, but does not deserve it the less. No, darling! do not let the Gordons, man or woman of them, be setting you up against him, for every one else likes him, and loves him, and well they may, for a braver or a warmer heart was never shrouded in tartan, and that is a proud word. So don't let the *black whigs* be setting you up against him,—bad luck to them!"

"Who talks of black whigs?" cried Lord Glanville, suddenly opening the door. "Monimia, are you too, plotting against us?"

"This is a good friend of mine, who has

brought me a message from Scotland," replied Monimia. "His ideas of whiggism differ from yours, my Lord. 'Tis Sir Archibald Gordon he calls a whig."—Lord Glanville would have taken the trouble to inform Hugh of his mistake; but, bowing very low, he withdrew, attended by Mary, who enjoined him to come again to-morrow.

"So I find Gordon has *blinked the question*," said Lord Glanville, abruptly—for he never had time for delicate circumlocution in introducing an unpleasant subject,—"just as I supposed. That wonderfully clever woman, his aunt, is off too, I'm told. Lady Glanville believes a long cock and bull story of dying relations,—I can see farther. But, courage, my little Monimia! though we are thrown out to-day, we may be in by to-morrow's post. I rather think we shall. Don't despair, the royal countenance will shine on us yet, and lovers, like other good things, come over by dozens,—besides, that Gordon has very little to say in his own county,—and of talent nothing,—absolutely nothing."

"Indeed I am not so vain as to believe myself of so great political consequence," replied Monimia, laughing, "even although I have the honour of standing in so near a re-

lation to your Lordship."—"Ay, no doubt it is for your own bright eyes to bring admirers to your feet,—not the influence of that insignificant nobody, Lord Glanville,—what man so desperate as to court an alliance with him? And that person you lived with is your late husband's heir too, I'm told;—very extraordinary that,—when I get my new bill thrown out, that must be looked into. Lady Glanville has been telling me, too, of a quarrel, and a volunteer, and I don't know all what;—never fret about it,—I don't believe one word of it,—spite,—party-spite. I'm used to these things;—a side-blow glancing on you, but, in reality, aimed at your alarming uncle. Thank heaven, he can bear all that with abundant philosophy."

Monimia again smiled at this absorbing vanity, and followed Lord Glanville to the drawing-room, where his lady was waiting their appearance to drink tea.

Hugh's present was now exhibited; and Lady Glanville expressed an almost childish admiration at the size and lustre of some of the pearls.—"I would be happy to hear of a purchaser for them," said Monimia, sighing, that she could not afford to keep them herself; for, to her, they had a much higher

value than mere ornaments. "The poor pearl-fisher cannot afford to lose his time, nor ought I to accept such presents from those kind-hearted beings, who consult their munificent disposition, and forget their stinted means."—Monimia would not have ventured to insult the national, and the hereditary pride of Moome, or the Piper, by repaying with money the heart-made offering of devoted kindness;—but she hoped to remunerate them without offending their delicacy, and her eloquent eye reminded Lord Glanville of the money he had appropriated and thoughtlessly squandered,—or, more properly, suffered to slip through his fingers he knew not how.

"I take the hint, Monimia," said Lord Glanville. "But not a *sous* have I to bless myself with,—steeped in poverty to the very lips. But, what is your friend fit for? What can I do for him? An exciseman,—a tide-waiter,—put me in mind of him when the time comes."—"There is no place in your Lordship's gift that will suit him, I'm afraid," replied Monimia. "No,—that's odd enough,—nothing but money will do then,—Lady Glanville, are you *en fonds?*" "Me, dear me, no. I borrowed Mrs Montague's last five

guineas, only last night, to make a shew of a card purse. Pray, speak to that man your steward,—him with the odious Irish name—he has plenty of our money, I dare say." Lord Glanville knew too well, that it was vain to seek what could not be obtained.—"The depreciated currency is utter ruin," said he. "It comes home to all of us, at length.—Well, well, ladies, we must see what our good friends the booksellers can do for you;—no disgrace in a man living by his labour, especially intellectual labour. Peter the Great earned his own shoes,—there is imperial example;—so I must go fag by the midnight oil."—With a smile of complacence, Lord Glanville retired to finish his warning pamphlet on the wilful wretchedness in which the lower orders were involved, by their want of economy and foresight.

"How ridiculous!" said Lady Glanville, "to speak of persons of our rank touching such money."—"I believe your Ladyship is in no great danger of being subjected to so great an indignity," said Monimia.—"I trust not. However, I'll take all the pearls these persons have. It is always depreciated currency with my Lord, but I always get money, some way or other, when it comes to the push,

so I never mind him."—Somewhat provoked at the vanity of the one, and the silliness of the other, Monimia retired without accomplishing her design.

It was late before Hugh reached the prison; and Norman, unacquainted with the visit he was making, became restless and alarmed at his protracted absence.—" Did you guess where I was," cried he, entering all flushed with joy and haste. " Drinking with Leary, I presume," replied Norman, gravely.—A tear of insulted affection started to the eye of the Piper, as he indignantly threw down his bonnet. " Drinking I was, to be sure, one glass of good wine, and another, but there was persons nearer my own heart to night than Mr Leary, kind as he has been to me and mine."—" What mean you, dear Hugh?" said Norman, looking earnestly in his face: " Ah! I know *now* where you have been,—and you have seen her." " Och, is it dear Hugh, now," said Hugh, half tenderly, and half humourously. " I thought you *knowed* me better, than believe I would go a drinking with strangers, and yourself in this, though I have been a little merry, and well to live, few times too often, at a wedding or the like of that in the countries."—Norman interrupt-

ed him with apologies; and to all, but the Gordons, Hugh was the most placable of human beings.—"Did I see her? say you,—yes, see her I did, sure enough, and out came the lovely hand, white and soft as the * cannach-down; no doubt, out of respect to those I came off.—My good Piper, says she,—she called me her good Piper, God bless her! so you must wait of her the moment,—But, jewel what said B—— to you,—the General?"—"Every thing kind and encouraging. He is the best as he is the first of men,—but hasten, dear Hugh, to tell me all."—"Long life to him!—Well, I shall tell you, darling, beginning at the very first. When I left this with Mr Leary, who should we meet but Serjeant Macdonald, whom I knew at Loch-Broom, at the herring-fishing, and who should be with him but a Macfarlane man, a *misfortunate cratur*, who saw all our clan on the *Mohawks*. So, poor as I was, I could not do less than treat him, get the good news, and after one pint another, you see;—*Inishone* it was, which never will equal *Fairntosh*, in my own mind, while the world is a world,—the landlord

* Cotton-grass, whose silky, pendant tufts, afford many a beautiful simile to the Highland bard, and enliven many a dreary mile of moor.

laughing and joking all the while with Mr Leary, and, as countrymen, all speaking together, and observing how much better our own country was *ncr* the Lowlands, and"— "Well, hasten,—I can conceive all that," cried Norman.—"Can you, darling? Och, God bless you! and it is yourself he has blessed with the true heart to your country, and the kind"—"But my Mon—Mrs Montague!" said the impatient Norman.—"Aye, she is the head of the chapter, as she well deserves. So you see, Finlay *tould* me how poor *ould* Hector died, and how his *dochter* Mary is married the second time *on* Malcolm Roy. You remember red Malcolm, dear, who gave you crow-berries and cream, and made much of you at Portsnalung, when I took you see the sea?" "Yes! yes!"—"Well, as I was telling you, Malcolm married Mary—as pretty a girl she was, in her own day, as very few,—and as clever: two slips off every day she sat on a wheel; and one of the stoutest of her name. I have seen her lift the stirk's pot off alone, full of potatoes, with these eyes,—and that is what no woman in the countries could do but herself and Miss Sibella Altlarish."—The patience of Norman was quite exhausted with

the beauty and accomplishments of this lady, and he again urged Hugh to go on.—" Yes, dear. So you see, Farquhar,—you remember Farquhar the famous *putter* of the stone; the only one ever came up with you, save Moome's Dalt, and he was of the ould style,—Farquhar said, he had *oaths* of Mary since she was a young girl, and he took it to heart and died, and *divil* the blow of a bag-pipe tould a Macalbin was gone to heaven, as Finlay tells me. And ould Ronald's wife went next."—" Poor Ronald! has he lost his wife?" said Norman, for a minute forgetting even Monimia.—" He has, dearest,—and though a little cross when he would come home from the fairs, *well to live*, she had not a bad heart. She was of our clan, by father's side and mother's side, for ten generations, and the best maker of *blue cheeses* in Glen-Albin, not excepting Moome herself, who always made cheese for the family."

After some farther conversation, Hugh once more resumed the thread of his narrative.—" Well, what would you of it,—I set off with Unah's message, wondering in my own heart what she would say, and thinking *to face* her, in a joking way, about the Gordons. But my

heart fell when I came in sight of so fine a white house; and I tried to make myself proud, remembering who I was come off, and the blood was in my veins, and saying, Norman will have his own luck; I'm not afraid for Norman: As good fish in the loch as ever came out of it; we have had *dochters* of Macdonald of the isles in our family. But when I did see her, lovely as the spirit of the hill, and kind and good as ever, Och not a word could I find! but took off my bonnet, and gave Moome's respectful compliments, and bowed, as Unah told me. Och, no fish in the loch like her then! When I found she had still the same warm heart, as if bred and born among us, and her fine taste for the pipe-music, and remembered her dancing strathspeys with yourself in Eleenalin;—to be sure, neither Mrs Major Hector nor myself, though I was thought a namely dancer in my own day, could ever compare with her. Long life to her! How my own eyes would be reeling in my head, only to be looking at her, when I would give a loud shout, like ould NIEL GOW, to make you lively—"——"Well, but, Hugh," said Norman gently, "be brief; tell me what she did say."

"Yes, dear," replied the Piper, nodding his head, but still going on with the history of his own feelings.

"And when I saw the tears in her beautiful eyes, as I tould of you parting your country,—shining like the star of night through the soft mists of Lena, (as our songs say, but as I can't in the English),—my own heart could not stand that, and I looked down respectful; for a lady like her is not like Mrs Major Hector, or yourself, whom I was always used to since you were *childer*."

After much circumlocution, Norman heard the bliss-giving message of his Monimia. In the course of the day he had learned, from the conversation of Captain Drummond, that the report of her marriage was entirely devoid of truth; and now that thought was rapture;—his musings may be better conceived than depicted.

The two friends stretched themselves together, undressed as they were, on the straw-couch of Phelim Bourke. Norman breathed a prayer, too spiritual for language; and Hugh, mingling the tribute of devoted thankfulness with the customary night-spell of harmless superstition, sunk into the light repose of innocence. But even his laudable

precaution could not deliver his spell-bound companion from the 'tempters of the night;' yet bright and fair were the visions that haunted his fancy, and entranced his soul in the joys of a fairy paradise.

CHAP. XXXV.

Let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.——SHAKESPEARE.

"A MAN may subdue his resentments to his interest;—it is, on many occasions, too much for female virtue," thought Lady Gordon, flinging herself back in the carriage as she wheeled through the gate of Glanville Lodge. "It had been better for me to employ these last moments for that madman, if it be still possible to save him from disgrace, though not from poverty. Curse of my life as he is, what else have I left worth caring for,—without affection, principle, or gratitude, he still is all I have,—the head of the family of Gordon."—To repair an error into which she was

seldom betrayed, Lady Gordon wrote to General ——, from Kilkenny, requesting him, as a peculiar favour, to use all his influence in hushing the affair between Sir Archibald and the relation of Lady Augusta Macalbin.—"I believe," said she, "Sir Archibald was somewhat flushed with wine; and, for the sake of my venerable neighbour, (and *entre nous* of a younger and lovelier lady,) I should be sorry that this young man marked his entrance on public life by the disgraceful *eclat* of a brawl with his superior."

General —— was perfectly aware of the motive of this disinterested kindness, and he treated it with the indulgence family attachments always deserve; though a mind like his could not easily pardon such means, though employed to effect a very pardonable purpose.

He had now seen this young soldier; he had also heard him spoken of with approbation and kindness by the most stern of all disciplinarians, Colonel Grant,—with all the warmth of youthful friendship and national partiality by Captain Drummond,—and by Monimia with the fearless confidence of kindred excellence. But General —— was slow in forming important opinions:—He visited the

prison a second time; he found the soldiers assembled round the door in earnest respectful attachment; yet the calm, reserved, but affectionate manners of Norman evinced none of the mean arts of vulgar popularity:—from Drummond he learned what the young soldier had done with and for his comrades; from himself the history of the late dispute with Gordon; and in the clear, manly, and dignified statement of his wrongs, just to himself and scrupulously honourable to his enemy, General —— perceived the most unequivocal indication of that elevated and generous mind, that temperate and gentleman-like spirit, which touched his own soul with the sympathy of brotherhood. And when he surveyed the fine and graceful figure, and animated countenance of his volunteer, and, on the slightest mention of Monimia's name, heard his low sigh, and perceived the brightness of valour subdued in his intelligent eyes by the softness of love, he felt how very natural it might be for these young persons, when thrown together for weeks and months in the bosom of romantic solitude, to imbibe an affection too powerful for the controul of that chilling prudence which seemed to demand its relinquishment. Many motives now

concurred to make him desirous of promoting the professional interests of Macalbin; but chiefly, he was friendless, and he appeared deserving of friends.

After mentioning the circumstance of the miscarried letter, which he did without any comment whatever, and the happiness he would feel in seconding the wishes of Lady Augusta Macalbin, the General expressed a very brief but flattering assurance of personal regard.—"But we must have you out of confinement in the first place," added he, "and that right speedily and honourably. It is now too late for compromise; since you were publicly sent to prison, you must be liberated as publicly."—Words, had he found them, would have been inadequate to the expression of Norman's gratitude. He bowed in silence.

An early day was accordingly appointed for the trial; of which Monimia was apprised by the Piper, and indirectly by the General, who cheered her hopes with hints of honourable acquittal.

In the meantime, the other friends of Macalbin were incessantly employed in his behalf. In those blissful days, when the simplicity of innocence unites all ranks in the cor-

dial enjoyment of the harmless pleasures which are the spontaneous gift of nature to her common family, Dora Tracey was the favourite playmate of her foster-sister Miss Grant; and Captain Drummond fondly recollected the happy parties he had formed with these little girls, when he was still a *boy-officer*, and when they, following the vicissitudes of a soldier's fortune, sported away the last years of childhood at a remote station on the lakes of Canada. Dora was an important link in the chain of association, which first drew, and now bound his roving heart to his fair cousin; and the lovers were the friends of Dora as well as the zealous friends of Macalbin. Nor did Colonel Grant shrink from hailing old Tracey, "Friend and fellow soldier."—Often side by side had they poured the "resistless roar" of Caledonia's clans on the embattled hosts of her foes. They returned to Europe, two among ten individuals, the veteran wreck of a gallant corps,—the leaven, that leavened the whole recruited strength of the regiment.

When the day dawned which was in some measure to stamp the fate of Macalbin, the anxiety of Monimia became so intense, that, under the pretext of returning a visit she had

received from Miss Grant, she drove to the neighbouring town.—"I shall know the result at least two hours sooner," thought she; and the idea afforded momentary relief. On entering Miss Grant's drawing-room, she found the Colonel and his nephew, and two other persons, whom she understood to be Tracey and his daughter. The latter immediately withdrew in tears, but the veteran soldier stood firm at his post.

"You must pardon this formidable array," said Miss Grant.—"I have been *trying* a very interesting case, which comes before my father to-day, and my foster-sister and Tracey have been assisting me."

"I hope you have settled it to your own satisfaction," replied Monimia, with as much calmness of manner as she could assume.—"And to the satisfaction of justice, and the triumph of innocence," replied Miss Grant. "For I honourably acquitted the prisoner, and in open court returned him thanks for his manly conduct; and let me see who will be daring enough to reverse my solemn decision."—With a playful affectation of judge-like sternness, she fixed her eye on her provoking father, who, in spite of all solicitations,

had kept his own opinions in the most perplexing obscurity.

The Colonel paid no attention to the silent tears of Dora, and very little to the entreaties of his daughter; but when old Tracey marched statelily to the door in a kind of slow time, sternly saying, "The decision of this day will show whether or not my blood has been well spent," he replied abruptly, "Tracey, *you* might know me better. I will do justice. Would you have me sally out at the head of Dora, Pat Leary, and the redoubtable Piper, to burst the fetters of your hero? This is what my heroine would have."

Tracey bowed with a look of triumph, and marched away.—"Nobody thinks of *heroinism*," said Miss Grant; "but I did believe that the defender of a brave old soldier's daughter would never have wanted a champion among soldiers."—"Nor will he, I tell you," cried the Colonel, teased out of a definite reply.—"There spoke my own dear papa," cried Mary, kissing her father's hand, "and I thank you not only for myself, but for Dora, Drummond, Macalbin, and my whole sex."—"Truly I never saw you more like your sex," replied the Colonel drily.

"Because you never saw her so generous,

so kind, so noble," said Drummond, kissing Mary's hand in his turn, and thinking her plain but expressive countenance, while thus embellished by the smile and the blush of affection, gratified by his praise, and the pleading tear of humanity, much more delightful as a woman's gentle, domestic face, than that of any mere beauty he had ever seen. He looked as if he longed to tell her so.

"Damned nonsense!" muttered Colonel Grant, secretly pleased with his daughter's triumph; for he often suspected Drummond's casual deviations at least from the fidelity of admiration.—"Will you come away to court?"

Captain Drummond offered some apology to Mrs Montague, before he followed his testy relative; and, in a fluttering tone, she enquired, if he was also to be on the trial?

"No, madam," replied he, "I have only the honour to be Miss Grant's most faithful reporter;—that is, if she hire me well."

"And will the honour and glory not be reward enough?" returned Monimia, smiling; "particularly as you will oblige me at the same time; for, if this trial is soon concluded, that is, if it be not very long, I should like

to hear Miss Grant's judgment affirmed; for I am convinced it must be a correct one."

"No more, I beg, fair ladies, lest I change my sword for a penknife, and hang an ink-horn to my button for life."—He flew after his uncle.

The young ladies were now left alone, and, for the next three hours, Monimia listened with what composure she could to the details of Miss Grant. It is so sweet to hear the praises of those we dearly and secretly love from the lips of the discerning and candid; it conveys a sanction of our own judgment so flattering and so welcome: but how much more delightful to reflect, that this one so admired and so admirable is *mine!*—and mine alone, by the delicate and tender appropriation of exclusive love. This was, however, an embarrassing topic. Monimia at last took shelter behind the books which lay scattered about, and then entrenched herself beside the piano-forte, glad to exchange an anxious fluttering pleasure for apparent quiet and freedom.

As the day wore on, even this quiet deserted her. She fancied the harsh discordant music she now made, might somewhat resemble that of Madame Roland on the night

which preceded her murder. At last, a loud, an electrifying shout, was heard from the camp; and Miss Grant, springing to the window, exclaimed, "Hark! Macalbin is acquitted; that is the joyful shout of the soldiers. You must pardon my anxiety. This young soldier is a countryman, and a great favourite in our family."—Monimia made a gracious gesture with her hand; she smiled, but voice was denied her. It seemed as if her heart died away, to leap on the instant into more ardent life. She rose to hide in the carriage that unnerving agitation which she could no longer controul.

Fortunately Miss Grant was too much engaged to perceive her confusion; but she opposed her sudden departure.—"You must not be so cruel as to rob poor Drummond of his reward," said she. "Here he comes running, splashed to the very top of the feather."

"Stewed in haste," and half-covered with mud, Drummond rushed in, caught his cousin in his arms, and exclaimed, "Acquitted! most honourably acquitted!"

"I rejoice to hear it!—But, heavens and earth! keep off with those boots,—my unfortunate gown." She shook her hand in good-

humoured pity over her stained robe.—"Beautiful are the feet of him who bringeth glad tidings, Mary. I thought you knew your Bible better. Never mind gowns, but my reward; for the prisoner and the whole court are adjourning hither, and I should be sorry if the publicity of my good fortune made them hang themselves after so good a day's work."—A playful argument now arose between the cousins, Miss Grant asserting they were informed of the issue of the trial by the shouts of the soldiers; and in in its progress Monimia rallied her spirits. She gave Drummond her hand, and Miss Grant also extended the tip of her little finger; and having gallantly kissed both hands of both ladies, he placed Monimia in the carriage. As she drove out by one end of the principal street, a blaze of scarlet and gold, and a gr[illegible] of white plumes, were seen to advance from the other.

"Ah, *he* is happy to-day," thought she, "admired, triumphant; and I can share his triumph, and feel [illegible]is happiness, though he does not even think of me."—She now gave an almost unrestrained indulgence to her agitated feelings; and the violent re-action of her spi-

rits soon subsided into the placid flow of gentler hope.

General —— had made Hugh the bearer of a card to Monimia, in which he indirectly intimated the acquittal of Macalbin; and the harbinger of good tidings, outstripping the speed of the carriage, was already waiting her arrival at the Lodge. He was to take back a book; and Monimia ordered him to follow her up stairs, till she wrote a note to accompany the volume.

Hugh, too joyful to be so reverential in his respect as he had been on his late visit, began, unasked, but not unwelcomed, to recount the particulars of the trial.

"And, perhaps, lady dear, you did not hear yet what B—— said. These ears heard him: To him of Castlebane it was he spoke at the [illegible]n-door.—' You demand justice,' says he, ' and you shall obtain it. But, remember, that even-handed justice knows of no concealments, no predilections. Her purest administration is as much the right of the private soldier as of the distinguished *offisher*. I will confess that I never was more inclined to support its claims with all my heart, and strength, and mind, in defiance of infamous privilege, or shameless prerogative.'

"'Och,' says the black mongrel,—the Gordon,—'I did not expect to hear General —— avow sentiments which would tend to the utter subversion of all those excellent maxims of *expediency*, which custom and necessity have long sanctioned and embodied as a practical supplement to military regulation.

"'You be cursed!' says the General,—No, he did not say that either, but he looked it, to my own heart's feeling, his eye flashing *this way*."—(Morimia laughed in spite of herself at the theatrical attitude of the animated speaker.)—'You may think as you see fit,' said he. 'The subordination established in my regiment rests on no capricious violation of personal rights; but I have yet to learn, that it has been found inefficient for its important purposes. You will also recollect,' says he, again, (long life to him for that!) that this young man is no mercenary, who has bartered away his life with a recruiting serjeant,—and I have every respect for the character of the meanest soldier,—but a man who, in enrolling himself in our ranks, follows the ennobling impulse of the most heroic nature;—a freeman, devoting his life, and strength, and faculties, to the preservation of the freedom he values. By heaven!' says

he,—that was his oath; and och, darling, you never saw him look more like his father's son than at that blessed minute; high and proud, and chieftain-like, *this way*,—'By heaven, I feel more invincible in the possession of one soldier of this stamp, than if I numbered a thousand ——'s armed in proof.'—There was a word after thousand I did not know, but I suppose it meant the Gordons; and with that he walked into the court, quite lofty; the Gordon *slounging* after him, *conjured* like a beaten cur, as he is."

"You are absolutely dramatic to-day," said Monimia, pleased and greatly amused by the Piper's singular exhibition.

"No, Lady," said Hugh, reddening, and speaking in a quite different tone; "I tasted nothing this day stronger than the pure joy. Whatever I may be myself, I could not disgrace my clan, and those I come off, among strangers. I may have taken too much upon myself with a lady like you, but I am not intoxicated."—He bowed, and moved away.

Monimia, much affected at the pain she caused to the pride and the kindness of the Piper, eagerly explained the meaning of the word she had used. It was a word Hugh had never heard in Eleenalin. He courteously

accepted her explanation, apologising for his own ignorance of the Saxon tongue, and again assuring her, that whatever he might be as an individual, the recollection of those "*he came off*," would for ever prove the safe-guard of conduct.

"Your *recollections* are most admirable, most elevating," replied Monimia; "they have power to render the humblest man a very noble creature: High-minded, self-denied, unbending, and honourable. Cherish these recollections,—they foster the loftiest virtues, or almost supply their place,—never forget "*those you are come off*."

"That is all we have to be proud of now-a-days, Lady; and, to be sure, we may sometimes take a little too much upon ourselves thinking of that."

"Well, tell me the end of your story now, or I shall fancy you are offended with me."

"Offended with you, darling! how could that be?—but I shall tell you. The General came out of the court, when it was over, surrounded by all the *offishers*, and paid the young Macalbin the kindest of compliments in the hearing of all, and him looking down, with his own sweet look, as you have seen him often and often; and pressing my own hand

quickly in passing, and saying in the Gaelic, "*Dear uncle Hugh*," in a low voice; for the gentlemen present made him alter his manner, you know, Lady, but not his heart. No, that would be the same were he King George on his throne, or, what is more, Macalbin in his castle.—But sure, Lady, my ill-manners keeps you from dinner."

This certainly was true. Monimia drew forth one of her last guineas.—"You are friends with me, now, Piper," said she.

"Och, darling, you shame me; how can you doubt it?—"Then, '*by the same token*,' you will accept of this bit of gold, and in this jubilee night pledge Mary's friend, Leary, to the health of your Lady."

Hugh knew not *how* to refuse. He bowed, and took the guinea; he bowed still lower, and retired; while Monimia graciously waved her white hand, and kindly smiled on him.

CHAP. XXXVI.

If heaven one draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

BURNS.

MONIMIA hastily performed the duties of her toilet; and, after a tedious dinner, found means to escape to the luxury of undisturbed reflection in a ramble over the park. Glanville-Lodge stood at the head of a small bay, on a gently swelling lawn of close, short, elastic turf, green as the sweetest pastures of green Ireland, and broken and feathered here and there by a single magnificent plane tree, or any irregular remaining clump of the ancient woods, which still rose in amphitheatre behind the mansion, and stretched out around it, following the graceful curve of the bay. The horns of this sweeping crescent were composed of steep, shrubby

cliffs of red granite; and on one of them stood a ruined pleasure-house, which was the favourite resort of Monimia. This neglected building, resembling in structure an ancient alarm-tower, was now muffled by a fantastic embroidery of ivy and briony, tall nightshade and clematis clinging to the shattered walls, and darkening the long, narrow casements. An old domestic informed Monimia that this deserted spot had been her father's favourite haunt; and that many of its sylvan decorations were the delightful employment of his boyhood. From some letters in her possession, she knew that here he had received the vows of her hard-fated mother, at that time a visitor in the family of Glanville. Monimia loved the steep unfrequented path which led to the tower, winding among the woods, shaded and soothing. It was her chosen walk at the contemplative twilight hour. When she had reached the summit, she could see the spires of ——, and the snowy tents of the peninsulated camp, tinted by the long level beams of sun-set, and enzoned by the gleaming ocean; and in the distance the soft outline of the hills of Shehy, fading into vapoury blue. But on this evening she loved better to sit in the dim religious light of the

watch-tower, than to gaze on the extended landscape. She loved to listen to the monotonous murmur of the waters dashing on the cliffs, soothing or melancholy, according to the prevailing mood of fancy; or to the cawing of the rooks, which sailed by in long trains, seeking their airy hammocks in the woods below; and, with listless effort, to watch the flitting sail of the homeward skiff, catching the sun's last beam as it shot across the bay, and the white flocks of ocean, now wheeling overhead in graceful involution, and now plunging downward, and, in all the luxury of undulating motion, rising and falling, as they floated on the swell of the coming wave.

After the brilliant dies of the western clouds were fading into sober grey, Monimia still sat, wrapped in tender and indulged reverie, when a quick, elastic step, which the fallen leaves had deafened till it was by her side, made her start into recollection and alarm.

"Am I at last so happy!" cried Norman, his expressive features animated by every varying emotion of wild joy and thrilling tenderness.

"Mr Macalbin! is it indeed you?—I am very glad,—" voice failed, but Norman, trem-

blingly, clasped the trembling hand held out in welcome; and silence, more eloquent than the glowing language of the highest poetry, finished the sentence.

Monimia first recovered self-possession; and having also recovered her hand, she repeated the usual formal inquiries and hopes. Struggling to subject his surprised and tumultuous feelings to decorous reserve, Macalbin answered with equal formality; and these two young persons,—agitated by those powerful emotions, which unlock the richest stores of the heart, the understanding, and the fancy,—which can exalt ignorance to eloquence, and genius to sublimity,—continued an awkward and desultory conversation, interrupted by frequent silence and involuntary absence of mind. Monimia at length enquired how he had come hither,—glad of so good a topic for conversation she could neither find courage to improve nor terminate.

"I was admiring a fine effect of sun-set on this tower from the other side of the bay," said he, "without knowing '*whom that evening sun was setting on*;' and finding a small skiff by yon cabin, I shot over to gratify my curiosity by a nearer inspection of what appeared so picturesque from a distance."

"Then I must not indulge the vanity of attributing any part of this visit to myself," said Monimia sportively, "this is mortifying enough."

"If I durst indulge the happiness of believing this visit in any degree welcome to you?" replied Norman, while his breath came quick, and he hung on her looks for the confirmation of happiness—"The sight of any friend of Lady Augusta Macalbin's must always be acceptable to me," said Monimia, resuming her former common-place seriousness. Norman bowed and sighed. The natural diffidence of genuine affection, ever ready to exalt its object and humble its possessor, kept him silent.—"Have you heard from her of late?" enquired Monimia.—"Not very recently," was the reply; and another dangerous silence followed. Norman made some observations on the beauty and softness of the evening, which had succeeded a grey cloudy day.—"'Tis like an Eleenalin evening," cried Monimia, catching with vivacity at this new theme of a discourse to which she seemed spell-bound. "I could fancy that gleaming bay with its little wooded promontories *your* Lochuan, with its fairy islets, sleeping in the glowing twilight of Scotland."

"*My Lochuan!*—Ah, do you then still remember those happy evenings," said Norman, —a tender hope contending on his face with the glow of recollection.—"Would you wish me to forget them?" said Monimia, raising her soft eyes for a moment to his face, then dropping them in tender confusion, and the next instant blushing at her own folly.— "God forbid that you should forget them," said Norman, with deep earnestness,—and involuntarily adopting the idiom of his country, he added, "It is my happiness to think that you have not quite forgotten Eleenalin; for, oh, you cannot guess how exquisitely miserable another belief has made me. But why obtrude my recollected anguish on you?"

Monimia, with feminine quickness, affected to give another turn to his meaning; shrinking with woman's instinctive alarm from the dreaded avowal of that affection *it was her happiness* to have inspired.

"If you believed me so unjust, cruel, and ungrateful, as to hear with unconcern of the severe distresses of Lady Augusta, you almost deserve to think so still," said she.

"No, I never did believe you indifferent to the subject of the only letter I ever presumed to address to you, but I greatly feared——"

"I am glad to learn that I never *entirely* forfeited your good opinion," said Monimia, gaily interrupting him. "This is truly gallant. Much anxiety and distress have arisen to me from the strange interruption of my correspondence with Lady Augusta; but that is past, I am restored to her esteem and confidence, and to happiness as their consequence."

"Long, very long, may it abide with you," sighed Macalbin, resolutely imposing on his impetuous feelings the controul which her momentary softness had nearly betrayed. A low, inbreathed sigh, expired on the lip of Monimia; and she wished, while she saw his desponding look, that she had not so abruptly checked the flow of confidence.

They had now conversed for nearly a half hour; but still Monimia lingered. At last she found courage to congratulate her companion on the event of the day, a day which she pronounced "so honourable to him." He received her compliment with a glowing cheek and a throbbing bosom.

The conversation naturally turned to General ——, and they no longer wanted a theme of delightful discourse. Monimia caught the kindly glow of Norman's affec-

tions, and his fancy kindled amid the brilliant sparkles of her exalted imagination. Each knew, as if by intuition, how to touch the key-note of the other's mind. In the past hours of unrestrained conversation, Monimia had frequently experienced somewhat resembling a sudden access of intellectual power from the collision of Macalbin's mind; and in the early, unanxious days of their first acquaintance, he seemed to acquire greater fertility of ideas, and quicker and more graceful invention, from the society of Monimia.

They experienced a slight revival of their former fruitfulness of fancy, succeeding to inconceivable stupidity, while they echoed each other's praises of General ——. "He is the very patron I coveted for you," said Monimia; and she precipitately added, "Because I know that the Lady has a proud jealousy of *patrons*, a feeling in which I can well sympathize."

This topic finished, they talked of Flora, and *felt* her happiness.

"I know no condition of life which promises so much pure and permanent felicity," said Monimia. "To persons of humble views," replied Norman.

"Of reasonable views," said Monimia; and

he looked up, his cheek mantling with richer colouring.—" It includes all the delights which *my theories* of happiness embrace,—quiet, contentment, domestic affections, friendly neighbourhood, unostentatious usefulness, with as much of cultivated taste, and polite literature, as may diversify and embellish a life of retirement, without interrupting its business; and as much solid wealth as to scare the gaunt spectre, Poverty, far, far beyond the boundary *crag*. I think, I *feel*, that our friend will be very happy."—Monimia sighed softly, and mentally added, " For her lover is her husband."

" *Your theories* of happiness are most seducing," replied Norman, in a fluttering voice;—especially when one reflects, that fortitude and wisdom *might* realize them."

His look and tone formed an animated commentary on these few words.—" Nay, *will*, I hope," replied Monimia, in a firm voice. " It would be unwise and miserable to form any theory of human happiness, which human virtue could not realize."—She met his glance, their eyes softened to tenderness, and she hastily rose to depart.

The grey tints of evening had now crept over all the sky; and the lawn and the mansion

were veiled in shade, though the sea still gleamed faintly in the deepening twilight.—"It becomes dusky," said Monimia, and Macalbin durst not solicit her stay for another minute, though he could have bribed it with worlds had he owned them.

When they had advanced a few steps into the wood, a soft shower began to patter among the foliage, now tinted with 'the hues of autumn, and thinned by the rustling winds of that season. Macalbin looked at the thin dress of his delicate companion, and entreated her to return to the shelter they had quitted, till the shower blew over. "No, this tree will be a temporary umbrella," said Monimia, placing herself on a rustic bench, formed of the fantastic trunk of an old oak, and fixed between two trees at a fine point of view. Macalbin held his bonnet over her, to save her from the heavy drops which collected on the leaves.

"I am afraid that both your arm and your plumes are suffering from that gallant position," said Monimia, smiling: "So, if you please, we will have recourse to the friendly tower, till the shower is over. It is a sweet genial shower too; I am unwilling to quarrel with it, if it would only keep terms with my

thin sandals."—They returned; and she sat down on a broken stone bench by the entrance of the tower. The silence of the next five minutes was broken only by the monotonous pattering of the rain, and the cooing of the wood-pigeon in the dell below.—"Hark!" said Monimia, "that is the plaintive note of the *cushat*."—The sweetest emblem of constancy," replied Norman.

I never heard the note of the *cushat* till I went to Glen-Albin," said Monimia. "There is no woodland song in India. I still remember how I longed to hear the birds of my country, and to see the *modest* daisy, the *humble* violet, and the *pale* primrose, "just sprouted by a bank," the sweet *feminine* flowers of my country."—"And *I well remember* how you loved the long, soft, shadowy twilight of Glen-Albin, that enchanting twilight, which, like a transparent veil cast over the features of brilliant beauty, mellows it to the expression of more bewitching loveliness."—He gently touched the drapery of Monimia's veil, and it fell around her. She coloured and smiled, and after suffering it to remain for a moment, threw it back.—"I don't intend to personate Twilight yet," said she. "The *mavis* has not yet ended her

song."—"You remember all our Scotish names," replied Norman, smiling fondly, and leaning towards her. "That is, indeed, the charming note of the mavis:

"*At once 'tis music and 'tis love.*"

His voice quivered in repeating this line—he sat down by Monimia.

The chilly air of the ruin, and still more the increasing agitation of her spirits, made Monimia experience a sensation of shivering, which, however was not attended by much cold. Norman, alarmed for her health, and deeply interested in the origin of the emotion, in which he strongly sympathized, took her trembling hands within his own, saying, "My plaid has screened you from a shower before now in our weeping climate; if you will permit it that honour again, till you approach your home."

Monimia could not at that moment trust her shaking voice with the words of refusal.

This is Moome's most *delicate* and *charmed* manufacture," said he, stripping off his uniform plaid: "If you are spell-bound in it, the guilt be on the head of the sorceress."—This affected gaiety was of brief duration. He wrapped the plaid closely around her, his trembling arm, gliding beneath its cumbrous

folds, entwined her waist. In the rapturous delirium of that moment he fell at her feet, he drew her towards him with a constraint, strong, gentle, irresistible! Her head sunk powerless on his bosom, and a moment of rapturous silence followed, ere Macalbin, in a voice perceptible only to the ear of love, could whisper, "*Monimia, I have dared to love!*"—Monimia replied only by a deep quivering sigh. She made a feeble effort to disengage herself from his embrace. She slowly raised her face, beautiful in the paleness of overpowering emotion. A smile, tender, languid, enthusiastic, played over it,—the smile of a soul in bliss. Her sigh fanned the cheek of Norman. He wildly printed on her lip the first kiss of unextinguishable love.

While he hung on that yielded lip, his soul seemed fled to Monimia. Her head again dropped on his shoulder; the sigh which dilated his breast, heaved the bosom of Monimia. "*Monimia loves,*" thought Norman, holding his breath, lest it should dissolve the spell that bound him in enchantment. The first raptures of bliss, too exquisite for utterance, wore away in that mysterious silence which is the soft nurse of those delicious e-

motions that the human bosom feels but once, and remembers for ever!

A bright ray of moon-light, streaming through a high casement, roused Monimia from her reverie. She drew herself from the embrace of Norman, who, still kneeling before her, now avowed his love, and entreated, that, by one single word of hope, she would confirm his felicity. Monimia felt that her preference had already been sufficiently manifest. But love banished a feeling verging on humiliation; she extended her hand, a look of ineffable tenderness blending with maidenly decorum and recovered dignity. He pressed the snowy pledge a thousand times to his lips and his bosom, as if it contained all the being of Monimia. Her timid, momentary glance fell quickly beneath the ardent, impassioned gaze of Macalbin, on whom the strong light of the moon now fell, as with wild rapture he caressed her hand, uttering exclamations of joy, and vows of love.

"Am I then so blest?" cried he. "Oh, my Monimia, my own, my long idolized Monimia, seek not to withdraw this hand. When I last hung over this loved hand in hidden agony, could I have foreseen that this moment

awaited me—this moment which might richly overpay a life of misery? Is not this some wild dream of enchantment? Oh, my blest Monimia, give me again and again this precious hand."

"My day of power is past," said Monimia, with a grave smile. "Why should I deny that it will be my happiness to bestow this hand on him whose worth and tenderness have gained all that makes it valuable, whenever he can demand it with prudence, and I grant it with propriety."

Norman certainly did not wait for the words *prudence* and *propriety*. He poured forth his transports of joy and gratitude, and again pressed his glowing lips to the yielded inestimable prize. At that moment all seemed gained.—"And shall *we*, then, my own, my blessed Monimia,—shall *we* realise all your *theories*,—your enchanting theories? Shall they be ours? Shall we live in happiness with—for each other? Oh, teach me to bear up against this overpowering influx of felicity. I could have endured misery, but this, indeed, unmans me."

"Calm yourself, my dear friend," said Monimia. "Sit down by me, while I have yet a moment to spare. We have much to think

of;—this is to us a very solemn hour,—wisdom would have avoided it,—but it is arrived."—"Monimia, do you then so soon repent of your goodness? Oh! do not say that you regret this moment."—"God forbid that I should ever have reason to regret it!" replied Monimia, in a tone of deep solemnity. She melted into those tears of timid, undefined apprehension, which ever tame the highest joys of the female heart.

"God forbid that you ever should!" said Norman, with equal solemnity.—"That were misery indeed." He folded her gently in his arms. He kissed off the slow falling tears, not now with the wild fondness of enraptured love, but the calm seriousness of manly affection, already watching with anxious tenderness over the most precious of all trusts,—that fragile happiness,—that delicate honour, which woman's fearless, generous love committed to his keeping.—"My beloved Monimia, words are but feeble things;—if you have honoured me with your affection, I know that you have not withheld your confidence;—that sweet smile tells me that the most blessed moment of my life,—the moment which binds me to endless gratitude and devotion,—will never, never, be recalled

with regret." Monimia's tears now flowed freely, in trustful tenderness. They fell on the bosom of her lover, like the soft dews of heaven, cooling the impassioned fever of his soul. This was the balmy and genial clime of quite affections,—the sober *twilight* of chastened happiness, in which the mind of Macalbin loved to expatiate. Though capable of the deepest tenderness, and the highest enthusiasm, his peaceful domestic heart had small delight in those lofty and stormy regions to which the impetuous spirit loves to soar on the whirlwind of the stronger passions. From these "green delights" he was hastily torn, by voices in the woods below, echoing the name of Monimia.—"Ah! I am missed," cried she, "'Tis late,—suffer me to go." "And when shall I see you again,—I have a thousand things to tell you, to hear from you,—we cannot part thus."—"We must part," said Monimia, going away.—"Promise, first, to see me again, if but for one moment,—on this spot, for ever dear to me, to-morrow,—Monimia, shall it be to-morrow? Oh! do not refuse the first request I ever presumed to urge." These words brought to the recollection of Monimia the clandestine and luckless vows which her mother had received on this

spot. A kind of superstitious horror seized her mind; she trembled in every limb;—the voices appeared to advance. "Hark! they approach!" cried she, starting away. "I promise, but do not now detain me."

They glided down into the woods, Norman's circling arm supporting her feeble hasty steps, in spite of her entreaties that he would leave her. The servants came in sight. Norman recollected the voice of Williams, and of Monimia's voluble maid. He reminded her of her promise, stripped off the plaid, which she had forgotten, and stole into the thick woods. In the next minute, he heard her address her maid with a severity which was meant to conceal her own confusion.

"Why, Sarah, do you raise such an alarm;—you know I am not afraid to walk in our own grounds in clear moonlight."

"La, my Lady," replied the other, "no more am I, if a friend was with me, or the like of that; but since we came among them wild Irish, I am always of a tremble after sun-set. So, as I was sitting with my lady's woman after dinner, in the butler's parlour, taking a hand at cards, and a glass of Constantia,—for always living among the highest of quality, she can't endure your heavy austere wines;

'Ladies,' says Mr Joseph, "make yourselves *comfortable*, if you can, among them bog-trotters. I saw a dozen of 'em landing below the tower cliffs a little ago, come a *poaching* in my Lord's woods."—Monimia blushed, and the unseen Norman smiled, as he still glided on in the direction of the path which Monimia trod.—" O Lord! cries I, as sure as sixpence, they will murder my Lady in the woods, and take her gold watch, and her pearl ear-rings. Mr Joseph would not come with me; but I got Williams, and we ran out."

"Well, I am obliged by the motive of your walk, at least," said Monimia: "But in future, you need not interrupt your card and Constantia parties for me. If my Lord's cellars are as safe from the *poaching* of the civilized English, as his woods are from the wild Irish, he will lose little game in Ireland." This was said with a feeling of national asperity, for which, in the following moment, Monimia blushed. " I don't mean the *civilized*, but the *polite* English, Williams," said she, addressing her respectable servant.

"I know what you mean, my Lady," said the man, bowing respectfully to Monimia, and looking sulkily at her maid.

"Then walk on, Williams, and leave me with Sarah." The man obeyed. "Sarah, I am seriously displeased with you for presuming to trifle with the affections of that excellent and sensible man, by your foolish flirting with that coxcomb Joseph."—"La," my Lady," said the other, with a sort of hysterical giggle, for she was indeed beginning to fear that her flirtation was losing Williams, without gaining Mr Joseph, "Williams holds himself quite above me, now-a-days, but let him take his mind of it,—only let him be either off or on;—(and she raised her voice,)—for I am tired of this shilly shally; I have had very handsome *hoffers*.—Good lack! what noise is that,—some of them wild Irish couched in the woods. Oh! Mr Williams, Mr Williams, do you feel how I tremble, I shall go off into hysterics, as sure as sixpence.— "Then, if you do, we shall certainly leave you to get out of them," said Monimia, looking anxiously around. A tall figure emerged from the woods, darted across the lawn, and was instantly paddling in the little skiff which had brought the dozen of poachers.—"There, lady, will you believe me afterwards," whispered Sarah, as they distinctly heard the dash of the oar. "I shall tell the game-keeper to

look out."—" You shall not dare," cried Monimia: " How do you know but it is some gentleman,—some stranger come to see the grounds; you must do no such thing, Sarah."

" To be sure not, my Lady, if you forbid me," said the girl in a tone Monimia disliked; and she replied, " You know, Sarah, this is my country, and I don't like to hear my country-folks accused."—Sarah curtsied, and begged pardon, half-affronted, and half-amazed, to be told her lady was one of the wild Irish, which she had somehow forgotten.

Norman had been somewhat astonished to hear Monimia, on *such a night*, interest herself in the loves of the staid and respectable Williams and the smart flirtish Sarah; for he knew not, that the soft picture of a distant, but delightful establishment, far too humble for these expensive domestics, was already stealing on her fancy.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Friendship, peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.
JOHNSON.

THE alarming epistle of the Piper's friend had by this time reached Glen-gillian. This was the first event that had damped the bridal joys of Flora, and reminded her that her lot was still but human. A prison was to her an object of dreadful and undefined horror. She thought of it like a Highlander; and he whom she loved with the purest and tenderest regard of sisterhood, was a friendless prisoner in the stranger's land. She threw herself weeping on the bosom of Hector, who alternately soothed her alarm, and knit his brows in conjecture over the tantalizing epistle of Hugh's secretary.

The ever-indulgent Craig-gillian had but one mode of solving the difficulty.—" What is the good of plaguing ourselves more about

it?" said he. "I will give Hugh a hearty scold when I see him. In the meantime, go you over to Ireland, and take Flora with you. Every body makes a tour on their marriage now; and though yours will be somewhat late, it is to the land of *bulls* you are going."—Flora loved all her father-in-law's bad jokes, but none of them had ever been so welcome as this.—"I bless and thank you for this," cried she, pressing the old man's hand.—"Then we shall go immediately."—She looked at her husband.—"If you are able, my dear love, for so sudden a journey."—"Am not I a soldier's wife?" said Flora, gaily: "I am perfectly able, and infinitely willing. We shall stop at Eleenalin to-night, cross the country on horseback, hire a vessel somewhere, and be in Ireland in a minute. I shall prepare." —"You must wait till we send to Inverness for a chaise, at all events," said Hector. "Aye, Flora, you must do that," added his father; and Dame Margaret said, "Certainly."—"And lose three days," replied Flora, her eyes filling with tears,—"days so important, when you might be so useful to Macalbin. My dear father, if I am to go, suffer me to ride my grey poney, your kind present to me. Plead for me with that stern soldier."—

"Yes, Hector," said the indulgent father, "I think Flora may ride. You know she is used to it; and, as she says, it may be useful to Macalbin."—"Impossible!" replied Hector; "I cannot risk the health of my wife, even for so desirable a purpose. You, Flora, who never travelled farther than between Glen-Albin and Craig-gillian, nor ever crossed a broader sea than Lochuan, know nothing of the hardships of long journies performed on horseback, and voyages in vile little vessels. Thank Heaven, my Flora, you are not, as you say, a soldier's wife; for I could neither live without you, nor make you the sharer of a soldier's pilgrimages."

Margaret had now beckoned away her brother to a private consultation; and Flora twined her white arms round the neck of her husband, overcome by the probability, that some unforeseen circumstance might yet tear him from her bosom.—"Promise that you will never leave me behind you," said she; "that I shall share all your fortunes, in peace or war, in life or death?"—"Surely, my love; provided I can take you in a handsome carriage, or a good large frigate. My sweet Flora, you little know what you ask in begging to share the hard fare and rough couch of a

wandering soldier."—He shook his head over her in soft compassion, as if his heart already foreboded poor Flora's destiny.

"You surely think me very *dainty* and *delicate*," said she, with truly Highland contempt of luxury. "Promise me, that, wherever you go, I shall be with you. Hector, could any couch be hard with a pillow like this?"—She gently laid her head on his bosom, and closed her eyes as if in sleep.—"Sweetest, sweetest creature," cried the lover-husband, fondly caressing her, "It shall all be as you will; for, surely, care nor sorrow can never reach the bosom that pillows this cherub head."

"You have promised," said Flora, pressing her lips for the first time to his cheek. Hitherto she had only received his caresses. Once, indeed, while Hector slept on the sofa, and Flora sat by him with her work, she perceived what she had often perceived,—namely, how dazzlingly white was that small part of his forehead, which a foreign climate and a military life had not embrowned. Flora stole one soft, slow kiss from that forehead, and blushed with pleasure at the theft; but looking up, she perceived Craig-gillian peeping through the window,—the jest-loving Craig-

gillian,—and blushed still deeper with the agony of detected guilt. This had been a standing jest with Craig-gillian for the last fortnight, by the name of the "secret."—A secret which he, however, most delicately preserved, in spite of the entreaties and ingenious guesses of Hector.

Craig-gillian again entered.—"Well, Flora, I'm going to send Peter for the chaise;—it may be here by to-morrow night, and you will set off next day."

"But Hector has already consented, my dear father. We go on horseback."

"If you are so positive, I shall tell the *secret*, Flora."

"I don't care," said Flora, smiling.

"O you shameless girl!"—Craig-gillian again withdrew to consult his sister and Hector's Moome, whom he had left together. To resist the wishes of Flora was to him impossible; but Margaret had been filling his simple mind with her own favourite visions of the heir of the family; for the old women of the glen had already been looking out for him in the grounds of the tea with which Margaret treated them, and of course he had often been seen; very tall and handsome,—a soldier too,—and surrounded by numerous

followers and herds of black cattle. The heir of Craig-gillian was, in Craig-gillian's subject glen, an object of far greater interest than the heir of the throne.

Meanwhile Flora was unfolding the *secret*, for she had half forgotten Macalbin; because she knew that, while losing minutes, she was gaining days to devote to his service. And she judged correctly. It would have been a very improper request, indeed, that Hector could have refused at this moment.

"Since it must be so, I will order the horses," sighed he. "Flora, you are a sadly spoiled girl. My foolish father has entirely spoiled you."

"And his wise son wilt entirely mend me," replied Flora,—her eyes beaming with conscious power, while she shook her little head in his grave face.

Hector sighed as deeply as a man in love usually does when he feels pleasure in subjecting the sober wisdom of thirty to the wild vivacity of nineteen.

Flora bounded up stairs like the deer of her native wilds, and in a single half-hour made all the necessary preparations for her journey. The load of anguish was already off her heart, for Hector was going to Macalbin, and she

had that faith in Hector which can remove mountains. Flora flew down again, kissed Margaret in passing, and sprung on horseback.

"Mrs Major Hector, will you take care of your feet," said the decorous maiden, who, both in word and practice, gave the young wife a distinguished example of matronly carriage,—"you never see me skipping in that way."

"True, child, you never see Margaret skipping that way," said Craig-gillian; "but she has a few years more experience you think,"—for Flora's cheek was dimpling.

"Flora," said Hector, "you look so airy and delicate on your little palfrey, your fair and heightened complexion, and glittering brown ringlets, (as wild as your steps, I think,) so finely contrasted with your green riding-habit, that you might pass for the Queen of Fairyland. I am quite in love with you to-day. Is this little foot firm in its place?"—"Quite so," replied Flora, looking as if she felt and thanked him for all his tenderness.—"And now, I think, you look like my favourite '*Fairly Fair*,' in the beautiful old ballad," said he, still hanging about the horse-woman,

"—— ———— *saft and dear,*
A girdle shaw'd her middle jimp,
And gowden glist her hair."

"These lines portray you."

"I rather fancy myself some errant-damsel held by a dark *enchanter*," replied Flora; and touching her little steed, she flew like the wind, far beyond the boundary crag, dreading the contagious sorrow of the servants, and their wives and children, who were as usual gathered round the door with blessings and fond farewells.

She was soon joined by Hector and Craig-gillian; and it was agreed that the travellers should for that night stop at Eleenalin, to take leave of the Lady, and account, in the best way possible, for this sudden journey; for they could not venture to mention the true reason. It was a grey evening, late in September; and before they reached Glenalbin, it became chily and foggy. Hector began to anticipate discomforts on the journey, and almost to regret that he had yielded to Flora's wishes, since another day would have obviated every difficulty, and the kind Craig-gillian became pensive at the thought of losing his children.

"Macalbin's come home!" cried Moome,

starting at hearing the now-seldom sounded horn. "That is Major Hector's blow. Fie, Catrina! run to the boat."—The girl flew, and Moome heaped the fire with fresh turf, and swept up the hearth, and exchanged her chequered apron for a white one.—"Lady dear, this is one of our lucky days," said she; "I dare say *Mrs Major Hector* has also got news of *her*. And did we have the second-sight, we might see this a lucky day in *Erin* too. I dreamed myself—but here are the strangers." She curtsied her welcomes to the gentlemen, and embraced Flora. Hector, when he had paid his compliments, drew from his pocket a cap Flora had given him to carry, and tied it, though awkwardly, over her old happy face. "Here," said he, turning to the Lady, is

———————— "a piece
Of needle-work so rare,
Wove by *nae* hand, as ye may guess,
Save that of *Fairly Fair*."

"I may well be proud," said Moome, again curtsying, for she was quite of the old court; "I had none so fine since *she* left Dunalbin. Lady dear, tell of *her*."

Flora exclaimed, and almost wept with joy, to hear that she might in Ireland see and em-

brace the *unchanged* Monimia; and Hector also congratulated himself on meeting her, as a beautiful and accomplished woman, whom he had often entertained in India with delightful stories of the pale primrose, and the little social Robin, and all the other enchantments of that native world beyond those deep waters which she had crossed in infancy. The Lady explained in very general terms the reason of Monimia's long silence; but Moome took Flora aside, and entered into all the particulars she knew. "I always was sure the blame was between the Gordons and the Macphersons," said she;—"for my own heart told me it could not be her's."

"I am much pleased with this journey," said Lady Augusta, when after tea they all drew round the fire. "I love to see friendship comprehended in plans of pleasure, or rather to see its enjoyment constitute pleasure. But if you are so rapid in your movements, I must retire to make up my despatches."—"Never trouble yourself, Lady," said the good-humoured old Craig-gillian. "I wonder, for my own part, how people can trouble themselves so much with write writing, when they might as well come and see each other. Do you, Hector, bring them both

over to the Christmas,—that is the easiest way. If it be between them, as I have heard, though no great gossiper, what is the good of the one running one way, and the other another, when they can only be happy by running into each other's arms."—Flora smiled with pleasure, and nodded to her father to go on. Within the last few months, she had become wonderfully quick-sighted in love affairs. She could now comprehend how Norman and Monimia might love—dearly love,—and yet never breathe the name of each other—never trust their lips with those praises that flowed so naturally from even the most indifferent stranger.

"I am told," continued Craig-gillian, "that she has lost her fortune,—that wonderful fortune we heard of when she went to England, either by the cleverness of Ursula Sinclair, or because it never was intended for her. But they have enough between them for happiness. I know she loves this country, for which reason I love her. Let her, then, in God's good name, come home to us, marry her lover, and live in peace in the bosom of her own family—instead of sending him away to fight, and sigh, and get himself made a *tawny-moor* in one corner of the

world, like Hector there, seeking the fortune a brave and honest fellow has the worst chance of gaining, and which he may not live to enjoy when it is won—while, in another, she is dressing, and dancing, and pining, and sighing, becoming green and yellow, and all manner of ugly colours."—"Nay, stop now, father," cried Hector, "give us a chance of being heard." Craig-gillian nodded, and went on—"Wearing out her best years of life, I say, in the sickness of hope deferred. You young fellows, bustling through the world, though you may have your own anxieties, know nothing about the quiet, uncomplaining, smothered anguish, to which you leave the ladies you are in love with, forsooth! My heart has often ached to look at the poor girls around us, becoming old and faded, and spirit-bruised; waiting till some Highland soldier made a fortune, who, perhaps, poor fellow! may never return to them either in wealth or poverty. I assure you, Major Hector, that if you had left my Flora, for the sake of gaining a few more paltry pounds, you should have found her, on your return, instead of a ghost-looking pale girl, the happy wife of some wiser man."

"I am obliged to you, at least," said Hec-

tor, laughing; and Flora felt, that a whole life, worn out in the hope of one day being Hector's, would still be a life of happiness in the comparison of any other lot.—"I hope, however," continued he, "that *my Flora* would not have been quite so wise as my father, if any necessity had made us part; and that Macalbin's Monimia—if she is his Monimia,—will also have somewhat more love, and somewhat less prudence."

"But there is no such necessity in this case, either," said Craig-gillian, determined to settle the whole affair, at least to his own satisfaction. "Lady, tell me, in the first place, if they love each other?—Lady Augusta had been a silent, anxious, melancholy listener. "Craig-gillian," said she, "you know how inexpressibly dear both of these young persons are to me. I believe that, in favourable circumstances, Macalbin might raise his thoughts to the beautiful and high born creature of whom we are speaking—but now—" she sighed, and shook her head.

"Well, they love,—that is clear," said Craig-gillian, "and the rest is easy."

"As how, my dearest father?" said Flora, pressing to his side, and looking in his face.

"I'll tell you that.—There is our large farm

of Brora, with all its mosses, and fishings, and fine grazings, and woods of oak,—a place Mrs Montague admired so much when with us,—they might have a lease of it from your Lord there, while woods grow and waters run, —or till "MACALBIN enjoy his own again," and I hope that day will come. Would she not be better there, as its mistress, and the wife of as handsome and good a fellow as ever left his country ?"—"And that he is," sighed Moome.—"His veins filled, too, with the generous blood of *Macalbin*,—for who can doubt of that who looks on him ?—than languishing in, perhaps, endless separation,—or, more wretched still, the miserable wife of some mongrel Lowlander.—What say you, ladies ?"

"I say with you, my dearest father !" cried Flora. "God bless you ! and so do I," said Moome. But Lady Augusta only shook her head, and sighed. Hector also shook his head ; but he smiled at the sanguine simplicity of his father and Flora.—"It is really pleasant to hear my father detailing his Arcadian scheme of love in a cottage," said he. "I could just forgive Macalbin for entertaining so romantic a project."—"The project is not so romantic as you imagine, my wise son,"

replied Craig-gillian. "Surely the cottage will be nothing the worse of love; and a cottage in our country, with an income of three or four hundred a-year, and the profits of a large farm, may have many good things about it besides love."—"I give you up as incorrigible," said Hector, now laughing outright. "Those who would transform the high-born and well bred Monimia, accustomed from infancy to Asiatic splendour and English luxury, into the domestic wife of an obscure Highland gentleman, dying yarn, and sending clues to the weaver, are beyond my control!"

"Poh!" said Craig-gillian, "Unah, there, would do all that for her."

"By Mary, yes, and that I would!" said and swore Moome, who had never been more in earnest in her life. "God forbid that a lady like her should do but what she pleased herself:—though the queen on her throne needs not be above what MACALBIN's lady and MACALBIN's *dochters* did in their own day,—a day which it is the wound of my heart to feel I shall never see again."

"Lady, we must just give these good folks over to their own fancies" said Hector, again laughing at their tenacity. "Those who

would condemn the elegant Monimia to the employments of making clothes for little brats, the luxuries of venison hams, blue cheeses, and bilberries and cream, and the society of Highland half-gentry, are far beyond my skill."

"Provided the little brats called her mother,—Hector!" cried Flora, eagerly; "charming rosy brats, wearing the features of Macalbin and Monimia,—those enchanting features!—provided the venison was '*the quarry of his bow*,' Craig-gillian;—and the bilberries pulled on a lovely summer's night, by those little brats, on the *tomshce* of Brora;—and that she shared them, with all the objects of her love, by the cottage door which my father has been describing."

"Provided all that could happen, I would allow that Flora can draw charming pictures," said Hector smiling.

"Ah, Hector, my sage son, you are yielding," said Craig-gillian; and he added proudly, "and without any derogation from the birth or the breeding of the lady, she might yield too. I know little about Lowland *society*; but I should imagine that the society of Eleenalin would throw no stain either on the dignity or refinement of any society the

Lowlands can boast. But it is you who impeach the young lady; for I know she has more sense and feeling than to prefer dancing, and singing, and visiting among a set of people she does not care a rush about, to her domestic duties, when on them, after all, her happiness must ultimately depend."

"I despair of making you understand how, (with all due submission,) your scheme is not only premature, but abundantly indiscreet," said Hector.

"The devil take the discretion which sets people above their happiness," replied Craig-gillian, with characteristic *naiveté*;—"Flora, my darling, don't you be so wise."

"Nor is Mrs Montague," cried Flora; "I am certain she would decide with us."

"Aye, that she would," said Moome.

"There now, Hector! Well, I shall appeal to herself. I can't bear to see young people throwing away happiness, and finding ambition. Flora, my dear, you shall write out for me, 'a case for the opinion of Mrs Montague'."

Flora laughed at this new idea, and hastily collected writing materials; and Craig-gillian dictated his original scheme, though with more humour and delicacy, and without men-

tioning any name except *A* and *B*, and the farm of Brora."

"I shall certainly submit this case," said Flora, inquiringly. "To be sure you will," replied Craig-gillian; "and we who are on the right side of the question, will sign our names to our own opinions. Here, Unah, give us your mark."

"And my prayers too, for this good end," said Moome, complying; "and I don't despair yet: Who better deserves her than himself?"

"Were it to go by desert, my poor Moome," sighed the Lady, who was greatly affected by so close a scrutiny of the forlorn prospects of her beloved protegé.

Hector had previously been revolving Indian schemes for the *brother* of Flora, and his own old school-fellow; and he now mentioned this idea to Lady Augusta. "I have little of what may be called *interest*," said he; "but I have some friends. Macalbin will find other friends—he will find them, or make them—and in a few years he may return to us, if not a rich man, at least a man deserving of fortune, and Brora will still be waiting him."

This scheme appeared much more rational,

and the Lady warmly acknowledged the kindness of young Craig-gillian;—she acknowledged it like one who, in the same circumstances, would have acted a similar part.

"I was for that too, while I thought there was no love in the case," said Craig-gillian. "But now, why send the poor fellow away in search of a great fortune, while they may be happy with a small one—Hold up hands that are still for Brora." Moome and Flora held up their hands, laughingly. We have the majority, Lady."

"My dear kind neighbour," said Lady Augusta smiling, "you do not consider the education, habits, and probable prospects of the lovely young creature to whom Macalbin aspires, since we have settled that it is so: —far beyond his fortune, but not beyond his merit,—I am sanguine enough to believe that, did prudence sanction affection, and his good conduct in life dignify her choice, Monimia would not be insensible to his worth;—but, at present, young, nameless, poor.—My dear Craig-gillian, I am happy that Macalbin cannot hear your seducing plans."

"Then I wish he could, and she too," whispered Moome in the ear of Flora, and the Lady smiled.

"Unwilling as I am to part with him for ever," continued Lady Augusta,—"the last hope—almost the last comfort of my age—all of my blood that fate, even my fate, has spared,—for I feel that Macalbin belongs to me,—I think I could have the courage to persuade him to make one firm effort to gain that fortune which would be the means of happiness. Craig-gillian, he must either secure for her he loves that place in society which becomes her birth and excellence, and his own manly and persevering spirit, or renounce a hope which, perhaps, it was folly and presumption ever to form or indulge." The Lady spoke in a tone at once firm and heart-struck; and Craig-gillian gravely replied, "Lady, I have done—I can only wish them all manner of happiness, without judging of the means which are to make them happy."

Flora thought there was more pride than tenderness in the opinion which the Lady had avowed. It was the first time she ever thought of the Lady as less than infallible; and she was glad to find that Moome's judgment sanctioned her own.

"But, Lady dear, with your leave," said Moome, very courteously, "if the young lady herself were of Craig-gillian's opinion, what

would you say then?—Not separate him from kin and country, surely?"

"I would say, Unah, that it was a young lady's opinion, and that time would try it; and if the young lady persisted in her opinion after that time had elapsed, I would not, perhaps, think her a young lady very wise in her generation, but I would feel her to be a very amiable young lady, and so send you to Brora to wind her clues."

"My dearest Lady," cried Flora, kissing the hand of the Lady,—"Always think me amiable, and never think me wise in my generation."

The party smiled at Flora's injunction; and Moome, her old eyes sparkling with joy, now said, "Och, and it would be my happiness to go to them and theirs, wherever they would be, though I little thought ever to leave Glen-albin."

After some farther conversation on the same subject, Lady Augusta retired, to write to Monimia and to Macalbin; and the rest of the party to their chambers, as they intended to set off at a very early hour next morning, Craig-gillian for his home, and Hector and Flora for Ireland.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

I and my sword shall earn ourselves a chronicle.——
There's hope in't yet.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Macalbin returned to his tent on the night he had seen Monimia, he found a card on his table from General ——, requesting his company at breakfast on the following morning. At the appointed hour, which was an early one, he repaired to the General's tent, and they continued tête-à-tête till late in the forenoon. Books in several modern languages, maps, and military plans, furnished abundant topics of a conversation, which the General designed as a sort of trial of his ingenuous guest.

"I hope," said he at length, "you are not too proud to oblige me."—"I am afraid that I might indeed be too proud if I were capable of obliging General ——," replied Nor-

man. The General bowed, and proceeded. "My friend, the Earl of —— intends his second son and a favourite nephew for the military profession. They are youths of about sixteen. He has done me the honour to consult me in their professional education; and I thought this field the best school for a young soldier. Like yourself, they are to be volunteers in my regiment. Their studies, duties, and pursuits ought to be similar to yours. May I hope that you will undertake to superintend their studies and their conduct, to live with them as their elder brother and friend? The Earl is, in the best sense of the word, a liberal man. To him we may safely confide all after-considerations; for he is very capable of estimating the value of those in whom he places so important a confidence. In the meantime, I will arrange all pecuniary matters. He leaves all to me, for he knows I can make a good bargain. I trust you will have equal complaisance. I purpose, then, if you agree, that your appointment shall yield you two hundred a-year. I am very unwilling to anticipate a refusal. May I venture to beg your acceptance of this part of that sum as an earnest of my success."—He held out a bill for fifty pounds; and Norman, in

some confusion, replied, "This is kindness so unexpected, a mark of confidence so gratifying to me—In truth, I know not what I say, but I deeply feel your goodness. It will, however, be time enough for this,"—and he gently put aside the bill.—" Besides, it is far more than I ought to accept, as I can never hope to earn it."

" I must say you are far wrong there, Macalbin. A man who sets so just a value on his time, and employs it so diligently, ought to have it highly valued by others. On this point I am absolute. As you wish to oblige me, yield to my request."

Norman no longer sought to resist or reject kindness so considerate. He put up the bill, and departed with an overflowing heart, saying, " Do with me as you will; for I can in no shape, not even in words, acknowledge your goodness."

The Piper was busily employed in brushing at something when Norman entered the tent. He beckoned him to the table, and spread his treasure before this true, though humble friend. To Norman, who, in his fears for her he revered beyond all human beings, had already suffered in anticipation all the horrors of extreme poverty, this money ap-

peared a very precious treasure. The afflicting image of Lady Augusta, aged, deserted, and poverty-struck, had often overwhelmed him with a misery beyond all other misery—in his most rapturous moments it had intruded to blast his hopes and joys; and his dawning prospects now gave him happiness as intense as his former anxiety. The patronage of the General was to advance his fortunes; his industry was to give comfort to the last years of the Lady; and the love of Monimia was to crown his joys and reward his toils.

On the same day, the expected pupils of Norman arrived; and he was immediately introduced to his new duties. Till the encampment broke up, the whole party were to be accommodated with tents; and in arranging their future establishment, the General confided all to his discretion. On this day, also, he found means to write to the Lady, and to transmit his treasure, though he felt some reluctance at using money he had not yet earned: and when all this was accomplished, he hastened to the bay, which he again crossed in the little fishing skiff. But, on this occasion, Monimia was nowhere to be found. The night became dark and stormy; and after approaching the mansion, and wandering for

hours round the spot, which seemed blessed by her habitation, he returned wet and dispirited to his tent.

Macalbin was now restored to his former habits; and being placed at the head of a liberal, if not an expensive establishment, many sources of pleasure were put into his possession, which a narrow fortune had hitherto denied. His tent was now strewed with new books, pamphlets, maps, plans, and newspapers; he was again afloat in the current of affairs, occupied with business, and full of ideas and projects. In his new system of life, there was less of languid, fastidious, exhausting enjoyment, and more of the manly satisfaction which a sound mind must ever experience in steadily pursuing an animating purpose, than he had ever yet known.

His young pupils likewise contributed to his happiness. He found them full of ingeniousness, good-humour, and vivacity; and when they saw that, instead of a stiff, exacting pedant, their tutor was a handsome and spirited young man, as willing to become their play-mate as their instructor, the instructor became more dear, and the companion more respectable.

Every evening Norman continued to haunt

the woods of Glanville-Lodge; but when a week had elapsed, he had still caught no glimpse of Monimia. When he recollected the wetness of the evening on which he had last seen her, he began to entertain very serious apprehensions for her health, and resolved to hazard sending the Piper with a message of enquiry.

The General, however, saved him the danger of this expedient, by appointing next morning to ride over to Glanville-Lodge, and introduce his young friends and their tutor to his Lordship,—a ceremony which had been too long delayed, as their families were distantly related.

This desired, yet alarming visit, was accordingly made. His Lordship gave his guests a very cordial reception; and quickly conceiving a high opinion of the talents and accomplishments of the young tutor, he as suddenly formed an entire new plan of education for his son. The most distinguished legislators of Greece and Rome had also been the most illustrious captains. In modern times, Marlborough, Frederick of Prussia, Washington, and Bonaparte, had discovered talents alike great in the field and in the cabinet: England was become a military nation; and

for these and several other cogent reasons, Lord Glanville, who was in fact tired of the office of tutor, resolved to place his son under the care of Macalbin. And Charles, besides being the finest gentleman and greatest politician, was also to be the most eminent soldier of the next age.

Here, then, was something to do, to boast of, and to make paragraphs and long dissertations about in the many letters his Lordship despatched every day. There was, moreover, an obscure young man of genius to patronise and bring forward, and enlist in the service of his party. His Lordship was therefore in delightful spirits; and Norman, remembering that he was Monimia's uncle, was equally delighted that he had so quickly gained the favour of his host.

After partaking of some refreshment, and receiving an urgent general invitation to the table of Lord Glanville, the young gentlemen were about to return home, when his Lordship, with his usual promptitude, requested a private conference with the General, on the subject of his son's education; and as the boys were in the gardens, he begged Norman to amuse himself for a few minutes in his library. With this request he gladly

complied; but more occupied with the mortal living than the immortal dead, while he ranged through the *melange litteraire* scattered around, and carelessly turned over the leaves of a Greek tragedy, which his Lordship had folded down as the *apparent* subject of his studies, he thought only of Monimia. Unable to gain any intelligence, he resolved to interrogate a servant concerning the health of the ladies of the family, and accordingly rung for a glass of water. But when the servant appeared, this task, so easy to the indifferent, was too much for the conscious Norman. Mr Joseph disappeared. Norman under the pretext of asking for a newspaper, again summoned him, and assuming an air of indifference, looked on a book, while he enquired for Lady Glanville and the other ladies of the family.—" O Lord, Sir,—I beg your pardon,—all our ladies, except Mrs Montague, are all overpowered with vapours, and miserably nervous, ever since we came to this country. There's my Lady and Mrs Sarah, Sir, you would not know which has the most delicate nerves of the two; such flutterings and palpitations."—" Very well," said Norman, that is enough." The man bowed, and retired; and, in the next moment, he saw a

chaise drawn up to the door, and heard a servant announce CRAIG-GILLIAN! He fancied he had mistaken the name, till he saw Monimia bound down the door-steps, and in the next minute perceived two beings so dear to him, entwined, like sister graces, in the arms of each other, and Major Hector Craig-gillian hanging over them, claiming his share in this joyful recognition. Involuntarily he flew to join this loved group, which he encountered in the hall. Monimia started back, and coloured, and Flora, screaming with delighted surprise, caught his hand, which she placed in Hector's,—the well remembered manly lad of long-fled years, who had been the first object of Norman's childish emulation.

"Ah, so happily met!" cried Flora,—half wild with affectionate gladness. "Would it were in Eleenalin, but still this is happiness;" and she alternately pressed the hand of Norman and Monimia, both of which she held, assailing them with endless questions, and half answering their impatient interrogatories.

When the flush of joy and surprise had faded from the cheek of Monimia, her pallid complexion and languid air too well explained the cause of Norman's repeated disap-

pointments. She accounted for the paleness and thinness, so alarming to Flora, by mentioning a cold which she had caught on the preceding week, which had confined her to her apartment for some days.

Their mutual felicitations were not half ended, when they were joined by Lord Glanville and General ——. In Craig-gillian, the latter recognised an esteemed countryman and fellow-soldier. The recommendation of the General was more than sufficient to win the friendship of Lord Glanville. He received the guests of Monimia with much kindness; and, summoning his languid lady, repeated the necessary ceremony of introduction.

After some farther desultory conversation, tedious and irksome to those whose hearts were overflowing, the visitors departed, accompanied by Monimia, who yielded to the importunity of her new found friends, and agreed to spend with them the remainder of the day.

On their arrival in the town, Craig-gillian and Norman set out in quest of lodgings for the former; and Flora, left alone with her friend, wept while she told the tale of the gloomy by-past winter; and smiled through

her undried tears, while, with the happy egotism so excusable with those we love, and feel to have a kindred interest in all our joys and projects, she expatiated on her new-born felicity.

It was now that Flora playfully produced the important document, honoured by Moome's mark, and old Craig-gillian's signature. Monimia, half offended and half pleased, returned it with a grave smile, saying, "I find it impossible to be displeased with *good* Craig-gillian;—his very errors proceed from the kindly desire of giving happiness."—"But I hope you think that our opinion in the *Macalbin case* is as correct as it is well-meaning. If our judgment is not sanctioned by the Lady and Major Hector, it is because they, in their wisdom, argue from their superior knowledge of the world,—and we from knowing the worth of Macalbin, and the tenderness of a young female heart."

She laid her hand gently on the bosom of Monimia, whose blush and smile half betrayed her feelings.—"Ah, we are the people, and wisdom shall die with us," said Flora, peeping slily into Monimia's face.

"With all due respect, I must defer to the

opinion of more learned judges," said Monimia, smiling at this affectionate folly.

"And I, confident of success, give way to more eloquent advocates," replied Flora, as Norman entered the room to inform her that lodgings had been procured in the immediate vicinity of Colonel Grant's. He attended the ladies thither.

In the course of that day, he found an opportunity of acquainting Monimia with the happy alteration in his affairs. Nor did she conceal the satisfaction she felt at his gaining an opportunity of unfolding his talents and character, and acquiring that confidence in his own powers, and that respect from his fellow-men, which might sanction her opinion, and justify her choice.

The carriage of Lord Glanville was sent to town at a pretty early hour for Monimia; but Norman remained with his friends as long as the etiquette of the camp permitted.

CHAP. XXXIX.

But I will delve one yard below their mines.
SHAKESPEARE.

NORMAN was sinking into sleep, when he was roused by the vioce of Drummond, who demanded admittance. He sat down by the bed-side, flushed and breathless, and, as Norman fancied, under the influence of too much wine.—When Hugh had struck a light, and retired, Norman demanded the reason of this late visit.—"O I am dying in love again," said Drummond, "and I found it impossible to sleep till I revealed my passion to you; for I am so innocent and bashful, forsooth, that I dare not"—"This is so common an occurrence with you," interrupted Norman, smiling.—"O, but I am seriously smitten to-day: She is such a lovely, timid, little soul; so clinging, and tender, and trembling, and blushing, and

so exquisitely fair and tiny;—I wonder she was not afraid of that great black monster."—"Of whom?" said Norman.—"Why of Craiggillian, to be sure."—"Is it Flora you are in love with now? She is very charming, indeed; particularly since she has been married. The passion you speak about so much is a mighty embellisher, I think. But, seriously, my dear Drummond, what presses on your mind?"—"Presses on my mind!—is this not pressure enough in all conscience?"—"When you reflect that you kept me from sleep only last night with another of your diurnal flames, I hope that you will now unfold your real errand."

"O ay, that was Mrs Montague. She looked so *interestingly* beautiful the other day. Besides, she gave me 'her bluest vein to kiss,' when, like the welcome messenger of Anthony, I returned to Mary,—poor Mary! with the news of your acquital."—Norman's heart was throbbing.—"But her beauty is rather too dignified for my taste; too much indebted to native intelligence. I love the woman who hangs on my looks, and catches her loveliness from the gracious smile of Captain Drummond. However, I am in love with her too, 'and could adore as many more.' She

shall have a distinguished place in my seraglio;—a man may speculate on that, you know,—so truce with that virtuous frown. But my favourite sultana shall be Craig-gillian's fairy love,—looking like a little lamb, half pleased and half afraid. 'O, she does hang upon her sable chief, like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.'—You may guess how bad I am, when you see I have called up all my poetry. I think I see her now, with her little dimpled face, and sunny eyes, gleaming through golden hair, so laughingly. But when she tosses her little head with innocent freedom, to shake back the ringlets which hang between her and Craig-gillian's smile, I am half wild and wholly bewitched. O Macalbin, you are a happy man to know nothing of the pangs of hopeless love!"

"Love!" cried Norman, "Craig-gillian loves! you rave, to conceal some latent uneasiness. But let us talk of Hector. There is a pattern, man, for you and me. A man who, I believe, never thought of self in his life,"—Drummond began to pull up his boots. —"His very boyish pleasures were disinterested and considerate. You know how prosperous his career has been; but perhaps you have to learn, that his zeal, industry, and

integrity, compelled fortune to be propitious. You think him cold and reserved, and, for a Highlander, he is wonderfully so; but when I tell you that he was for eight years in a remote station in India, surrounded by perils in every shape, and with no society save native soldiers, listening to the shriek of the jackall, instead of the roar of his native Monzievar, and all this for the sake of his relatives and dependents, and above all his venerable father, I am sure you will love and admire him. His solitary habits have tinctured his manners, but they could not reach his heart,—that is still glowing, and open, and clannish. Hector loves the last drop of his own blood, and is a friend to the meanest native of his country."

"I do think him admirable indeed," said Drummond, somewhat displeased at this history—"And pray, did he marry to oblige his father,—eh? Well, let my father require such a piece of obedience, and I will not yield in duty to the pious Eneas himself,—or even the grave Hector Craig-gillian.—Pray, does he ever laugh at all?"

"I am sure he would, to see you beating round the bush in this manner, when something, which my true regard for you makes

me anxious to know, has for three successive nights brought you to my bed-side ?"

Why, did I not tell you it was love, man. 'O Cupid, prince of gods and men !' "

"Love !" cried Norman, half angrily; "and what says Miss Grant to all this love ?"

"Miss Grant," said Drummond, his face colouring, and its expression suddenly changing,—"Why, she says she will be obliged to marry me *off hand*, as it is impossible to keep me else. Now, to speak elegantly, the cat is out of the bag. O ho! you are on your elbow now: but don't speak yet. I half prevailed with her last night, and hied hither to tell you;—but this morning I drove her from every female strong-hold, and my dear girl gave a tearful consent to take me to-morrow morning, for better for worse—that is for Captain—for Major,—in despite of old Caustic;—and the pleasure of vexing him gives a high *gout* to the delight of pleasing myself, let me tell you.—Pray don't look so droll now; for you were the means of throwing us into what dramatic folks call the *situation*. Mary looked so prettily the other day, when I ran home from your trial—that is, for one's cousin Mary; and my uncle dined out so opportunely, and I pleaded so eloquently, and Mary smiled so

sweetly, and time glided on so swiftly—and her father finding me there at two o'clock in the morning, scolded so crossly—and I, too proud to be scolded, replied so warmly—and poor Mary cried so bitterly—and I flung away in such wrath, and ran to you feeling so queerly—and indeed so indignantly"—"Well now, pray be serious my dear friend," interrupted Norman. "You don't mean to marry without the consent, or, rather, without the knowledge of Colonel Grant."—"Then, very seriously, I do. I went to Mary this morning with a special licence in my pocket, and, like an honest soldier, told her very plainly, that unless I obtained a right to stay with her, not only till two o'clock, but the whole night over, I would never again enter her father's door;—for the truth is, I am worn out with my uncle's amiable temper. I always wonder at other people heeding his ill-nature, but I can't help feeling it myself. My poor Mary cried sadly again—you see she had no good argument to oppose to my solicitations;—but having a point to carry—for her own good—I hardened my heart—told her all her regard for me was pretended, or she never would subject me to such insults:—So, when she poor little soul protested

her strong affection, I kissed her hand, took silence for consent, and invited his jolly reverence to dine with me. I sounded him at a distance on doing us the good turn—but he shied at first. However, as my uncle's wishes are known,—as it must happen some time or other,—as what is done cannot be undone—and moreover as I managed to let him win above twenty games at back-gammon, he has agreed to tie the knot—and to-morrow is the day big with the fate of Mary and of Allan.—You are to be there;—and if ever you need a friend on a similar occasion, here is your man—to hush the watch-dog, burst the gates, scale the two pair of stairs window, tie the maid to the bed-posts, and gag her with her own handkerchief—release your charmer from durance vile, and carrying off herself and her band-box, give her to your arms all trembling, and weeping, and blushing:—Oh the delicious creature, how can I part with her!"

"But whither will all this lead?" inquired Norman, greatly perplexed what course to pursue; for he perceived, in spite of Drummond's flippancy, that his pride was greatly inflamed by the behaviour of Colonel Grant; and he feared that the feelings of the daugh-

ter and the mistress had been little regarded, while the father obeyed his angry, jealous honour, and the lover his petulant revenge.—"Whither, dear Drummond, with all this lead?" he again repeated.

Drummond durst not at this moment speak seriously, much less reflect with deliberation; for he knew that he was doing any thing but what was proper. "Lead!" he exclaimed, "Where should it *lead* but to Mary's arms—there's a *lead* for you;—but you are so dull of comprehension. But, in the first place, it will *lead* his reverence to my uncle's to-morrow,—which will *lead* me to produce this licence,—which will *lead* to the benediction, and so forth,—which will *lead* me to introduce Mrs Drummond to Colonel Grant's bad graces,—which will *lead* him to storm,—which will *lead* me to laugh, and Mary to weep. And when we have all done storming and laughing, and weeping, like dutiful children, as we are, we will down on our marrow bones, graciously to crave his ungracious blessing,—which will *lead* to a good dinner, and a laugh even from Craig-gillian, at our frolic,—which will *lead* on the gay hours which *lead* to twelve o'clock,—which will *lead* me gravely to observe, that I have been

ordered never to be seen in my uncle's house after twelve, on pain of being turned out of doors,—which will *lead* him to grin in his agreeable way,—which will *lead* Allan to fly up stairs,—which will *lead* Miss Dora to simper and leave her mistress,—which will *lead* me to vow that, as my God shall help me, my dear, generous girl shall never repent the confidence she has placed in Allan Drummond."

Drummond's eye glistened for a moment, and his voice quivered.—He abruptly rose, and gaily added,—"On my honour, I shall *lead* you no farther; had you not been the fellow I love best on earth, I should have left you below stairs,—so adieu, till to-morrow,—remember your department."

"Still, dear Drummond, I am quite amazed. I doubt"—Drummond hated the word, and he hastily exclaimed, "O so am I,—quite amazed that my uncle could behave so brutally,—yes, Macalbin,—your eye reproves the term, but I cannot find another; moreover, I am quite stupified with thick port and dull back-gammon;—so I will go sleep, nor think seriously of any thing till three mornings hence, when Mrs Drummond will come up stairs to awake me saying,—'My

dear Allan, papa waits breakfast.' So I'll yawn, languidly turn myself round, and reply, 'My dear, let him wait.' O, these odious matrimonial *dears*, how many ugly sentences do they preface.—*My dear*, give me leave to tell you, you know nothing about the matter.'—'*My dear*, will you not teaze me.' 'Damn it, *my dear*, will you for one moment hold your tongue.'—I shall not call Mary, *my dear*, for these twenty years."

Norman now saw, that Drummond was determined to speak down every attempt at expostulation; so he permitted him for this night to run on, hoping that the cool morning hour would prove more propitious to reflection and advice.

This conversation took from Norman all inclination for sleep. The path of propriety was easy and clear, but he was still young enough to shrink from the imputation of pusillanimity in friendship, and of an unworthy desire to recommend himself to the favour of Colonel Grant by refusing to share in the imprudence of Drummond. The mind of Norman was too enlightened and too upright to have recourse to that convenient logic by which persons of weak understanding seek to pervert what is right in principle, into a pal-

liative for what is wrong in conduct. He deemed it both more safe and more honourable to act against a firm conviction of duty, and thus incur the pains of self-reproach, rather than blunt or warp his moral perception, and venture to justify that error which a known false sense of honour led him wilfully to commit.

Love, on this night, seemed to have conspired against the repose of Norman. He had hardly dropt asleep, when he was again disturbed by Leary at his tent-door, bawling, "I'm loth to disturb you, if you are not awake at any rate, as it's only eight o'clock."

"That is very considerate; but what is the matter? Come in. Have you seen the Captain?"

"Troth, no, it was the Colonel himself," replied Leary, who now appeared very finely dressed and powdered, a kind of awkward and bashful drollery visible in his countenance and deportment, while he hung by the foot of Norman's bed, twirling his cap, scratching his head, and balancing himself, first on one leg, and then on the other.

"And what said he?" inquired Norman, who fancied all this finery and these airs in honour of Drummond's nuptials, and the se-

cret confided to Leary, who was understood to centinel the door while the ceremony was performing.

"O, he is done of his grumbling now: Miss Grant, you see, Sir, gained him over. So, if you *plase*, it will happen this morning, and I *come* to tell you, and *ax* your advice."—"And has Colonel Grant consented, then?" cried Norman, in amazement.—"In troth has he.—O don't look at me! I'm not telling a word of a lie at present. But though he had refused, there was no help; only I thought it decent to give the family *my countenance*, as they have always been kindly to Dora, you see, Sir."

"Dora!" exclaimed Macalbin; but, quickly recollecting himself, he added, smiling, "You were, certainly, very condescending in your attention to the Colonel's family. But this is a sudden determination."

"Och, all the regiment knows I have been her bachelor these three weeks. She loved me for my grief for poor Bourke; for, before that, sorrow bit of her would look to Paddy. So you see, Sir, as the ould woman, my grandmother, who always prophesied I would be a credit to the family, since she saw, by my big nose, that I was a *rale* Leary, and not a bit of

me an O'Shaughnasey, which is the mother's side,—as she was always sending me down messages, on her blessing to have done with my wildness, and take myself up, as I was the first-born, I took a *serous* thought of it. And Dora, being a clever, tidy girl, a favourite in the Colonel's family, and a mighty good washer and smoother of fine linen,"—"I see it all," interrupted Norman, who knew that Leary was never at a loss for good reasons to justify any thing he wished to accomplish,—"And since it is so, Paddy, I trust this will be a new motive to steadiness and good conduct."

"I *knowed* you would be telling me of steadiness," replied Leary, laughing,—"but I resolved to tell you, and *ax* you for all that."

"Well, since you were so good-natured," said Norman, smiling at his shrewdness, "I think I shall say no more about *steadiness* to-day. But when we go into quarters, I shall use my influence to get you permission to work at your trade; for you know a married man must be diligent to earn money to keep his wife comfortably; and I trust you will do so."

This was not the precise sort of kindness which Leary relished. But he was grateful

even for this, and bowed very low, saying, "Sure I intend to act by her like a *jantleman*, and to do what is right and honourable. They say she was too fond of handsome Bourke. That was a fault of my own, too, and all our women admired him, so I can't blame Dora."

"Nor can any one else," said Norman.—"You intend, it seems, to be very *honourable*; I hope she will be very discreet. God bless you both."—"And you, Sir; and forgive myself for trying to deceive *you*; for it was all over this morning after six o'clock mass; but thinking you might take it amiss not to have your advice *axed*—"

"O Leary," said Norman, laughing, "I never take the truth amiss. You know I am only rich in good-will. Take this bit of gold to treat our old comrades in the "philosopher's tent" on this happy day; and if ever I am a richer man, I shall not forget how our acquaintance commenced, and that Paddy Leary *axed* my consent to marry a wife when he had been three hours a married man."

Leary coloured while he laughed; and, with his usual address, added,—"And *thin* told *you* the truth, though it put shame on himself; and never find his mind *asy* in cheating *you* did Pat Leary, who is prouder

of being one of the PHULOSOPHERS, than was he on the throne of TARA the day."—This was not exactly true, perhaps; but at that moment Leary felt it true, and Norman was contented to believe him.

When Leary withdrew, Norman dressed himself to visit Drummond. Norman was hopeless of dissuading him from the purpose to which he was urged by affection, and goaded by exasperated pride; but friendship and duty demanded a strenuous effort. If it failed, Norman retained an *honest* resolution of acting wrong. The sight of his young pupils at breakfast, by reminding him of the trust reposed in his prudence and integrity, rendered this resolution more painful. To forfeit his own esteem, the confidence of the General, and perhaps blast the prospects of his future life, was too much even to preserve the friendship of Drummond; and, after some farther *honourable* debate with himself, he took the wiser part of coming to an open explanation with his friend. Drummond, at all times prone to take offence, was now extremely displeased. He was conscious that he was acting wrong,—but impatient of being convinced, nay convicted of error.

After a very unpleasant conversation, he

flung off with an ironical compliment to the *wonderful prudence* and *circumspection* of so young a man,—qualities so necessary to a *rising* man,—a man who would *thrive* in this good world. Norman knew that this was the language of resentment; the *slang* of that careless friendship and affected generosity, which he despised, and yet it cruelly wounded his feelings. When Drummond went off, he was unable to make any effort to detain him, and for a little time he suffered the bitterest pangs of poverty; for he perceived that it laid him open to the humiliating suspicion of meanness and baseness; of a wish, —a dishonest wish, to recommend himself to patronage at the expense of his friend. Drummond was exceedingly irritated at the patience and composure with which Norman had borne his reproaches; and when he had been about a minute gone, he flew back for the special purpose of affronting him still more, by requesting him at least not to betray his secret. He saw the convulsive throbs of Norman's bosom, who leaned against the side of the tent with his face shrouded by his clasped hands;—and but for his "manhood" and his "soldiership,"—the former quality always prompting him to vindicate the errors

into which the latter betrayed him,—he could have fallen on the neck of his friend and besought his forgiveness. As it was, he slipt away in silence, wishing he could yet retrace his steps, but now soothing himself with the belief, "that to go back was tedious as go o'er."

He went straight to his cousin, to acquaint her that Norman could not be present at their *private* marriage,—and to her he did justice to the character of his friend. Miss Grant had always wavered; but the part which Norman had taken, and the struggle which she heard it cost him, confirmed her opinion.—"Allan, ought we—can we, in honour, commit an action which Mr Macalbin cannot honourably witness?" said she.—"Bless me, no—yes; there is a great difference between the principals, and those who are only art and part, as I shall shew you afterwards; but just now I must be as busy as Caleb Quotem, for I have as many functions this morning. Now be a brave girl for a few hours longer; and when it is over you will find it is nothing." But Mary felt that it was a very serious *something*: She thought of the moral courage of Norman, not as a thing to admire, but to imitate; and going to her father, she declared

the truth, and the whole truth, and threw herself on his paternal mercy. The Colonel was first amazed, then provoked, and at last melted. That a plot of this kind should have been hatched in the family of so rigid a disciplinarian,—one who made it his boast that the motion of his eye was obeyed,—was somewhat extraordinary. But he was conscious of having used his nephew very ill, and was even meditating some atonement; and the honourable dealing of Mary and of Macalbin deserved reward. Like the Sultan of the Indies, however, though resolved that the story-teller should live, "he went out as usual, without acquainting Scheherazade with his resolution."

Mary fancied she saw relenting kindness in his face. She heard him go up to the apartment of a lady, the widow of a subaltern officer, who, since the death of his wife, had acted as his housekeeper, and as a sort of *chaperone* to his daughter. But this was merely to order a fine dinner in all haste. She found means to learn, that a number of notes, which she had seen him send off, were respectively addressed to the members of the Glanville family, Craig-gillian, the General, Macalbin, and the Bishop of ——. "What can he

want with the Bishop ?" thought Mary. She knew that he hated the company of clergymen; he abhorred those who tolerated his habitual swearing; he was too well bred to swear before the respectable part of the clergy; and he could not bear, that is, easily bear, any sort of restraint which was not strictly professional. Before he went out to the parade, he sternly told Mary, to proceed in every particular as had been previously resolved, and leave all else to him. Mary, trembling, promised obedience.

About twelve o'clock, Norman received the following note from the Colonel :—

"DR. MACALBIN,

"I have heard of your soldier-like conduct. It is not lost on me. Do in all things as Drummond directs. Keep my secret, and rest assured of my approbation. If he has his mine ready to spring, I have my countermine. "J. G."

Norman was comforted by this note; for he had justly concluded that the anger of the Colonel would be much more violent, and perhaps more persevering than Drummond

seemed to anticipate. Yet he disliked all this plotting and contrivance; this 'paltering in a double sense;' this dull *denouement* of a stale farce,—and foresaw that the *agreeable surprise* might still more deeply insult the jealous honour of Drummond, while it compromised the dignity of Miss Grant.

He now went to Drummond.—"Captain Drummond, I wish to attend you this morning, if you will now permit me."—"If I will permit you!—you kindest of kind friends,—to be sure I will permit you,—thank you,—bless you;—but do you,—have you changed your mind?"—"My mind is the same; I still think you ought to make a candid acknowledgment to Colonel Grant."—"Better and better," said Drummond, "you know and esteem virtue; but you love Drummond better. Now this is the friendship that pleases me. I am like that reasonable lad, the Venetian bravo, with Rosabell, I must be loved with all my crimes on my head. Well, once I am married I shall repent, and live virtuously as a wedded man,—*un pere de famille*,—God help me, and it—ought to do. And now Macalbin, unless you swear that you will never tell the share you had in this matter, you cannot witness my *secret* nuptials. I will not have your sins on my conscience."

Norman nodded his head, and evasively said, "Let Paddy give me intimation."

The parade at last had an end, though Drummond believed it never would. He saw the Colonel mount his horse for his usual ride, and ran to the lodgings of the chaplain, whom he sent off, and then flew to Norman.

"Ha! so fine—and all in honour of *me*—or Mary perhaps: Well, come, come—for I have dread misgivings;—would it were all over—priest, and blessing, and reconciliation."

They went out together, as if to pay a morning visit to Miss Grant. On the stairs of the Colonel's house they met Mr and Mrs Leary. The former, with many winks and twitches of the sleeve, acquainted his Honour, that "his ould *Worship* had returned from his ride, and that his *Reverence* was hid in the pantry."

"O Lord!" cried Drummond. "But I'll take him off, if the life be in me," said Leary, in one of his hoarse whispers; and Drummond, still ascending, began to sing,

"Did ye ever hear what roaring cheer
"Was had at Paddy's wedding, O;
"And how so gay they pass'd the day,
"From the churching to the bedding, O?"—

and to salute Dora, or rather to smack his own lips, till the stairs rang again, for the amiable purpose of provoking his uncle.

"Has Leary waited on you, Sir?—Hymen's altars are flaming in our regiment this morning. Shall I order him up? for he only waits to receive Miss Grant's congratulations." The new-married pair were ordered into the room; and the Colonel, from regard to old Tracey, condescended to drink the health of the bride.

"The health of the bride, and God bless her," said Drummond, half in sport, and half in tenderness, glancing his eye on his cousin. "You are very gay this morning, Drummond; almost as gay as if, like Paddy there, you were a bridegroom."

"Aye, *mon oncle*, in the hope that my turn may come next." He smiled, and nodded to Norman. The Colonel also grinned to him; while Miss Grant blushed to the eyes, extremely distressed at this game of cross-purposes.

"Charming weather," said Drummond, with affected carelessness. "Do you ride this morning, Sir?"

"His Honour does not always ride when he puts on his spurs," said Leary, loud

enough to be heard; and louder still "The *jantlemen* are trying them rockets to-day at Glanville Park, I *larn*; so, feared we might miss your Honour, as the General is gone, and all of them—just as we came too; so sure your Honour is not too late *yet*."—The Colonel paid no attention to Leary's emphatic yet; and Drummond added, "Aye, is it to-day? I thought they would embrace the first good day; and this, amid these equinoctial storms, is delightful. Are you quite sure now, Paddy?"

"Och, as sure as death itself," cried Leary, who never scrupled to tell a few lies 'less or more' to serve a friend,—"The day it is; and sure didn't I see the General on Sir Lancelot, and his new leopard-skin *saddle-cloth*, and—"

"Not to-day, but to-morrow," said the Colonel, drily.—Leary bowed, "The morrow is it? O, very like, your Honour; it may be the morrow—though this is the better day for a fair trial; that is, if your Honour *plases*, I'll run to tell you want to try them."

Leary received no encouragement, and he was forced to retire, whispering to Drummond, "Be *asy*."

Another tedious quarter of an hour passed away. The Colonel sat, and sat, and Drum-

mond whistled and fretted, and fretted and whistled;—Norman traced the whole course of the Ganges,—and Miss Grant doubly polished every key of her piano-forte. The Colonel next examined a barometer, prophesied more rain, and began a long dissertation on the moist climate of Ireland. "This is the first we have ever heard of his philosophy," whispered Drummond: "You will soon see the last of mine—this is beyond endurance." The Colonel entered on the velocity of cannon-balls, and 'talked about it and about it,' till he forgot the purpose of his everlasting harangues, and spoke on in real forgetfulness. Leary had watched for his exit, till patience was more than exhausted. He retired, and in a few minutes was knocking at the door of the drawing-room, which he suddenly threw open, and appeared puffing, and blowing, and perspiring, with a great black cat under his arm.

"I *ax* a thousand pardons, your Honours—but my *father*, ould Tracey, being just *looked on* every minute, and wishing above all things to see your Honour, I *run*, for the life"—

"Tracey dying!—see me—does he wish that—poor Tracey—but what is the matter?"

"The St Anthony's fire, your Honour—with a face as red—as red as your Honour ever—*seen* a boiled lobster. We are going to try the three drops of the black cat's blood." Leary pinched the cat, which squalled as a corroborating evidence; and the Colonel snatched up his hat, to pay a farewel visit to old Tracey,—utterly unsuspicious of trick or falsehood.

Norman steadily examined the face of Leary, to whom his presence was at all times a second conscience—much more quick, indeed, than that which long habits of falsehood had deadened to the love and the practice of truth.

"It might be the *gin* he took," said Leary, who comprehended that scrutinizing glance, "though my *father* never gets drunk but on St Patrick's day and the Abram day; but an ould woman said it was the St Anthony's fire."

"O fie, fie, Paddy," cried Drummond, laughing: "But now, fly—run—get his Reverence from the pantry; I'll secure the door."—The Colonel returned. Leary again pinched the cat, and withdrew, with a look of despair, to contrive some new expedient.

"Before I go, Gentlemen, you must promise to dine with me."—Drummond's face

brightened. "I promise with pleasure for both, Sir."

"Have a good dinner for your friends, Miss Grant."

"I second the motion for a good dinner," cried Drummond, willing to spare his cousin the pain of reply. "A good dinner is at all times a good thing;—and what if we should have a little ball in honour of the wedding,—Macalbin, could you, think ye, dance a Strathspey with the *bride?*"

The poor *bride* could hardly command her tears.—The Colonel again withdrew. Drummond listened till the hall door was shut after him,—darted down stairs,—sent some of the servants on errands, locked others into the kitchen,—and returned with a large key, a large chaplain, and little Dora Leary. The key he solemnly deposited on a table, gravely swearing, that no soul should enter or quit the house till he was *Benedict.*

The party stood up; Drummond whispered courage and comfort to Mary, and taking her arm within his own, gently drew her forward. She burst into tears.—"Dear Allan, my father knows all; he, I fear, is within."

This was the moment which Norman dreaded. The face of Drummond underwent a ra-

pid and dreadful change :—he tossed away the hand which he held, exclaiming—"Is it possible, Madam, that you have plotted, not only to betray, but to insult me? And you, Sir?" turning fiercely to Norman: "But I shall find a time to speak with you."—He was flying off, when Norman caught him in his arms.—"Drummond, my dear friend, are you mad?—has Miss Grant not endured enough already?—be a man, and all will end well." Drummond ceased to struggle, and curiosity took place of anger. The folding-doors which divided the drawing-rooms flew open, as if by enchantment; and Drummond saw a long and laughing perspective of white robes and scarlet coats, and farther off still, Bishop —— in full canonicals. General —— advancing, led in Monimia; and, behind him, came the old Colonel, gallantly squiring Mrs Monro, while over his shoulder peeped Craig-gillian, his own serious smile displaced by his father's good-humoured laugh.

"Here we come, unbidden guests," said the General.—"But not unwelcome, certainly," replied Drummond, bowing with a face of scarlet.

Paddy, who stood without, as centinel, on hearing this noise, ventured to peep in, to see

how matters were proceeding; and turning up his great eyes, exclaimed, "O Christ! —the *kay*, the *kay*."—Drummond had adroitly slipt it to Dora, who stole away, followed by the waddling chaplain, whose beneficed hue had been succeeded by the paleness of terror.

"His Honour does not always ride when he puts on his spurs,—and his Honour does not always ride when he takes up his whip," thundered the Colonel.—Norman closed the door on the objects of his just resentment.

"Captain Drummond, I hope that your character will not be less respectable, nor your life less happy, for receiving *my daughter Mary* from the hand—the heart of her father."—The Colonel spoke these words proudly and even feelingly. Drummond bowed very low.—"I have been somewhat harsh, perhaps, and you have not been over dutiful: Mary has been wiser than both;—she has often made us friends,—be this hand our bond of union."—He gave her hand to his nephew with more tenderness than might have been expected from stuff so stern; and Drummond, completely melted, spoke and looked his part very becomingly.—"I flatter myself that your mutual vows will not be the

less impressive for being pronounced in the presence of these ladies and gentlemen," said the Colonel. "Nor less fortunate, certainly," replied Drummond, bowing round.

Every one seemed to feel that he had now been sufficiently lectured; and the General kindly beckoned the Bishop, who, stepping forward, arrested a fresh expostulatory speech. Drummond now appeared to enjoy perfect ease and self-possession, and passing Norman, archly whispered,—

'*So I'm to have no elopement after all!*

No persons of common sensibility, in the situation of Norman and Monimia, could have witnessed such a ceremony unmoved. But though their emotion had been visible, it would have been unperceived. Every one was absorbed in his own feelings.

When the Highland custom of drinking healths, and the usual congratulations were ended, the ladies retired with the bride; and Drummond was summoned to a conference with his uncle. He returned, and drawing Norman's arm within his own, with a face pregnant of matter, took the way to his tent. Arrived there, he began to exclaim, "Paddy Leary, Paddy Leary, get me a clean shirt; pull off my boots, a boot-jack, a boot-jack,

a guinea for a boot-jack!"—Leary attended. "Here is money for you; make a bale-fire as high as Croagh-Patrick, and get all royally drunk to-night."

"Long life to you! It would ill become us to stand in the way of your Honour's orders," said Leary, taking the money, and resolving on prompt obedience.

"I am very much inclined to dispute the propriety of your Honour's orders, however," said Norman, laughing, as Leary withdrew.

"O! of that to-morrow, which is to be the commencement of a new era;—the reign of prudence and sobriety, and—and—and all the married virtues. But, pray put yourself into the attitude of listening. This has been a *critical* day; but I forgive you, and you forgive me and my uncle. After all, if it was not for '*his bow-wow way*,' he has not a bad heart. He was quite right about my late visits;—since I have been a married man,—that is, within the last half-hour,—my notions of female conduct have risen considerably. Well, I am to get leave of absence for six weeks, that we may bury our bridal blushes in a post-chaise, and bowl away for Scotland,—not that we need to run from our friends to save our credit at this time. I am no fool,—and

Mary,—but now that we are one flesh I must not praise her. How my gorge does rise at the fulsome fondness with which some young wives bedaub their lords. Pray did you never feel inclined to box their ears?"

"Truly I never was exposed to any temptation," said Norman, laughing.

"Happy you,—fogh!—Well, now that I have got the better of it, see here a *carte blanche* to provide for my increased expenditure. By this, no doubt, I am to be bound over to my good behaviour, and economy, and all that. We shall see.—God knows he has been a hard-hearted uncle to me. When I came to his regiment, a mere boy, so great was his heroic terror that I would disgrace him by cowardice, or draw upon him the imputation of partiality, that every piece of service, harder or more mortifying than another, was reserved for Poor Allan. But for fighting,—to do him justice—he always gave me my stomachful of that, and as little credit as possible for the doing of it. When I discovered spirit, I was called quarrelsome; and when prudence, pusillanimous. I had a shocking life; but I compelled him to respect me, and at length he did respect me. Now, Mac-

albin, tell me, as your friend, do you wish to follow your present profession?"

"Do you think I ought?"

"I cannot say; but I will tell you my story;—it has been that of thousands indeed; but it may be yours, and you shall judge."

CHAP. XL.

———Behold a man of war assailed me,
He told me of his battles o'er and o'er;
Shew'd me good store of scars, but none of cash;
No, not a doit: but still he vapour'd much
Of what a certain prince would do, and talk'd
Of this and that commission—in the clouds.

"At the age of fifteen," said Drummond, "my buckram uncle got me a commission. I joined him a child,—a spoiled, petulant, grandame's imp. What a world opened to me!—The pressure of a thousand evils, rebuffs, and mortifications, made me in a few months start up into a man,—a *real man* in the ranks and at the mess; but with little Mary and Dora Tracey, I still enjoyed a game at bowls amazingly, when no one was by.

"I was to live with my uncle; but we quarrelled in three days, and I was thrown upon my own resources. I am not ashamed to tell you, though I would be hanged, or damned,

before I told it to another, that, after the expense of my education and outfit, I could neither in justice nor honour make any demand on the *home establishment*. I was too sulky to accept of pecuniary assistance from my uncle,—nor did he urge me much,—that might have been rude, you know. How I got on, amazes me. My pride could never brook suiting my appearance to my circumstances. I think, nay, I am sure, that I don't value a man a pin's head more or less for his dress, unless I were going to buy the man, clothes, and all; but I never could be reconciled to a shabby equipage for my own precious person. So, for long, long years, I did penance in fine dressed company, with more gold on my doublet than in my pockets. When I could not afford a ball ticket, I hated tumult and dancing; and when too poor for the opera, I loathed music. I had—I ought to say I acquired—a constitutional aversion to wine."

"Which you have since lost," said Norman, laughing.

"O, in seven years a man's constitution changes! The *ennui* of country-quarters is dreadful to an *un-ideaed* officer. He games and drinks. I loved *study*,—that is, I read

novels. When very poor, and proud, and sullen, I tried my hand at being a philosopher too; but that would never do,—as the old man said, cheerfulness would still break in."

"And is sullenness philosophy?"

"So the world says: but I give you lessons fresh from life; none of the mustiness of philosophy; lessons of 'thrift, thrift, Horatio.'"

"And I have need of them."

Drummond, without noticing this remark, proceeded.—"I had an utter contempt of all *bijouterie* and *gimcrackerie*, and that petty traffic which prevails in ship-cabins and mess-rooms,—as, 'I'll exchange my opera-glass for your topaz seals; and you'll give me your gold watch for my pistols and Belcher handkerchief;—and done—and done.' I scorned to be a dealer in small wares, and resolutely stuck by this *heir-loom*—(he pulled out an old-fashioned massive gold watch)—and these "seal-rings of my grandfather's." This saved me, and may save you a world of money, and, as I think, of respectability.

"So, with a little dash, and quackery, and a bold face, I still got on—a fine, dashing, thoughtless dog."

"People may talk as they will of monastic mortifications;—what are they, after all, to

the self-denial of a man with a subaltern's pay, and a gentleman's spirit. Had my self-denial proceeded from a good motive, I would have deserved to be canonized. My stiff-backed patron, who alone could guess the truth, had no pity for me;—he had got on in the same way himself; thousands of brave Scotch officers have; and without the revenue of my good spirits, or the comfort of my friendly novels. Peace to the generous souls who labour in this useful vocation! and for a few shillings a month keep a poor man's fancy rolling in gold;—the more noble too, as one may fairly suppose, that, like their devoted reader, they are are not overstocked themselves."

"Well, Drummond, you have merit, I believe,—but you might have had more;—*you* needed not all this *stuffing* and *seeming*."

"You are wrong, Macalbin. Had I indeed—" and he smiled, and glanced his eye over the fine form of Norman—"had I indeed been such a column of true majesty, I could have afforded to be an honest man, though a poor one. But, on the whole, I bless my poverty. Had I been richer, I would have been more dissipated, and perhaps more of a cox-

comb, though probably less saucy, and sudden, and prompt in quarrel.

"Now I have run through, e'en from my boyish days, my strange *eventless* history—for which I suppose you wont give me a world of thanks. But I am going to tell it at my father's fireside, where I shall be thanked—and where I shall be neither saucy nor well-dressed; for I shall be sure of admiring auditors. A man is so great in his own father's chimney-corner, after an absence of seven years—of course so happy, so complacent—unless the man be a brute. O Norman, of all the friends merit can gain, or success command—commend me to the dear old souls who love me because I am their own Allan."—

"Of whom they have reason to be so proud," said Norman, "hypocrite though he be."

"Of whom a very small matter would make them proud. Happy for me that one's own dog is better than one's neighbour's lion.—Well, is it soldier or not soldier,—that is the question?"

"There is nothing inviting yet—you must tell me farther."

"O, I shall tell you all. I was three years an ensign—and my promotion was equally creditable to myself, and to him who recom-

mended me. It was not my uncle.—I one day dined in a military circle, in which was a person of the most elevated rank. I was still a boy—perhaps I looked like a simple boy; and this great personage, playing with his glass, fillipped some of his wine into my face. My blood was boiling. There were but two ways to wash out this stain. I preserved my temper, fixed my eye steadily upon him, and, smilingly, threw a whole glass full into his face, saying, "Your ——, we do it this way in Scotland*." In a few days I was made lieutenant—and lieutenant I continued for six long years. Everybody said that I was an excellent officer, and I was inclined to believe them; for, though no hero, I had, and have, I trust, a clear, and full, and honourable perception of what every soldier ought to understand by the word *duty*. I had several times been offered the payment of a company—'O dem it,' I swaggered at that; my poverty could never seduce my pride. But so excellent an officer could not refuse the adjutancy, especially as my acceptance must be useful to the regiment—this *pattern* regiment. It was very useful to

* Some of my readers are no doubt acquainted with this altered ecdote; but it can scarcely be told too often.

me. I had hard work; but I was lavishly praised, and excessively vain of my doings. I was now comparatively rich too; and, lest love should prey on my sun-burnt cheek, I spoke of matrimony. I was told, 'It was damned nonsense to think of that yet;' and you know who told me so. However, I was not forbidden to hope; and, after hoping on for other four years, I am senior captain, and married—perhaps too soon. Poor dear Mary!"

Drummond paused and sighed; and Norman echoed his sigh more deeply. "A soldier thirteen years," thought he, "a good gallant soldier, and too soon married. Ah, Monimia!—to wear out life in that cold languishing hope 'which maketh the heart sick.' Selfish that I am, could I condemn your youth to this cheerless waste of its finest capacities of enjoyment."—While he shrunk under the self-inflicted tortures of a generous remorse, Drummond also was pursuing visions of that poverty which affection embitters; but he soon recovered.—"Courage! my dear lad—this is the dismal side; now for the *bright* and captivating. The hardships which seem so dreadful when compressed into a conversation of five minutes, are light as a feather when expanded over the surface of twelve

years of youthful life. I have much good to tell you. I have been in America, the East and West-Indies, Egypt, and Gibraltar; and in every climate I have luckily, or wisely, preserved, if not good health, at least the capacity of recovery."

"And what is mere health," said Norman, who had never known sickness, and could not be reconciled to such tame notions of prosperity.

"A mighty good to an officer.—Besides, I have never been made prisoner; and, though twice wounded, am still sound in every limb. Once, too, hear it, O Norman! I had the pleasure, in a long gazette, to see honourable mention made of a Lieutenant Drummond. Never did so brilliant a paragraph appear in print, always excepting another, with which I ran over my father's heathy domain for a whole day, reading to man, woman, and child, '*Allan Drummond, Gent. to be Ensign.*'"

Drummond burst into a violent peal of laughter, which was by no means pleasing to Norman. It was stripping life of all illusion, and of all interest.

"But I have quite another stile of adventures to tell you now," said Drummond, when he had composed himself.—"This is but half

a soldier's story. Think of the ladies I have loved, and the ladies who have loved me. As for the battles, and duels, and wounds, and valour, these are mere trite common-place events; but the *squaws*, and *baladiers*, and *Circassians*, and *Jewesses*, that 'upward and downward, thwarting and convolved,' chase each other through my story, are wonderfully *interesting*."

"If you please, we will defer this pleasure till another opportunity," said Norman, laughing. "But you have, I think, said nothing of your *king*, and *country*, and glory, and ambition;"—he averted his glowing face, and spoke hesitatingly, conscious of the ridicule to which he exposed himself,—"and the thanks of a grateful nation." He looked up and smiled, for this was a standing paragraph in the sermon with which the chaplain regaled their ears on Sundays, and become a cant phrase in the regiment, where it was felt with pride, and talked of with ridicule.—Such is mankind.

"My king and country! God bless them both," replied Drummond, fervently; and Norman felt reassured, and was even grateful for his seriousness.—"I have served them, I trust, faithfully; but thousands who longed

for my place, would have filled it with equal credit; tens of thousands would have moved like chess-men through this war game, at the will of the directing mind, with regularity, courage, and intrepidity, superior to mine. No, no, Norman, no man now-a-days needs enter the army for conscience sake, though both honour and conscience often bind him to his post when he would gladly retire. We have an overflow of good officers, a glut of the stuff of which good officers are made, and sad experience has made us proficients in the art of moulding it to our purposes; so that every man who chooses, may, with great propriety, remain under his domestic fig-tree. To be sure a man may think a little of his country *in the second place.* 'Pray, my dear, what are we to do with these boys?' says mamma. 'They are grown amazingly, and they eat,—how they do eat!' 'Why, my dear, we must try the law for John, as the estate is small; send Peter to India to his uncle; and get Allan a commission. In God's name, what more can we do?'—So Allan is consecrated to the service of his country, though you won't deny that it is probable any other mamma's Tom, or Dick, or Will, might have served it equally well."

Norman was again disposed to quarrel with Drummond. He had an art, and it appeared a pleasure, in stripping human motives of all that is pure, and inspiring,—at least so thought Macalbin,—and his grave features betrayed his belief.—“ Let me, however,” exclaimed Drummond, “ make an illustrious exception for such men as Moore and Graham, and Ferguson,—those leading minds, inspired by the divine ambition which makes war the glorious thing you fancy; and for those “ princely novices,”—and he nodded to Norman,—“ who, exalted by the enthusiasm of this animating trade, grow up into such heroic men.”

“ Very well turned ; but I don't quite forgive you. You have a sad lack of romance, that's the truth, for all your novel-reading.— You a hero !”

“ You may well say it, sitting here on my wedding-day. But meet me in half an hour ; and when dinner is over, and my uncle in good humour, pray second me with all your might in getting a bill of indemnity passed to screen poor Leary. You know that with me he is as *bull-horned* as the devil.”

“ I am sure I know one reason for the de-

cay of invention in our days," said Norman gravely.

"And what is that, pray?"

"Our attachment to set forms of speech, which spares us the trouble of inventing any thing original or apposite. Every thing is as hard, or as soft, or as cold, or as hot, or as sweet, or as sour, or as ugly, or as handsome, or as tall, or as short, or as thick, or as thin, or as tight, or as wide,—as the devil. He walked away; and Drummond, who was busy with a razor and strap, cried, "Here, now, is a razor as blunt as—"

"Pray, now, save your credit; don't be the man with but one comparison, and that a vile one."

"As blunt—as blunt as a man's wit who has no comparison but—." From that day Drummond gave up this and several other favourite modes of speech.

The wedding-party met at dinner; and in compliance with the entreaty of Mrs Drummond, her father requested that the marriage should not be disclosed till the young couple had set off for Scotland, which they were to do in a few days. The Colonel was, at the same time, to make a journey to England; and it was also arranged, that Craig-gillian,

for the few weeks he remained, should occupy Colonel Grant's house with Monimia as the guest of his wife.

Next day the General entertained a large party at dinner, for the understood purpose of introducing the pupils of Norman and their tutor to the officers of the regiment, and several other gentlemen, whose acquaintance he wished them to cultivate. So well-timed, and judicious, and delicate, were his attentions to Norman, that, without drawing upon him the overwhelming attention of this numerous company, he afforded the most favourable opportunities for the modest display of his acquirements. Sometimes he drew forth his powers, and sometimes opened occasions for their natural developement; and managed, with so much amiable address, that those who had wished to consider Norman the protegé of General ——, were compelled to see that he stood upon his own ground, resolved to maintain every inch of it, and disdaining to make his way, either by crawling or climbing, to those heights to which he aspired, but had not yet attained.

This was also a *conciliating* dinner; and the *Major*, who hated Norman, because said Major had taken him for a great personage,

while he was in reality an obscure one, before the conclusion of the repast begged the honour of taking wine with him, though in truth very sensible of the honour which he fancied he conferred.

On the following day, the General condescended to dine at the regimental mess, as this was the first appearance of his young friends there; and he wished them in future to dine with the officers twice a week. And here, again, Norman was treated with great politeness by the Major, who deigned to add an "indeed," or "pon my word," expressive of satisfaction, at the conclusion of his observations, though not directed to himself.

"Mary, Mary," said Drummond, when Norman and he joined the female party at Craiggillian's lodgings, "hear what a favourite Macalbin is become;—the Major has not only told him, '*During my late father's mayoralty*,'—but also, '*You must know Sir, that when I was recruiting at Lichfield, the ladies used to call me the audacious captain.*'—Is he not a favourite?—the Major's two best stories!—and certainly those by which he is best known."

"Mr Macalbin is every body's favourite," said Mrs Drummond. "And now, Allan,

news for news.—*Our* Mrs Montague, is, as you know, an intimate friend of the Craig-gillians;—but as you don't know,—and as I won't tell you,"—"O ho!" cried Drummond. "Ah, Norman, you are sly,—d——d sly."—Norman's tell-tale eyes were now, at least, sufficiently communicative. At this moment, Flora and Monimia entered the room, and Drummond drawing the arm of his wife within his own, carried her off, to undergo a cross-examination. The party were to sup with Craig-gillian, and Flora, occupied with real or pretended business, found an opportunity to leave her friends tête-à-tête. To relieve the embarassing silence which ensued, Monimia began to play, and had the complacence to chuse an air which was one of Norman's first-rate favourites.—It was the beautiful song from Park's travels, versified by the late Duchess of Devonshire.

'The thunder roar'd, the rain fell fast,
'The *white man* yielded to the blast.'

Almost unconsciously, she accompanied her playing in those low-breathed, pathetic tones, which ever cast a spell over the heart and senses of Norman. While he hung over her, Drummond and the ladies suddenly returned, and Monimia, sympathising in his feelings, quickly changed the air. Norman had

a natural and a national dread of ridicule, and a strong power of repressing his keenest emotions, partly on this account, and also from a fastidious impatience of the feeble sympathy of strangers.

"Now, this is the style of songs Norman loves," said Flora, who had caught some notes of the tune. "He has more tenderness than musical taste; and far more fondness for the fair sex than any gentleman I ever knew."—Drummond smiled at the *naiveté* of this observation; and Flora hastily added, "I mean the *kind* sex, the *nursing* sex,—who, as the good St Pierre says,—but you'll think me vain to repeat it;—in short, Norman loves 'Gentle woman ever kind;' but, to counterbalance that, he is excessively jealous."

"I'll not believe it," said Mrs Drummond. "Then I tell you he is, of every thing he loves. Most men are vain of shewing off all their fine things;—but Norman loves to treasure up his riches of favourite books, or poetry, or music, or scenery, for the secret delicate enjoyment of himself and his few favourites. I assure you, the crowd will not need to lift their profane eyes to Mrs Norman Macalbin; far less to say or sing her praises. I think he is more impatient of 'a foolish face of

praise,' than of downright censure. How he used to look, when a party of fashionable tourists found out Glenalbin. Civility compelled him to be their guide, and truth to point out what was best worth notice; but when they burst into turgid raptures, and began to expatiate on the *sublime* and *beautiful*, he looked for all the world as you may suppose Mr Burchell in the Vicar of Wakefield, when the fine ladies entered on 'Shakespeare, taste, and the musical glasses,'—and he cried '*fudge*.'

"But you recollect something about pearls cast before swine," replied Drummond. "I am not sure if this is jealousy; but it well accounts for Mr Macalbin never, never breathing an admiring syllable of what he most admires."—Drummond tried in vain to carry Norman's eye to Monimia.—"You may be sure of that: If Norman has any pretensions or affectation, it is the affectation of hardness of feeling and indifference to what other people pretend to admire. But there is altogether a provoking quietness about him; a *piquant* indifference to all that pleases or teases ordinary mortals, which is not easily reconciled with his extreme indulgence and patient good-nature. I never could perceive Norman weary of a

story that was merely tedious, or a person who was merely insipid. Any degree of good-humoured egotism, he bears with the most edifying patience; but when affectation assumes the high tone of taste and sentiment, Norman is certainly well-bred, but, I think, not well-pleased. And yet how inconsistent we are: One summer our good Piper picked up a landscape painter from Edinburgh, who had been cast away on our moors, and brought him to the hospitality of Eleenalin. He was so pleasant and gentlemanlike, that I quaked lest he should enter loudly on the *picturesque*, and Norman look 'fudge.' But fortunately the sublime and beautiful dwelt more in his imagination than on his tongue, and the enraptured Norman followed him through bog and through brake for a whole fortnight, while at every fine point of view their eyes held such intelligent tête-à-têtes. When Norman halted, the painter looked round, sure of something worthy his observation; and when the painter stopt, Norman looked sharp to behold something an artist's eye alone could discover, and gave his companion a smile of grateful recognition, as if to say, 'Thank you; I see it for the first time now.' But, O, there was such a provoking lack of 'fine frenzy' in

their general looks and language, as nothing could atone for; till a sudden swell of enthusiasm would sweep down the icy flood-gates of their fancy, and it was seen that Norman and his frigid friend felt more than all of us."

Flora wished that the whole world should know and love the companion of her youth as he deserved to be known and loved. In Eleenalin his praise was a darling topic; and in society she expected that it might be heard with nearly equal pleasure.

"Well, the painter, before his visit was concluded, became such a favourite, that, on the last day of his stay, he was introduced into the *correi* of Brora, the loveliest recess! 'Fairies and genii hover around it!'—it is the very sanctuary of lovers! Norman never formed a pastoral wish but there he laid the scene."

The evident embarrasssment of Monimia, induced Norman to interrupt the loquacity of Flora.

"To prove that I am not that churl of my treasures, which you represent, you shall sing Captain Drummond my Highland lays, in Highland tongue, still more precious and sacred than even my favourite scenery."—Flora complied, and sung Gaelic airs, till the party

were joined by Craig-gillian and Colonel Grant.

While the General continued with his regiment, it was his practice to have a number of the younger officers at breakfast twice a-week. Norman and his pupils were always invited to these breakfasts; and the hour was improved to all present, by a rigid examination of their studies and progress. By these means, the General delicately indicated the course of study he wished all his young officers to pursue; and few were so insensible as to feel no ambitious stirring, no wish to excel, when his alluring example, and powerful influence, made the excellence to which he pointed an object of pride as well as of interest. In this regiment professional struggles took a noble direction; for every private and every officer perceived that he was valued for personal qualities, and these not merely military, but social also;—not the mere blazonry of valour, but the persevering discharge of a soldier's duty, when there is no eye to behold, and no voice to cheer, no hope to excite, and no applause to reward. As the practice of goodness held the first place in his esteem, whom all were ambitious to please, the acquirement of that knowledge, and those

talents which best befit mankind for its intelligent and really useful exertion, obtained his secondary praise.

While this intercourse lasted, Norman obtained that degree of confidence and esteem to which his character gave him the fairest title, and to which he never forfeited his claim. His companions were indeed rather captivated by the blended spirit and obligingness of his disposition, than by the more splendid and commanding qualities of his mind: they loved him on the terms which his social and kindly nature approved; and revered him for a purity in principle and conduct, which would have seemed either hypocritical or ridiculous in another, but which appeared sacred in Norman Macalbin.

"Norman," said Craig-gillian, "your friends have paid you the highest compliment men can pay to their fellow. For your single sake, they have adopted new maxims in judging conduct; and from all sweeping denunciations against the rigidly righteous, they except the evangelical purity of Macalbin. A man has small merit in daring to avow that he possesses those principles which are opposed to gross iniquity; but it requires much mental courage in a young soldier, to wear, without

a mask, those old-fashioned virtues which are at variance with custom, lightly prized by modern morality, and punished and persecuted by a pernicious ridicule. This is one of the many cases in which it is easier *to be* than *to seem*; and you have much merit in both.

While they were conversing, Hugh appeared with an important something in his face: "Out with it, Piper," cried Craig-gillian, smiling at his meaning looks, where joy struggled with a decent desire to controul the expression of unbecoming exultation.—"O, I am far from taking pride to myself, God forbid!—It is for no sake of mine I got this, but for those I come off; and for that I have good right to be proud,—and proud I am."

"I am sure if it is any thing good, you deserve it all, for your own sake, Hugh—What is it?"

"And did you not hear, and did you not ask him to make me piper to the grenadier company; but still your servant dear, to serve you night and day, and stand by you with hand and *soord*, while the life itself is in my body."

"Still my *Uncle Hugh," replied Nor-

* This epithet would perhaps be better translated kinsman. Highlanders have a kindlier and more appropriating term than

man. "But I am glad of this. The General has done you much honour, and you may honestly take pride in it; for no man ever received a favour of this kind at his hand who did not deserve it, or ever pined for a favour of any kind which he did deserve, and General —— had the power to bestow."

"God bless him! Well, dear, I'll now take ease in my conscience to be with you; for it went to my own heart to see Ellis brushing your clothes and polishing your boots, and myself for no use at all,—never being used to it, and not liking the trouble of do—doing at things that must all be done over again to-morrow morning,—more shame for me."

Norman sought to appease the remorse of Hugh, though he was sincerely happy at an appointment which removed him from his present vocation to one every way more suitable. The Piper had no skill in the arts of a gentleman's gentleman, and little veneration for their mysteries. Yet he was jealous of the superiority of Ellis, and dissatisfied with his own

uncle or aunt; and that poverty of language is not much to be regretted which obliges them to say "brother of my mother," "sister of my father," "son of my mother's brother." This looks like making the most of the ties of blood, binding them to our hearts as closely as possible.

failures and want of desire to improve, and altogether more unhappy than he had till now confessed even to himself. But now, Hugh had reached the summit of his professional ambition ; he was the first piper of what he esteemed the first Highland regiment. There was but another step ;—Hugh thought of it more in sorrow than ambition. "We have now no chief,—God forgive my repining. I am at any rate B——'s piper.

"Ah, Hugh, how naturally does high station beget high thoughts," said Craig-gillian, smiling at him. "No sooner the General's piper than you have visions of CLAN-ALBIN. But, go up stairs, and tell Mrs Monro your good news ; you know it will be kindly welcome to her ; and I see Norman wishes to write it all to Moome."—"Ay, do dear, for you know she loves me in her heart. Is she not my own father's sister ?—though she never *tould* me to my face, for fear of spoiling me." He went to find Flora ; and Norman sat down in Craig-gillian's parlour to write to Moome. Unah could indeed neither read his letters nor reply to them ; but yet he wrote to her. The Lady read these epistles, but Moome, tenacious of her rights, still placed them in her needle-case, saying, "By your

leave, Lady." And they were exhibited to all her visitors, few of whom were more learned than herself; though, with the courtesy of a court, they could inquire for her wandering friend, and, with the kindness of a cottage, sympathize in his misfortunes, or rejoice in his welfare. Norman loved to gratify the pride of her innocent affection, and to enable her to tell her admiring guests, " *I* had *this* from the young Macalbin last week,—the Lady herself had none since."

" My worthy friend, " said Norman, folding his letter, " every day extends the circle of my friends and yours, and every day convinces us that no new friends can supply the place of those who recal our earliest delights,— those who filled all our hearts when we first began to feel that we had hearts to be filled."

Hugh had now communicated to Flora his unexpected promotion. Since the arrival of Craig-gillian he had had several long conferences with her; he had told her all his adventures in Ireland and on his journey, what people had said to him, and what he had replied and intended to reply. Yet so tempered and restrained were Hugh's narratives, that though they might have tired some persons, they could have offended no one. Nor did

Hugh's friends need to shrink from the forwardness of his regard. Deference to rank was the first principle,—or, more properly, the first instinct of his nature. He was bred in a land where devotion to high station permits men to descend from the stateliness of rank, without endangering dignity. Hugh had ever thought of his young friends in a way more consonant to his own feudal notions than the place they filled in society. Now that they were entitled to his deference, it was proudly and lavishly rendered,—not certainly the terror-blent respect which the vassal pays to his lord, but rather the graceful homage the lover yields to his mistress, who flatters because he is himself deceived by the enchantments of love, and youth, and beauty, who is exalted by the very delusion which holds him in thraldom, and is submiss without being debased.

Hugh had also many questions to put to Flora, concerning the state of the *countries*, and the domestic management of Eleenalin. Like persons not often from home, he was amazed that no mighty revolutions should have taken place within the months he had been absent. Yet so seemingly inconsistent are we, that when Hugh, after an absence of

years, did revisit his country, and found many changes in cattle, and children, and dogs, and dress, and buildings, and that some persons had been born and others buried, he experienced an indefinable astonishment at the affairs of life going on without his presence or interference. This feeling is not altogether peculiar to Hugh.

"So the brood-goose would not hatch," cried Hugh, returning to his questions; "Och, bad luck to her for an ould, unnatural rogue! if I were at home I would give her one chase for it. And Moome made her *complement* of potatoe-starch, dear! Ay, this was always her time; and it served her caps the whole year round when I was in the countries. She gave myself a job at it too, when I washed my hands,—though I was awkward. And next came the pulling of the brambles for her jelly, when she would give me the scum to keep for the small childer.—God bless her! But I am taking up your hand, Mrs Major Hector, with my nonsense. However, I'll not forget it to Archy mending our hen-roost ladder:—he was always a gentle boy. So good morning, darling."—Hugh retired with more than one bow; and when Norman had read the letter to him, and taken

his directions about the brood-goose, and compliments to the lad who had mended the hen-roost ladder, it was sealed and given to Hugh to convey to the post-office.

Flora had small merit in patiently listening to Hugh's details, and in answering his inquiries. By her the most trifling trait which brought the quiet picture of domestic life vividly to recollection, was far more prized than all the second-hand prattlement of fashion and high life, with which the provincial fine ladies at the lodge, and the military loungers at Colonel Grant's, first stunned and then fatigued her vulgar ears and understanding.

CHAP. XLI.

A sudden thrill, a startling thought,
A feeling many a year forgot,
And like a dream anew recurring;
As if again, in every vein,
His mother's milk was stirring.

SOUTHEY.

MONIMIA had made every arrangement for her visit to the Craig-gillians, and the carriage was at the door, when Lady Glanville's maid entered her chamber, with a long complaint against the delighted companion of her journey, little Mary Fitzconnal. The little girl, full of frolic and spirits, and possessing a quick perception of the ridiculous, had, on several occasions, very happily exhibited to Lady Glanville that affected imitation of her personal airs and graces which her waiting-gentlewoman retailed to the country gentry and inferior domestics. Her Ladyship liked to lie at ease on her sofa, and to

be amused without effort. Her indolence made her dependent on her maid;—she felt her thraldom, without being able to shake it off, and loved the sort of petty revenge afforded by Mary's rouge, and false curls, and fine airs, and bad language. There was also that species of rivalship between the lady and her damsel, which is unhappily more common than quite consistent with dignity. Lady Glanville wore a costly shawl, and the maid exhibited on the following Sunday so exact an imitation, that the beautiful shawl was thrown aside in disgust. The damsel wore paste ear-rings, which had so brilliant a candle-light effect, that Lady Glanville actually waxed wroth, notwithstanding her constitutional good-humour,—quarrelled with her diamonds and her maid,—and might have slipt her neck from the domestic yoke, had not the latter prudently dropt her fine ear-rings, and kept her good place.

Mary had penetration enough to know that these entertainments would not gain the same admiration from Monimia which they extorted from Lady Glanville, and her absence was generally the season chosen for exhibitions. What was Monimia's surprise one day to find the little girl, flaming with rouge and glitter-

ing with pearl powder, sailing in affected state through the drawing-room, in the imitation-shawl drapery; while Lady Glanville, holding her sides with laughter, stimulated her efforts.

This was the last of Mary's scenes, and, as her severest punishment, she was forced to beg pardon of the offended Abigail; but the pardon pronounced came only from the lips. It was this damsel who now vehemently accused Mary of having endangered setting the house on fire, by carrying flaming paper up and down the nursery while at play with the young Donovans, the children of a neighbouring gentleman, who had paid her an early visit. Mary denied one part of the charge. She said she had not carried the paper up and down.—" See, then, Ma'am. See Mrs Montague, Ma'am," cried the damsel, snatching up a piece of twisted paper, which had evidently been burning, though it afforded no proof of having been carried to and fro, which Mary shrewdly remarked.—" Miss Alicia Donovan wished me to teach her to play at *Le petit bon homme vit encore*," said Mary. " I could not refuse; but, indeed, indeed, I did not endanger the house. O Mamma, I am bad enough without that!"—She

sighed with the consciousness of some unacknowledged fault,—but sighed unheeded; for Monimia, who had carelessly untwisted the paper, and listlessly glanced over a few lines of what was saved from burning, hastily started up, exclaiming, "Where got you this paper? Mary, my dear child, tell me,—oh tell me instantly."—Mary glanced at the remnant of what had been part of a newspaper. Her eyes were bowed down with the weight of guilt,—her face and bosom were dyed with the deepest blushes,—and, sinking on her knees, she clasped her hands together, exclaiming, "Punish me, Mamma;—oh, punish me as I deserve, but forgive old Judith,—she is not good, but she loves me,—she loved my poor mother!" She took from her bosom a beautiful and highly-finished miniature picture of a young lady, and laid it on Monimia's knee.

A suspicion of the most painful nature darted across the mind of Monimia. Had the child stolen this picture?—She caught the eye of the maid-servant, who bent eagerly forward with a fixed look of malignant triumph, awaiting the unfolding of the scene which was to stamp present disgrace and future suspicion on the character of her little enemy.

Monimia had sufficient presence of mind to lead the young culprit to her own chamber; and having carefully shut the door, she again began the examination. The little girl now melted into tears, knelt down, prepared to confess the whole truth, but still imploring pardon for old Judith, "who was not good, but who loved her."

"I will pardon every thing, if you will only recollect yourself, and tell me how you obtained this paper,—that in the first place."

"It was wrapped round the picture, Mamma."—"And you took it from Lady Glanville's cabinet,—tell me the whole truth, my dear child?

"Mamma!" cried the little girl, starting up, her small figure seeming to enlarge, while her cheeks burned with a deeper red, and her eye indignantly repelled the cruel suspicion she understood. Her eye dwelt for a moment on Monimia; her lip quivered, but pride held back the starting tear. Monimia could not look to her, so anxiously did she examine the half-consumed fragment; the language of her gestures was therefore unheeded, and Monimia again urged a confession.

"My own mother would not have thought

me a ——." Mary could not pronounce the infamous word. She burst into bitter tears, and turned away. Monimia, struck with an expression of misery and forlornness, as incompatible with her tender years, as natural to her present condition, folded her to her bosom, and besought her forgiveness, and kissed away her tears.—"O Mamma, my ever kind Mamma, forgive me and old Judith,—we need forgiveness."

Monimia at last learned, that old Judith was the grandmother of Leary, and of the wife of that Connor, whose hospitable cabin had so often proved a refuge to the crazed Fitzconnal and his orphan grandchild, when as mendicants they had wandered over that country, a great portion of which their ancestors had once called theirs. It appeared that this old woman, when informed of the fate of Mary by the letters of her grandson, had adopted the resolution of stealing the child from the *protestant* family by which she had been adopted. Her plan had been abetted by a priest, a devoted follower of the Fitzconnal family, who contrived to maintain a correspondence with the banished father of Mary, and who hoped to convey her abroad. The endangerment of her catholic faith was

their principal motive for conduct so extraordinary. Judith, who had nursed the grandmother of Mary, and who would have given her life to save or serve any of her race, though aged and infirm, had travelled upwards of a hundred miles on foot to accomplish this, to her, so desirable purpose.

With Father Ullic, for so was the priest named, she had contrived to see the child at a cabin in the neighbourhood of the Lodge. Mary instantly recognised the nurse and the priest, and embraced them with the impassioned joy of her warm and lively disposition. She would immediately have led them to Monimia, but this, for obvious reasons, was declined; and, after repeated entreaties, she promised to conceal the interview, and meet them again on the following day with the catholic maid-servant, who had been induced to lead Mary to the cabin where they now met.

She went a second time; it was on the evening of a great ball at Glanville Lodge. She remained long with her friends; and Father Ullic became satisfied that her present situation was highly eligible. While Monimia resided in England, Mary had lived at a Catholic boarding-school. Now she attended

prayers every Sunday morning by the orders of Monimia, and also received the religious instructions suited to her age from a priest who was tutor to the young Donovans.

Father Ullic, therefore, contented himself with giving her pious counsel; but Judith still tempted her to leave her present protectors. This was a point on which Mary never wavered; though she owned that she would be most happy to see Connor's children, and the wood of Connal. It appeared that the priest had at last forbidden such discourse, and had written a long letter to Monimia, which he gave in charge to Mary. Monimia heard, with unavailing regret, that this paper had been sacrificed by some of the little Donovans to 'le petit bon homme,' while Mary had for a moment left the nursery to see if Mrs Montague was yet risen, that she might deliver the letter. So alarmed was she at the loss of the letter, and her own culpable concealments, that up to the moment of detection she had been unable to reveal the truth.

Such was the outline of Mary's adventure. It was filled up with the devoted kindness of the priest, and the nurse;—glowing with the rich colouring of affection, which misfortune quickened; of gratitude, which misery ren-

dered more zealous and respectful.—" These Fitzconnals must have deserved attachment," thought Monimia; but small was the portion of thought she could spare from the half-burned paper.

" And this paper, my love?" said she, for the third time.

" Indeed, Mamma, it was round the picture."

" And the picture, my love?" said Monimia, earnestly examining the features of a face even more remarkable for sweetness than beauty; though, " here is beauty," was the half-suppressed exclamation of Monimia as she gazed on it.

" Is it of your mother, my love?"

" Oh no, indeed, Mamma—'tis my Papa's sister—my aunt Geraldine;—Judith told me yesterday—and often before I had been told, but I forgot, Mamma:—my poor aunt Geraldine!" Mary pressed her lip to the glass. " She was drowned, and never heard of more, among the Hebrides, Mamma. Judith has an Irish name for the Isles. It was long, long before I was born. My poor aunt was coming to Ireland from Portingale, Judith calls it—Portugal it is, Mamma." So volatile are youthful affections, that Mary laughed heart-

ily at the mistake of Judith, till her mirth was suddenly checked by observing the bloodless cheek and pale quivering lip of Monimia.

"Oh Mamma, you are ill! What shall I do?"—She sprung to the bell.

"Stay, my love; get me a little water yourself." Mary flew.—"Oh, if my surmise be just!" exclaimed Monimia, while the blood crowded back to her cheek: "If this blest paper unfold the mystery—if Norman—if this unhappy Geraldine—"

"O here, Mamma—Oh you are better," cried Mary, returning.

"Lady Glanville and two maid-servants, whom Mary had alarmed, entered the room. There is something in the sudden accidents to which human nature is liable, which all human beings must feel. Lady Glanville advanced with alacrity. Her anxious gaze preceded her steps—the selfish, languid Lady Glanville.

"That abominable ball! It has torn even your iron nerves—Drops for Mrs Montague—my own drops, Sarah."

Monimia revived without the aid of her ladyship's own drops.

"Mary has alarmed your ladyship needlessly."

"Oh not needlessly—but I am glad you are better. Your illness has done me good. I have been dying all the morning. Dear, what possible good can gentlemen obtain from being in Parliament, to compensate for those vile *popularity* Irish balls. I would not undertake another ball-night to have Charles prime minister."—The maid arrived with the drops. Monimia detested all such remedies; but her ladyship insisted, her skilful maid remonstrated, and, as the easiest mode of getting rid of importunity, she swallowed them. But not so did she yield to the entreaties of Lady Glanville, to delay her visit to the Craig-gillians.

On her way she met Norman and his pupils on horseback, going to Glanville Lodge. She waved her hand as the carriage passed him; and Mary, his fervent friend and admirer, exclaimed, "We are going to the Craig-gillians."

Happily for the impatience which Mary's information excited, Norman found that Lord Glanville had rode out, and turning his steed he reached town almost as soon as Monimia.

Colonel Grant on this morning gave a public breakfast to the officers of his regiment, and a number of ladies and gentlemen, pre-

vious to the departure of the new-married pair of Scotland; and on this occasion, the secret, which, like many other secrets, was very well known, was to be revealed, and his daughter introduced as Mrs Drummond. When Norman, an invited guest, entered the house which Craig-gillian now inhabited, he found a large party assembled, and the Colonel fretting at the absence of his family.

"Take the trouble to tell them how foolish we look here," said he to Norman. "You will find them in *divan* somewhere above stairs."

Craig-gillian and Flora, Monimia, Drummond and his bride, were accordingly found in secret conference, some of them dressed, others in dishabille, but each exactly in the state he had been found when Monimia entered the house.

"I hope I don't intrude," said Norman, delivering his message.

"How insufferable to be tormented with people when one's whole soul is absent and occupied," said Drummond, running out.—"I'll be back in a minute with Leary, if he is above ground."

"As this is the most interested man, ladies, we had best tell him the whole truth at once,"

said Craig-gillian.—" Sit down, Macalbin, and read this. We, your friends, imagine it may providentially——" But the faculties of Norman were already rivetted on the torn fragment. Craig-gillian saw that he was unheeded, and the ladies retired unperceived. Norman raised his meaning eyes for an instant to the face of Monro, who bent over him; and again in breathless haste, and with increasing agitation, fell to perusing the paper. This finished, he drew his breath with a long, deep sigh, laid it on his knee, snatched it up, and again looked inquiringly in the face of Craig-gillian.

" My dear friend," said Craig-gillian, " we have every reason to believe that this paper must refer to your unfortunate mother. We know, or at least guess, who that Lady was.—Hear me patiently. Mrs Montague, with quickness and sagacity which seems more like inspiration than human sagacity, has supplied, to my satisfaction, most of what is burned."—Craig-gillian then read the paper, with the additions of Monimia. Its import was as follows:—A lady, near the period of her confinement, had sailed in a vessel bound from Lisbon to Waterford, which, by the violence of the equinoctial gales, had been driven from

its course, and wrecked on a small cluster of uninhabited islands, or rather rocks, of the Hebrides. All the crew perished, with the exception of one man, whom his companions had abandoned, as he was sunk in intoxication when they attempted to make their escape in the boat. They had also left the lady to the fate from which it appeared that she had been almost miraculously preserved. The boat, in which the crew took refuge, was swallowed up by the impetuous surge; and the storm suddenly abating, the wreck, some hours afterwards, had drifted gently to a smooth sandy beach, carrying forward this helpless woman and her unconscious companion.

It appeared farther, that this brutal ruffian, on recovering his senses, after rifling her of some money and trinkets that were about her person, had left the island in a small boat attached to the wreck; and that she, whom the waves had spared, had again been given up to a more horrible death. Some years had elapsed before this man, in the remorseful agonies which preceded a shameful death, revealed the truth, which, by the humanity of the clergyman who attended him, was communicated to the friends of the lady. A diligent

search had immediately been instituted, but no farther intelligence was gained. The inhabitants of the island next to that on which she had been left, could find no trace of any female, dead or alive, in the place described. The paper concluded with the pathetic appeal of a husband, imploring, for the love of God and of man, any intelligence of his wife or her child; if she had lived to bear a child; and promising to reward such information with the half of his fortune. It was impossible to ascertain the date of the newspaper, the place of its publication, or indeed the date of any circumstance, except the time of the shipwreck, and that nearly corresponded with the birth of Norman. It was equally difficult to make out the names of the cities, and the individuals to whom reference was given. Norman fancied he could read what had been Paris; and Monimia positively affirmed, that she had read in the burnt fragment, now, spite of her, mouldered into ashes, "Don Ignacio du Rocha, Lisbon."

Such was the information gained by the paper.—"And now, my dear friend, I must tell you the reason we have to believe that your mother, for this was your mother, was of the family of Fitzconnal."—Craig-gillian re-

lated what Mary had told of her aunt Geraldine, and he produced the picture. Norman gazed on it with feelings, thrilling, powerful, indescribable. In the confused yet delightful emotions of the moment, it seemed to him as if, in some former pure, and happy, and faintly remembered state of being, he had known and loved his mother.—"My mother! my mother!" was all he uttered, and laid his head on Craig-gillian's shoulder. This suppressed gush of natural tenderness was soon complicated with other feelings. He half-raised his head; and, while a glow of pride and delicacy brightened his face, whispered to Craig-gillian, "I am a child of misfortune, but not—no, thank God! not of shame."

Another half hour was spent in conversation. Craig-gillian wished immediately to beg General —— to write to Lisbon to the English ambassador, concerning Don Ignacio du Rocha. That capital was in some confusion; but if information could be obtained, this was the best channel. Meanwhile Drummond had gone in search of Leary, who, it was thought, must know who had been the husband of Geraldine Fitzconnal; and, lastly, Monimia was already writing to Lady Augusta, while Flora re-examined the Piper on the

circumstances attending the death of Norman's mother, as if she expected to hear something new.

Drummond now returned without finding Leary; and, after a race of half an hour, recollected that he had himself given Paddy permission to go with his wife to a * *patron* the evening before, which was held in an adjacent village. Having despatched a soldier for Leary, he at length listened to the angry messages of Colonel Grant, and joined the breakfast party with his bride. As the General was there, Craig-gillian also went, and Monimia followed. Flora, whose feelings had never learned to bend to ceremony, shut herself up with Norman, the Piper, and Mary Fitzconnal, whom Norman now folded in his arms, whispering to himself in Gaelic, "Daughter of my mother's brother."

Hugh hardly knew whether or not to rejoice at the late discovery; for there was no hint, no mention of *Clan-Albin.*—"Should he not be a Macalbin after all!" thought Hugh. This was a supposition which disturbed all his associations, and visionary hopes; and Hugh, who loved to set his feelings at ease, dismissed it as often as it recurred.

* A dance on a saint's day.

Drummond had obtained his uncle's permission to delay his journey till next morning. As soon, therefore, as civility sanctioned his departure, he left his party; and finding that Leary was not yet arrived, proposed to Norman to go again in search of him. They went out together.—"Leary and I have lately had a small difference," said Norman: "Yet he is so good-hearted a creature, that if we give him any hint of our wish to ascertain or establish a particular fact, I know he will, in spite of himself, stretch the point any way that may suit our theory. Don't you think, therefore, that it will be better to set him a-talking, and hear what he says?"

"Sift him in any way you please; yet in so plain and simple a thing as a name, one might trust Paddy—but hark!" They stood behind a ruinous wall, and heard the voice of the man they wanted pronouncing at intervals, '*Hades* for a naggin of potsheen—*Harps* for a mass for Bourke. *Hades* has it, and I am *plased* any way."

"Aye, the *potsheen* against a mass at any time," said Drummond advancing.

"Och, is it your honours?" said Leary, picking up the tenpenny he had been tossing up. Drummond enquired why he was not

at the *patron;* and Leary said, "he had fallen in with some Connaught people, who had been taking the harvest in England, and an ould grandmother of his own."—"And where is she?" said Norman, "Where shall we find her?"

Leary's face blushed. "Sure the ould Jezebel did not *stale* the child, after all? By the bridle—and if she did, I'll disown her this moment, my grandmother as she is."

Norman informed him that there was no child stolen. They merely wanted to learn as much as possible of the history of Miss Fitzconnal's family and relations, and wished to apply to his grandmother as the person best informed in these particulars. As she had returned home, they now applied to him. Leary assured him he should have the whole truth he knew, "not the less for turning him off from the young gentlemen, and hiring Ellis."

"How is this?" said Drummond.

"Did your Honour not hear? how he gave Dora half a guinea every week I was *wid* 'em, for *taaching* the young lords the exercise, and forgave me all the confounded lies I tould at your honour's marriage, after fair warning. Rap as I am, I'll do him justice, now the heat

is off me. 'Leary,' says he, 'I cannot permit a liar to come near these young gentlemen—a gentleman must wash out with his own blood, or the blood of another, the bare suspicion of so odious a vice.'—But, after all that, I must, in the devil's name, be talking and joking to make 'em laugh, and acting Brian Baru and the like, as I *seen* in the *treater*; so I was packed off for my cleverness, and Ellis the Englishman taken, who tells no lies, nor much truth neither, as he seldom says any thing good or bad."

Drummond would willingly have listened to any excuse Leary could have offered for his improper practices; and he even endeavoured to save him from the darkest part of the charge.

"Och no, I am a big liar!" said Leary, earnestly. "More shame for me. 'It is unworthy of a brave man,' said his honour to me. 'It is the vice of a coward and a slave: conquer this disgraceful habit, which compels me to part with you.' All *nixt* day Dora had poor life *wid* me; but *plase* God to keep me in the right mind, I come under vows to give my own *tong-gue* a great bite every time the devil tries to get the better of me; and"—

"Don't lay your faults at the devil's door, however, interrupted Drummond, laughing: "And, big liar as you are, give us a true account of Miss Fitzconnal's family, or I'll save you the trouble of giving your tongue a great bite, by cutting a nice slice from the tip of it."

Norman, impatient for information, again led to the subject so interesting. He was aware that Leary, who talked with so much ease of his own degrading failings, was extremely nervous on one topic, namely, the Irish rebellion. The Bourkes and Fitzconnals had been deeply implicated in this affair, in all its disastrous periods; and Leary, when talking of them, which he now did with freedom and pleasure, employed the most ingenious circumlocution to avoid the words *rebel* and *rebellion*; they stuck in his throat, and he spoke "of the *troubles* in this kingdom, in which the Bourkes and Fitzconnals were *up*, with other *misfortunate* jantlemen."

"You mean they were rebels?" said Drummond. Leary cleared his throat. "Ay, that is the word *wid* your honours—you not being *rale* Irish born, though well *desarving*. But had *we*, that is, they, got the upper hand of the Orangemen, they would have been *rubbles*

then. I see your honours *is sinsible.* They were *misfortunate craturs.*"—Leary sighed very heavily.

"And Bourke's mother was a Fitzconnal you say?" said Drummond.—"Aye, your honour, the eldest of the ladies; the younger, Miss Geraldine, married in foreign parts."

"And what was her husband?"

"An officer and jantleman of great *fortin*, as well became her."—"His name?"—"Then I can't say, though sure I did hear from my grandmother;—and was not I a slip of a boy about Bourke's, when she was *expicted* home to ly-in in the kingdom; so her son or daughter would have been an Irishman any way, though his honour the father was French."

"French—are you sure he was of France—the husband of that lady?"—"I could take the sacrament on that; he was either French, or Spanish, and *sarved* the French king, at any rate, in America, and there got acquaint *wid* the then Fitzconnal, and saved his life. I *remimber*, like a *drame*, the young lady Geraldine setting off all speed to foreign parts to nurse her father: God bless him, many sad day did he see after that—So the *nixt* we heard was this great jantleman fallen in love *wid* her at first look, and marrying her—and

then, as God would have it, *troubles* came on them kingdoms abroad; and returning home to lie-in, she was drowned, with a whole cargo of wine, coming to Bourke: more's the pity he missed it—for devil a padlock was ever on his cellar-door. I was about him always then, for we were all the whole generation his followers—rubbing a knife, or looking after a horse, or the like, to pass the time—a *half-long* boy, and so was Phelim, as we call him. But that was another day with him,—great and small at his nod; and he, plase God, heir to all. Well, the Government did not get much after all.—Ould Bourke had the spirit of a prince—God bless him!—*rale* ould family blood, both sides. He left myself and all of us handsome legacies.—Bad luck to his enemies from cabin to castle!"

"And where the deuce is your legacy?" said Drummond, laughing.

"Sure your honour does not think I got it," said Leary. "Devil a *fippenny* had *he* to bless him *wid*;—but it shewed his good will—God rest him!"

"This was a real Irish legacy," said Drummond, laughing again, though Leary could not see the spirit of the jest.—"And you can-

not remember the name of Miss Geraldine Fitzconnal's husband?"

"No, I fear,—it is so long since I heard it;—had your honour spoke the other day when Father Ullic was here, sure he knows."

"Where,—who is Father Ullic?" cried Norman.—"The priest, sure, that *edicate* Phelim; for clever as he was, it did not come all the *natral* way. The priest was a follower of the Fitzconnal family, who had borne his charges abroad, before Maynooth was in the kingdom, and he would have gone through fire and water to *sarve* them. But Phelim would not be controlled,—fell in love wid a shister of my own,—bad luck to her black eyes! And *instade* of going abroad to *sarve* the *Imperor*, like a *jantleman* as he is, was,—God rest him!—listed at seventeen, not to quit her and the kingdom; and so I took on after him for company, but, by good luck, *mistuck* the corps. Well,—your honours knows that Phelim Bourke was a *gay fellow*."* Leary sighed again. And Norman thought of Bourke, the son of his mother's sister, with new feelings,—he could not think of him with warmer

* Brave and generous:—qualities which, with the lower orders of the Irish, cover a multitude of sins.

interest than that which his high spirit and luckless fortune had already inspired.

"I have given my tongue a holiday, any way," said Leary, moving to go away.

"Aye, that you have,—and never a bite, eh?"—"Sorrow one," said Leary, laughing. "I was upon honour now."

"But Father Ullic?" said Norman.—"Och aye,—sure he sails from Cork as yesterday fell, for abroad; where he will see Fitzconnal,—and so meant to *stale* the little Miss, as my grandmother tould me in a secret,—but finding her in the good hands of a *rale* Irish-born lady,—"

"How unlucky!" interrupted Norman.—"Would it not be possible to overtake him?" Leary perceived that this was earnestly wished, and accordingly asserted that it might easily be accomplished. Commanding him to be in the way when wanted, the gentlemen returned to their friends, and held another consultation.

And here, it was unanimously resolved, that Norman, accompanied by Leary, should immediately set out for Cork, in search of the priest. If he was already gone, they were next to visit Fitzconnal's-town, and examine the persons best acquainted with the connexions

of the luckless family of the more luckless Geraldine.

The mail-coach was to pass through the town in a couple of hours. Notice was sent to Leary, who, having obtained his Colonel's permission, in ten minutes came to Norman's lodgings, to see "if he could *not* be of *sarvice?*" But Ellis had already packed Norman's portmanteau; while poor Hugh, with a feeling of jealousy and alarm, looked on in silence, sighing from time to time, displeased with himself, because he could not sympathize in the alacrity of Norman's humble friends, nor in the joy of Norman.—"He never was happy, and I did not feel it," thought Hugh. "Shame on me!"

Norman was engaged in writing a card at this time; but he could still perceive the course of Hugh's feelings. He therefore called him aside, and began to talk to him, in Gaelic, on the late occurrences, in his usual confidential tone,—for he wished that Hugh should share his joy,—calling him by the familiar appellation of "Uncle Hugh," and taking his hand in kindness, as he bade him farewell.—"Yes, dear, that did very well before," said Hugh, in a quivering and suppressed voice,—averting his moist eyes, and shyly

and with gentle violence, drawing back his hand.—" My uncle Hugh !" said Norman, grasping the reluctant hand : " My best, my oldest friend !"—He looked earnestly in his face, and Hugh, in a convulsed voice, blurted out, " But if you are no Macalbin, after all, dear ?"

" If not born, I am at least bred a Macalbin. If not in blood, in heart."—" Yes ! yes ! you are, darling. God forgive me, for I know there is something bad in my own heart, or I would be happy too."—For a little while, Hugh was comforted by Norman's assurances ; but when he saw him seated in the mail-coach, and heard Leary, when placed on the top of the same vehicle, give a loud cheer as it drove off, all his unhappiness returned, and he earnestly wished to be in Eleenalin, that Moome, who alone could share, might soothe his moody griefs.

Meanwhile Norman reached Cork, only to find that Father Ullic had sailed some hours before for Gijon in Spain. For this there was no remedy save patience. He ordered a post-chaise, and, after a few hours of rest, taken more for the sake of Leary than himself, set out for the melancholy and nearly deserted village which bore the name of Fitzconnal.

With all the speed he could urge, it was the afternoon of the second day before he arrived at the brow of a gentle slope, which sheltered the village.—“ That's it, your honour!” said Leary, looking back on Norman, from a place where he had perched himself beside the postillion, for the sake of conversation. “ Is it not an *elegint* bit of a place now; and yonder *forenent* us the *ould* castle and Sli'gorm; and just at the open, a peep of the sea; and yonder,—sure you see,—over again the mass-house, my grandmother's cabin; and there, just by the heap of turf, my uncle Macguire's; and—sure your honour *obsarves* a bundle of clouts in the broken window, just where the pig is chasing the turkey.” Norman saw at his feet a picturesque village, sheltered by the declivity which the carriage descended. A rich bottom of tolerably well-wooded land stretched out from right to left, through which flowed a small river; the sea shot up in a narrow bay to meet its course. The hill of Sli'gorm, crowned by naked precipitous cliffs of blue granite, from which it derived its name, and the ancient residence of the family, gave a finish to the scene. Norman would willingly have contemplated, at his leisure, the abode of his maternal ances-

tors,—the estranged property of the unhappy old man, who, beside the ashes of his more unhappy child, had, in Eleenalin, found the repose of the wretched,—the rest of the weary. This purpose was, however, quite incompatible with the pride of Leary, who, ambitious of making a figure in the eyes of his townsmen, seized the reins and the whip, and set off with so furious a career, that Norman was compelled to arrest his progress, and remonstrate against the impropriety of driving so impetuously down a steep and rugged path. Leary's mode of driving was a stand and a gallop. He now halted, and looked back, saying, "Sure if *we* don't make a bit of a dash down on 'em, they 'll never take *us* for quality."—Taking it for granted that Norman could offer nothing against so cogent a reason, he tightened the reins, plied the whip,—and exclaiming, "Whoop, jolly horses!—wag, *Potsheen*, you little rogue!"—again set off, neck or nothing. And so it proved. On crossing a small, flat bridge, laid over a mill-course, one wheel flew off, and the boastful driver was thrown into the water. Norman and the postillion escaped unhurt; and Leary himself, though well ducked, received no material injury in pride or person. He soon ex-

tricated himself; and giving the broken wheel a revengeful kick, said, "Sorrow be on you, thief; if you had not given way, we would have come down in elegant style!"

Among the other grandeur of Fitzconnal's town, Norman had often heard Leary mention the inn. He requested to be shewn to it in the first place; and the mob of men, women, beggars, children, and dogs, which the sight of the carriage had attracted, moved forward, as if by general consent, or what Drummond would have called the social compact, to a dismantled house, where Norman saw the characteristic sign of a tea-cup and saucer, surmounted by a knife and fork, crossed over each other, and read below, "*Good dry lodgings, with a half bed to let.*"—He looked round to Leary.—"Poh, that is all in my eye!" said Leary, glancing his eye on the sign, "you need not want a drop of wine itself, even."

Norman seated himself in a wretched parlour, which certainly had no "nicely sanded floor," nor "varnished clock," nor indeed any thing, either for ornament or use, except a long settle on each side of a table, daubed with the relics of many a stale debauch. He exhorted Leary to dry his clothes, and remind-

ed him of the purpose of their journey, which the latter seemed to have forgotten in the bustle of the universal felicitation which assailed him from all quarters.

Screened behind the broken and dirty window, Norman was for sometime considerably amused at the mystery affected by Paddy Leary, for the purpose of magnifying his own consequence, and that of the gentleman he attended, and the occasional sauciness and pretended forgetfulness with which he dealt out his notices, or enhanced their value, to those who pressed forward for recognition, as he stood by the door of the inn ; ever and anon turning round to the landlady, and calling out, " Arrah, will you stir yourself,—do you know the guest you have, good woman ?"

" O curse your good woman," replied the offended landlady. " Sure as if you did not know my name?—many is the good *cut* of bread I *give* you, saucy gentleman."

" By St. Patrick ? sure it's not possible," cried Leary, affecting slow returning recollection. " Mrs Farrel ! Then didn't I *expict* to find you an *ould* woman."

The appeased landlady took the proffered hand of Leary. " A good high red in a lady's face for my money, for it is always improv-

ing," said he, winking to the by-standers. "Pray now, how much might the painting it cost your jantleman?"

Leary's kindred, a formidable train, were now crowding round him, all claiming "the best right to him;" equally eager to give him welcome, and to learn the business of the stranger at Fitzconnal's town.

"Is it soldiers he wants?"—"Sorrow one but my own grandmother," said Leary.

"Then sure he has a message to St. Peter," said one, "for that's the road she is taking, poor soul."—Leary looked aghast.

"And did nobody tell you, cousin dear?" said one of his female relatives. "Sure the journey she made up, kilt her, but we got the poticary."

Norman now stept to the door, and found that disappointment again awaited him. Fatigue and privation of every kind, on a journey so unsuitable to her age, had thrown poor Judy Leary into a pleuritic fever. She was not dead though reported *kilt*; but the apothecary whom Norman sent for, gave very slender hopes of recovery. "She had got first a *could*, and then a heat, and then a *could*," her female friends said,— "and was now *delirious*."

To be brief, Norman waited the crisis of her disorder. It proved fatal,—and, with her, expired his hopes of hearing at this time the name or country of a parent, who might probably be still alive to claim his duty, and reward his tenderness;—for the numerous descendants of Judy, though each knew every thing connected with the Fitzconnal family, when cross-examined, were found to know nothing he wished to ascertain.

Leaving Paddy Leary to empty *naggins* in honour of Judy Leary—and to join in the dismal howl raised by 134 children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, who followed her to the grave,—Norman returned to head-quarters, as wise as when he set out.

The first person he met was Hugh, who had been watching every carriage that entered the town for three days past.

"Well, darling?"—"I have heard nothing." Hugh's heart beat lighter. "God's will be done," said he,—perfectly resigned to hear no more of an ancestry for Norman unconnected with Clan-Albin.

Having first visited his pupils, Norman went to the house of Colonel Grant, which was now entirely occupied by Craig-gillian; the Colonel having gone to London, and his

son-in-law and daughter to the Highlands of Scotland.

On the same evening, General —— wrote to the English ambassador at Lisbon, and also to a friend he had in that city He likewise offered to make every possible inquiry, the moment he went to London to attend the meeting of Parliament, among those French emigrant noblemen who must have been in the service at the time alluded to by Leary and all his friends, when the husband of Geraldine had saved the life of her father. In concert with his friends, Norman likewise adopted the obvious expedient of putting advertisements into several English newspapers, and into as many of the foreign ones as the long arms of gold could reach. For this purpose he gladly accepted the pecuniary aid of Craig-gillian.

Having now done all that was possible, Macalbin waited the event with placid resignation,—a virtue which for the next ten days he found by no means difficult; for Monimia, seated at the chimney-corner of Craig-gillian's parlour, at each returning evening rewarded with her softest smile the sedentary toil, or active employments, of a busy, and therefore cheerful day. Though Monimia was

to him at all times an object of supreme delight, when seen in wider circles, a sense of their contrasted fortunes, of what he *was*, and what, but for his love, she might be, created a vague feeling of regret for the very success which formed his felicity. This feeling might not be quite reasonable, but it was neither unnatural nor ungenerous. In Craiggillian's temporary home, however, there was no place for factious distinctions,—no leisure for annoying recollections. In the mixed parties in which Norman had lately seen her, she seemed cold,—estranged,—indifferent, though gay,—and animated more by the force of her own active mind, than the interest she felt, or could feel, in the persons and scenes around her: discharging the duties and courtesies of life with strict and graceful observance of time, place, and person, but seldom stepping beyond them. But to the little domestic parties of those fleeting and long-remembered evenings, she brought all her heart and high-toned affections;—an enthusiasm perpetually *felt*, but seldom *seen*, often betrayed, but never exhibited;—so strong a wish to animate the bliss she shared;—so much of that touching and evanescent *charm*, with which the desire of pleasing, where she

loves unconsciously, inspires the ductile imagination of a cultivated woman,—that Macalbin again, and in rapture, saw, felt, the lovely *naive*, bewitching Monimia of Eleenalin, prized so far beyond the elegant and apparently indifferent Mrs Montague, who formed the attraction and grace of Lord Glanville's circle.

"Monimia," said Flora one evening, before the gentlemen had joined them, "if you were not the most magnanimously honest of all young ladies, I would think you a little bit of a hypocrite."

"A hypocrite!—I a hypocrite?—and why so?—you astonish me."

"I'm sure I would give any body nine guesses, who sees you in the frigid zone of these long, large, and lofty rooms you are forced to frequent in town, before they found out what a warm, quick-beating, little heart lurks here."

"Is that my hypocrisy?—No, no, Finagalla, those who have hearts,—and many fashionables have hearts, or at least fragments of them,—will easily find out mine, provided they are interested in the discovery. I forgive them and myself for having no heart for heartless occasions:—After all few people want hearts; but there is indeed a miserable

deficiency in the world, and out of it, of that principled goodness which stamps on the glowing impulse of the heart stability and value."

Flora seemed occupied with her own reflections. On the discovery of Norman's family, she had indulged the most extravagant hopes and the wildest joy. "Fortune,—great fortune no doubt,—a father so proud, and so happy to acknowledge such a son,—perhaps a Macalbin;—but at all events amiable,—Norman's father cannot be otherwise."—"Why, Flora?" said Hector, smiling at the unresisted enthusiasm of a mind still fresh and artless, and unreproved of chilling experience.

"Is he not Norman's father? The simple question!—Lord Glanville could *then*, I presume, urge no objection;—that soft tie was formed when no relation thought of her: Not quite ratified, I grant you. When this rich, good father is found, they will marry in the first place,—bribe Gordon with any money to sell Glen-Albin;—at any rate, they can fix in Eleenalin. This in summer, Edinburgh in winter, and a good new road opened to Glen-gillian. We shall all be so happy."

"Softly, my Finagalla," said Hector, "we must really have a little check-string fixed to

your fancy. It is but too probable that the father of our friend no longer survives. The fortunes he might possess will of course have passed to relatives from whom it may neither be very easy, nor very gracious to reclaim them."

"You could remedy all that," said Flora. In her eyes Craig-gillian was all-powerful,—by far the greatest, as well as the best and most beloved of men. In the country where all her notions of power had been formed, Sir Archibald Gordon was a great proprietor, but a man of small influence—according to the calculations of Flora:—he had few tenants, and no friends;—Craig-gillian reigned in every heart; no wish was formed that he could not gratify; no project that he could not accomplish,—he was the law and the prophet; and this Craig-gillian, so loved, and therefore so powerful, was *hers*. "You can easily remedy all that for us," said she, with implicit and happy confidence, and regarding her fanciful arrangement as a fixed thing.

"I have no interest in destroying your belief of my infallibility," replied Craig-gillian, smiling at that perfect dependence on his powers and talents that so singularly contrasted with her acuteness of observation on

other matters. "At least you may believe, that no effort shall ever be wanting on my part for our Macalbin and his Monimia."

"Ah! well now, I knew that," said Flora, in her voice of caressing intreaty. "Then should this fail, or not ripen as we wish, join forces with ours, and—"

"O, you are going back to the chapter of Brora.—Then I'm off; deeming it safer to fly than resist."

It was this chapter that engaged the attention of Flora, while Monimia repelled the charge of hypocrisy. In a few days she must leave Ireland; Monimia would probably soon follow; and in the meantime the intercourse of the lovers must be suspended.

Macalbin knew that his present joyous evenings could not endure for ever,—knew and felt it,—so did Monimia; but Flora spoke as well as felt. Starting from her reverie, she exclaimed: "Monimia, place your feet on the fender, as we do in a friend's house!" She was answered by smiling obedience; and giving the fire a rousing stir, snuffing the candles that burnt on the chimney-piece, sweeping up the hearth, and drawing forward the empty chairs of Norman and Craig-gillian, and making round the cheerful hearth a circle as nar-

row and warm as possible, she sat down with an air of satisfaction and a face of business.

"Now, Monimia, for plans and projects: You know we have still a few minutes, and but a very few days. Speak, for I am content to listen, though I have much to say of men and measures; you shall not want the aid of *matronly* counsel."

"And what shall I say, Flora?"

"Say,—why say,—'No, the Lady shall not wear out the few lingering years heaven may spare her to us, in cold withering solitude; Nor shall Macalbin fight his way through the world and the French, with the chance of some ugly scars, if not worse, and the certainty of nothing more useful or embellishing than a shabby single epaulet.'"

"And count you as nothing the tried merit, the honour, the courage that won that epaulet, and deserved more,"—would Flora reply," said Monimia, smiling,—"never to be discovered in the solitudes of Brora."

"Though existing there," cried Flora eagerly: "Ah, there, my dear, I have you!"

"*Latent*, perhaps," replied Monimia, smiling—"like the good qualities you discover in persons who have no visible excellence. Unfortunately we cannot find out *latent* fine qua-

lities, nor spell-bound talents. Act, that I may know you."

Flora looked very grave. "Then you wish Norman to prosecute this perilous profession?"

"That he must decide,—I cannot, will not say, that I shall be indifferent to his decision. Oh, my dear friend, you who ought to strengthen, do not enfeeble my mind, already seduced by its own tenderness!"

"This is my own Monimia!" said Flora, embracing her.—"I think I know how *he* will decide; how, if he loves, could he do otherwise! and that, Monimia, is no question. You must respect the opinion of Craig-gillian; not the son, but the father;—the junior, I am afraid, has a little lurking ambition. I can pardon it in a man, but never, never in you, Monimia! On this point my opinion is that of my father-in-law; you may smile, Monimia,—but, ah! could you now drive poor Norman from hope and home, without mercy?"

"In wisdom, and in mercy, not *I*, but duty would send him, not from hope, heaven forbid, but from *home*, my dear Flora. I have heard the Lady say,—now this is authority against authority,—'The time approaches when he must join his fellow men,

measure himself with them, and learn the ground he occupies,—struggle for distinction, honourable pre-eminence;—and, in this invigorating exercise, establish his title to the superiority we claim for him, or sink to his natural level.' "

"That is, prove himself the full head above every body else," said Flora, in a *pouting* tone,—"which none that sees him can doubt. Now, Monimia, is there not a little, a very little pride here?—Who, that knows Norman, can doubt of his natural superiority."

"I hope that on such a subject we shall never be without pride,—great pride,—'affection's triumph,'—you and the Lady, and—"

"And yourself," said Flora, slily finishing the broken sentence.—"I could be so proud of him at home, though; and so happy too." She folded her arms on her bosom, and adjusted herself with an air of quiet satisfaction.

"Can you wish that Macalbin should feel, that your friend should inspire, that boyish, fantastic, puling passion, which grasps at fleeting enjoyment, mocking the good which wisdom bosoms ever," cried Monimia, warmly;—"the far-stretching, sober, certain happiness which time must bring us, if we deserve it, and which *hope* already bestows. If it were

permitted me to live with the Lady, I have no *present* wish unaccomplished, but this, which I must ever earnestly desire, for her sake and my own."

"Is it then possible, Monimia!—but why should I ask? You would not then fear that dull round the *fine* people describe with such horror,—to-morrow—and every morrow like its sullen brother, yesterday."—"Surely not, Flora; for that sullen yesterday would to me be most happy, spent in the home whither my heart, and, I trust, my duty, will one day lead me; where all I loved is beloved, all I value is prized, in a succession of cherished duties and tranquil pleasures; and all enlivened with the hope often repeated, the promise often renewed, of a yet brighter day to me and mine, and those we love. Flora, I have unwisely revealed my wish on this point, although I know it to be idle."

"And why, why Monimia?—Wherefore not return with us to Eleenalin, to Craig-gillian, to your poor Highlanders, where a hundred hearts would leap with joy at your approach; each of more real worth than the entire sweep of any rout you will witness this season?"

"My uncle," said Monimia,—"propriety. —In short, it is impossible. Can I, ought I,

forcibly to withdraw myself from the protection of my nearest relations, while they almost command my stay?"

"O then, my dearest Monimia!" replied Flora, her eyes sparkling with earnestness, "Courage at once,—tell Lord Glanville, 'You are the Lord of *duty*; but there's my husband.'"

The eloquent blood mounted into Monimia's cheek. She spoke not; and Flora, thinking she had gained some vantage-ground, again returned to Brora.

"Flora, my dear Flora, you give me pain! Why speak of what must not at this time be even thought on? Tell me at once, on your honour—Could you have felt for Craig-gillian what you now feel, had *he*, through life, been a mere good patriarchial grazier? well-born, and essentially well-bred, and worthy, and respectable, as in all circumstances 'his father's son' must have been? Could you have felt that dignifying esteem, that proud affection for the younger Craig-gillian, which now ennobles the wife of Major Hector Monro?"

Flora's countenance was already illuminated with that irrepressible pride, which proved, if not the fallacy of her theory, at least the inconsistency of her reasoning. If other proof

had been wanting, that also was at hand. Craig-gillian entered, and, with a very grave, though affectionate manner, drew his chair between the fair friends, and, producing a large packet, said, "This from the War-office:— Don't be too proud, Flora, if, instead of a quiet farmer's wife, you are suddenly transformed into the lady of a Colonel."

"Promoted! without solicitation! Ah, then, Craig-gillian, how can I help being proud—happy! But my dear father and aunt Margaret!—must we then leave them—leave Glengillian?" She leaned her head on his shoulder, and hid the ready tear, which claimed its source as much in joy as regret—looking like the beautiful personification of an April day gleaming in brightness through a soft short shower.

A few weeks after his marriage, Monro had written for liberty to resign. His request had neither been refused nor granted:—a clerk had merely acknowledged, in the customary form, that his letter had been received; and, as he claimed no favourable terms of resignation, he concluded that the affair was as good as finished. In the meanwhile, a general officer, of very high rank and interest, and still higher merit, under whom he had

served in the Maratta war, had been most earnestly recommending him for promotion—representing his former services, and that skill in languages which had rendered him so peculiarly useful in India. The application was successful; and Craig-gillian, though many discordant feelings tamed his exultation, could not remain insensible to so honourable a testimony of esteem in his officer, and confidence in his sovereign.

Like his daughter-in-law, the first impulse of old Craig-gillian was an almost over-weening pride in the success which declared the merit of his son; but his feelings of rapture faded more quickly. He still spoke with natural triumph of "Colonel Hector," to his neighbours, and tenants, and people;—but a concluding sigh bespoke another state of feeling, smothered and painful.

There could be no doubt that the regiment to which Monro was appointed was destined for India; and he long struggled between a desire for the society of his wife, and his fears for her health and comfort amid all the chances of war and climate. But on this point the resolution of Flora was invariable. Old Craig-gillian's warmest sanction approved her fixed purpose; and Hector acquiesced.

The time now approached when it was necessary that he should go to London, and when Monimia must of course return to the Lodge. Flora had rapidly formed and dismissed many schemes of Norman joining the regiment of Hector, and Monimia as his wife accompanying them abroad. Her plan also included Hugh, and Luath—Mary Fitzconnal being left as a legacy between Glen-gillian and Eleenalin. It was not necessary that Craig-gillian should represent the wildness of her fancies on this occasion. She felt the impossibility of Norman leaving Europe in the very crisis of his fortune, at a time when Lady Augusta had suggested the impropriety of imposing the slightest fetter on his condition, and recommended that he should remain as he was, a *volunteer soldier*; though General —— offered to solicit for him the first vacant commission that occurred in his own regiment; and Colonel Grant spontaneously offered to use all his influence for the same purpose—a generosity he seldom shewed to any young man. This was in effect a promise; but Macalbin, to whom her wishes had the force of commands, requested to remain attached to this regiment at home, or to

follow it abroad, a devoted and faithful volunteer.

His improved circumstances now enabled him to follow this plan, without fear of consequences; for his salary was equal to his personal expenses, and the narrow establishment of Eleenalin. Lady Augusta had indeed returned twenty-five of the fifty pounds he had already sent home; but, with that noble confidence it was the pride of Norman to justify, she had assured him that she would feel no scruple in receiving the few indulgences necessary to her age, and to her venerable friend, from his industry.—"Yes, my beloved Macalbin," said she, in one of her letters, "I eat the bread which honourable industry has earned, and filial piety bestowed, not with thankfulness merely—but with pride and joy. Meanwhile, I do not neglect our affairs.—Craig-gillian has great hopes from poor Macdonald's activity and enterprizing temper, and I have all confidence in his probity: though we may never be rich, we will not be destitute, when time in its golden round brings us all together.

Till now he had often denied himself even the slenderest indulgence, that he might have something to bestow on 'those that needed;'

but when this rigorous system of self-denial was no longer necessary, he gradually relaxed, and often afforded himself the coveted volume; and this generally bounded his desires.

At length the day of separation arrived. Lord Glanville, wearied of Ireland, announced his intention of returning to England, as Parliament was immediately to meet, and the business of the nation could not proceed without his intervention. Craig-gillian's regiment imposed on him an equally imperious necessity. In the same hour, therefore, Monimia set off for Glanville Lodge, which she was to quit next day, and Hector and Flora for Dublin; each friend suppressing his own feelings, and bestowing that consolation on others he wanted for himself; and all exchanging the promises of faithful correspondence, which Flora rigorously exacted, and agreeing, wherever fortune might throw them, to consider Lady Augusta as a rallying point, and Eleenalin as head-quarters.

Macalbin and his constant Hugh involuntarily drew closer together, as the chaises they pursued with their eyes gradually disappeared.—“ God bless them, go where they will; and send us all to meet again in his own good

time. Amen."—Such was the prayer of the Piper, and Norman's heart repeated the *amen.*

He was now alone, thrown upon his own resources,—quartered through a long and severe winter in an Irish market-town, convulsed with the most unhappy spirit of party,—where the regiment was regarded by the *numerous caste* with mingled jealousy and hatred; by the *loyal caste*, as a sort of body-guard, which gave security to former aggressions, and impunity to all the insolence of office. He indeed escaped many of the pains and penalties annexed to such a residence, by observing that strict neutrality, which was not more in his case the dictate of prudence than the indulgence of inclination. A Scotish Highlander cannot, however, live 'without the pale' in Ireland, without feeling that he is among a kindred people, the same as his native race,—in heart, and soul, and imagination. Modified by slight differences in some points, and warped and changed by unfortunate circumstances, as the Irish have been, they are still felt to be essentially one with the Gael.—During a long residence, Norman found no time to investigate, whether St. Patrick had stepped from Carrickfergus to the port which bears his name, and peopled all

Scotland in one morning with his own hands,—or whether, according to the equally rational theory of zealous Caledonians, the Emerald Isle was peopled from the bleak north. He was wisely contented to feel himself *at home* in Ireland.

The winter wore on.—Norman indulging that hope of better times, which is common to all men, and, in the meantime, making the most of the present moment, which unhappily is not so common. Though repeated advertisements brought no intelligence, he was cheered with frequent letters from England and Scotland; and the month of January brought another comfort, for Drummond returned with his wife and Colonel Grant.

Drummond, indeed, returned with the bitter temper he usually brought from London; for he had again been disappointed in the long-expected, and, as he thought, hard-earned *majority*. He affected to treat the matter with careless lightness, and with strangers he succeeded; but a half word from Norman was sufficient to betray the genuine tone of his spirit, and draw forth a *tirade* of invective against his real or imaginary rivals.—"I did hope to see you Major at this time," said

Macalbin, sympathizing warmly in his disappointment.

"Did you?" replied Drummond, with a bitter smile.—"Fie, simpleton—What comparison between me and that second son of a tailor! I must stand by a little. Has not our hero's father made such a fortune, and built such an immense castle of clouts with his *hush-money* and *crush-money*. I dislike all the *nouveaux riches*, head, tail, and midriff; but my feeling amounts to absolute abhorrence of that despicable, non-descript, political fry, which over-run our *royal* and *loyal* boroughs,—a class of reptiles, that, without the honour of gentlemen, the probity of tradesmen, or the honesty and courage of downright highway knaves, fatten to bloatedness on the grossest corruptions that shame this great empire. Vile slaves! the meanest tools of the basest purposes; touched with loathing and turning away, even by those who are forced to employ them,—dabbling in that feculent political sink, which offends those who escape its contaminating touch, by the noisome effluvia of that "cream and mantle," where the spawn of corruption is quickened into loathsome life by the vivifying beams of ministerial favour."

"Softly, dear Drummond!" said Norman: "Is not your phillippic rather too general?"

"General let it be. I include a large class. For politicians of the higher orders, I make every allowance;—those whom principle, however mistaken, exalts, and passion and ambition excuses: But words cannot express the energy of my disgust at those cold-blooded prostitutes to existing power, to whom all are alike welcome who come with the same price;—who 'are yours and mine, and have been slaves to thousands.'"

"I protest you speak as feelingly as if some of those worshipful tailor-mayors had opposed your being made one of his majesty's faithful Commons."

"I speak feelingly, because I have seen and studied this sort of animal; because I have lived in scenes that inspired me with an intolerable sentiment,—*disgust* of baseness too low for contempt, too despicable for hatred."

"And because, because,"—said Norman, archly.

"Aye, because, because," replied Drummond, half-laughing,—"And why not? Was it not enough that they had the militia and

the marines for these gentry,—that they must thrust them on us,—over us, forsooth?"

"O ho, Mr Leveller!—like all your brethren, you would level downwards, lower every thing, but raise nothing."

"Neither one nor other.—I am of the old court,—give me *power* enough to compass my purposes,—for I dread and hate corrupt and corrupting *influence*. You know nothing of these people. In this country, we have, to be sure, the *excluding* loyal,—and at every turn, the existence of an odious compact glares upon us. But here the political scavengers are open, bold-faced scoundrels;—now in Great Britain, we have them 'yea forsooth knaves' who go to church and pretend to conscience,—who try to identify themselves with the men to whom their abjectness ministers, and think the whole strength of government bound to resent the petty quarrel they have with those who see their sordid baseness without pretending to have their eyes shut. Like the priests of former times, who called on heaven to avenge them on those whose temerity exposed their pious frauds, and held them up to detection and ridicule."

"In short, now, you are not major."

"Briefly, I am not major;—it seems the

thing was impossible ;—my father could not 'strengthen the hands of Government,' so Government could not at this time, I presume, afford to adorn my shoulders. The fact is, they are, I believe, half worried with those sharks.—So, patience."

Very few days passed, however, before Drummond forgot his mortification and its source, and thought more of the quarrels of the rival *roses* and *shamrocks*,—the English and Irish ladies in the town,—than of all the majors, and aldermen, and agents, between Land's End and John O'Groats, Cape Clear and Giant's Causeway. But, besides the rivalry of these ladies, he had another favourite amusement in the matrimonial squabbles of Pat and Mrs Leary,—the latter appealing in all disputed cases to Mrs Drummond, and the former to Macalbin or himself :—Judgment never failed to go against poor Paddy, though Norman had sometimes a shrewd suspicion that the lady was as much in the wrong. These contests were rather on points of honour than of right, and each party seemed to claim the privilege of complaint, and, at the same time, of joining with the offender in a warm defence, if the judge appeared at all disposed to severity.—" Sure there was

not an honester man than Pat Leary in his honour's company, or a better husband,—though forgetting himself betimes."—"And, och, don't say one word, your honour, of little Dora; I never deserved the likes of her, and that's the truth."

"Blockhead!" would Drummond cry: "Did you not come here to complain of her?"

"Troth, and I did,—but a prettier cratur, barring her warm word—Did you but see her yesterday, dressed out to the life, as fine as the Lady Lieutenant, in an ould cast gown of the lady's, as good as new;—faith, its a shame to see her any other than a serjeant's lady, at *laste*, the night before the morrow."

"Is it so?—well, march off, and let me hear no more complaints," said Drummond, laughing at his shrewdness. "What ye think of such a candidate for the dignity of the halberd, Mr Macalbin?"

Norman loved Leary better than many a better man; but he could not, on the present occasion, say much in his favour;—he only shook his head,—and Leary's conscience sent the blood to his face.

"I hope, Leary," said Captain Drummond, "you have not forgot your vow, to make the teeth check the tongue. After all, Macalbin,

according to Paley's definition, Leary is no liar; for nobody expects to hear the truth from him." Leary was become more sensitive on this point within the last four months; he again reddened, and cast a stealing glance at Norman.

"I must do Leary the justice to say, that I cannot impute to him even the shadow of any impropriety of this degrading sort."

"Indeed!" cried Drummond.

"Then, God bless you, and surely he will, for that is the true jantleman's spirit spoke there;—now, say of me what you will, I desarve it all;—on the other score, though—but I'll not say it,—the Piper misled me as much as I did him,—or his pipe at *laste*."

Leary withdrew, again exclaiming, "The pipe it was, and no other soul sure."

Macalbin thought Mrs Leary was disposed to overlook faults of great magnitude, while she took fire at very trifling matters: For instance, the almost daily visits which Leary paid to a neighbouring alehouse, though they made terrible havoc among the tenpennies Dora earned by her talent for 'smoothing fine linen,' were never resented—though repeated complaints were lodged for the crime of speaking to a man from Fitzconnal's town,

whose wife had somehow affronted her. Norman had not minded these deviations much, till Hugh's festive and social disposition betrayed him into a connexion with Leary, more remarkable for warmth than prudence or temperance. The Piper was generally grave and shy with strangers; but Leary had contrived to gain his good-will. Hugh had always lived in the bosom of society; and his imagination was much more *couleur de rose* than that of the solitary mountain shepherd, whose life is spent in the contemplation of awful and wild scenes of extended loneliness—while his mind, from boyhood to old age, is wrapped in pensive musings on the various fantastic combinations of the 'mythology of mist.' The Piper's tone of mind was gayer than that of the most of his countrymen; and as he could not obtain the company of Moome, or those skilled in the visions and visionary genealogies of Clan-Albin, he naturally indulged himself with the best substitute circumstances threw into his way, namely, Pat Leary.

In a suburb of the town, there was a little *snack-house*, kept by an old soldier, the signboard of which exhibited a lusty, ruddy St. Patrick, in one hand grasping a bunch of shamrock, while the other was extended with

an air of courteous welcome, which Hugh and Leary could not resist; or, had opposition been thought of, the distich, over which stood the jolly-looking saint, rendered it impossible:

> '*Ye sons of Erin step in here,*
> '*And cheer your hearts with Paddy's beer.*'

was invitation irresistible.

"And sure we will—Long life to you," was the oft-repeated exclamation of Pat; while Hugh tuned his pipe, and regaled his Irish friends with 'Carolan's receipt for drinking whiskey,' which he had learned in the Highlands from a wandering harper.

Very animated discussions took place at these meetings.—Scotch potatoes against those of 'the land of potatoes,'—Highland mountains against Irish mountains, to which Hugh refused the name, asserting there was not a real *Bein* in the whole island;—the great bag-pipe against the Irish pipe;—and, lastly, Fairntosh against Inishone:—Pat Leary raising his eye-lids when he heard that the Highlanders fancied themselves peculiarly ill off if obliged to have recourse to smuggled Inishone.

These cordial meetings, through the natural turbulence of some of the company, and a real desire for a splendid *finale*, sometimes ended in what Leary termed " a friendly row." He often assured Norman, " it was for the mere fun of the thing." But, *fun* or otherwise, Norman felt himself obliged to interfere, and remind the Piper " of those he was come off :"—and this simple hint effectually put an end to the ardent devotion paid at the shrine of St. Patrick, at least on his part. Not so on Leary's, who, during Captain Drummond's absence, had been twice lodged in the *black-hole*, or, as he facetiously termed it, " St. Patrick's purgatory," on a fair night, in consequence of a pitched battle betwixt the Ballyporeen boys and the boys of O'Shee's town ; Leary regularly joining with the former.

It was the recollection of those exploits that made the blood mount into a cheek which it seldom hastily visited, when Drummond spoke of Leary as a candidate for a serjeantcy.

In the midst of all these important events, Norman, with desponding feelings, saw his oft-repeated advertisements productive of nothing but disappointment. General —— had been four months in London, and his indefa-

tigable inquiries among the French noblesse, were not more successful. So many years had elapsed—so many changes had taken place:—That dreadful explosion which scattered the glittering relics of all that had been gallant and honourable in France over the face of Europe, effaced the recollection of every inferior event. It was like searching for a friend in the ruins of a city swallowed up by an earthquake.

But there was still hope.—Father Ullic yet lived, and the exile, Fitzconnal, and probably the gentleman in Lisbon to whom the mutilated fragment referred.

The priest, and the father of Mary Fitzconnal, were, however, far beyond the reach of Norman; and, in the month of April, he heard from his patron, or friend, the General, that Don Ignacio du Rocha had gone to South America with the Portuguese court, whither the letters had followed him.

Summer arrived.—Craig-gillian was still in England; Monimia was in Devonshire with Lady Glanville; and Norman and his pupils in the neighbourhood of their Irish town, longing to bid it adieu.

No air is so grateful to the ears of a truebred soldier, as that which, in a fine morning

in the latter end of June 1808, cheered the mind of Macalbin, and transported Drummond and Pat Leary, as the regiment in high spirits took the route to Cork, under orders for foreign service. The seat of war is the soldier's home: Be it love of glory, or of vicissitude, or that desire which every man with a gun in his hand is said to have for shooting at something, or a mere change of quarters, no air is so perfectly delightful as '*The girl I left behind me*,' which a full band now played, as the military heroes of all ranks flung round their light passing adieus to friends and sweethearts.

To those who love external nature, the fair face of creation, nothing can be more pleasing than travelling at leisure through a fine and *original* country, with the eyes, the ears, and the *purse*, all kindly and carelessly open. A perpetual accession of new ideas and images, and a rapid transition of characters and scenes, preserve the mind in continual hilarity, and dispose it to view every object in the most engaging attitude.

Macalbin and his noble pupils marched on foot along with the soldiers: The former in the mood of enjoyment, and the latter, wild with the exuberance of youthful spirits, called

into play by light exertion, seemed to think it were an easy leap to pluck from the pale-faced moon,—not bright honour, but broad mirth.

Though a close inspection of the country they traversed may be somewhat fatal to the enthusiasm it creates in inflammable minds, when viewed from afar, and through the medium of its poetry, eloquence, sufferings, and crimes, it is well calculated to increase that good-humoured facility, and disposition to be pleased, which is the most desirable travelling companion on a march of this kind, as well as on that more important journey, which too often abates admiration, without enlarging benevolence.

Leary deemed it incumbent on himself to shew the *natives*, as he called them, when assuming his *travelled* airs; and every peasant they met seemed to consider himself bound in honour to answer his jokes and blunders with other blunders and jokes, or by the retort-courteous—where a Lowland Scotsman would probably have sulked, and an Englishman challenged him to a boxing-match. This "reciprocation of smartness" extended along the whole line of march.

"I hope, friend, you don't intend to make your tea of that water," said Drummond, running to overtake his company, and addressing himself *en passant* to a tall raw-boned swarthy figure, who filled a tea-kettle with its own lid, from a muddy pool before his cabin-door, in which many ducklings were dabbling. The Irishman heard that the accent was *foreign*, and with great nonchalance replied,—"Och, master, in this country, the thicker the water the stronger the *tay*."—Such was the universal spirit of the answers he received: ridicule was ever quickly seized and adroitly magnified, and what could not be excused or palliated was skilfully parried off.

On the third day they reached Cork, where troops were fast collecting from all quarters, waiting for convoy and equipments, previous to their embarkation.

CHAP. XLII.

God and our cause to friend, the venture we'll abide.
SCOTT.

WHO has yet forgotten the electric impulse which darted through this land of liberty, when the people of Spain, in arms for freedom, first demanded the aid of England? Who has ceased to recollect the ennobling sympathy which united all ranks, all parties, in friendly zeal for the success of a brave people, who, disdaining a base compact between regal imbecility and successful perfidy, felt that they had still a country, and rights, and character to rescue from as foul an insult as had ever been offered to any nation? No event, in the history of twenty memorable years, was more calculated to excite the enthusiasm of youth. When Norman knew that his word was first to be drawn for Spain, it seemed a consecrated weapon. In the first struggles of

that country, his inflamed fancy saw the genius of her ancient chivalry guiding the energies of new-born freedom. Spain seemed roused from long, deep slumber, "like the strong man refreshed with new wine," powerful in justice,—in that lofty confidence which spurns at the calculation of failure; and terrible in the despair which, while it maddens, invigorates. To Macalbin it appeared base, and dastardly, nay, almost sacrilegious, to doubt of the destinies of such a people; and he loudly denounced the "craven scruples" of such of his associates as added to zeal knowledge. He was, indeed, guided more by the aspirations of a high-toned and romantic mind, than by political sagacity or military skill; and it was not till he followed the disastrous fortunes of the English retreating army, many months afterwards, that he reflected, with astonishment, on the generous credulity which looked for some miraculous regeneration of mind; and expected, from a people emasculated by slavish superstitions of all kinds, and the remnants of a court kneaded up in bigotry, and entrenched in doating forms, the intelligence, decision, and vigour of a responsible government, wielding the strength of a free country,—a country,

that, in such a cause, would have added its heart to its strength. But Macalbin was, nevertheless, the soldier which Spain needed, and at length found, when her brave population, learning to despise and distrust her feeble and inefficient provisionary governments, took counsel of their patriotism and national pride, and felt that something must be done as well as said;—their bitter foe caring little for denunciations by book and bell, the bones of their saints, or the fame of their heroes; or paper pellets, though discharged in the name of Hernan Cortes, Barnardo, or the Cid himself.

"Gae bring to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink, before I gae,
A service to my bonny lassie.
* * * *
The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts of war are heard afar,
The battle closes fierce and bloody.
But it's no the roar of sea or shore,
Wad make me langer wish to tarry,
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
But leaving thee, my bonny Mary."

So *sang* Drummond, and so *felt* Macalbin, as they sat together on the prow of the vessel which wafted them through the romantic channels of the Cove; and it was still the song when the green shores of Ireland, loved as a portion of that country round which their hearts clung more fondly at the moment of perhaps an eternal separation, gradually receded from their strained gaze.

A passage in a frigate had been offered to the young and noble ——s and their tutor; but it was declined by the Earl.

The military art was their profession, not their pastime; and they took their respective births in the suffocating transport, which contained, among other soldiers, Captain Drummond's company, the grenadiers of the —— regiment.

It was early in July when they embarked; the weather was delightful; and towards evening a light breeze springing up as the sun declined, carried them smoothly and rapidly onwards.

While the eyes of Norman and his friends were still fixed on the hazy outline of an imaginary coast, the full moon rose from the bosom of the sea. At this season, the air on deck, to young men braced with exercise, was

soft and genial, even at midnight; while below it was already become close, and flaggy, and suffocatingly hot. Drummond brought his flute to a part of the deck of which they took possession, and they sat till very late, alternately playing Scotish airs, or talking of their friends, their country, and their prospects, and silently contemplating a very beautiful picture :—the moon shining in full lustre, shedding her quiet light on the gently-curving waves, and silvering the sails of the vessels by partial gleams, as, crossing and re-crossing each other, they veered about to catch the fitful breeze, or glided stealingly onward, throwing long, tremulous, fantastic shadows on the water. The bustle of getting under-weigh had long subsided; well-known duties were silently performed; and no harsh sound disturbed the soothing repose of a scene, with which the humming song of the steersman, and the occasional whistle of the ship-boy, were in felicitous unison.

"How fair the sight of our gallant little fleet, stretching out in the moon-light like a covey of wild swans on a Highland loch, resting, but still proceeding, as they fly to sunny regions," said Norman, looking round—"Or

wild geese; what think ye?" replied Drummond, laughingly.

"Beshrew the odious comparison," returned Norman, soliciting, and not in vain, his attention to a beautiful and rarely seen object, a lunar bow.—"Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed Drummond, really delighted, and suddenly turning round,—"By the way, Paddy Leary, since you have the charge of our mess, can you give me any intelligence of the piece of 'elegant bacon' you praised at dinner? We might contrive to eat our supper here, and thus fix two strings to our bow." Supper was laid on the head of a barrel; and the sun rose as they still lingered over a *cann* of the Piper's brewing.

Next day the fleet of transports was becalmed. It was a day of still, bright, burning sunshine; there was no ripple on the wave, no cloud in the sky. The sails flapped supine with the rolling motion of the vessels. The passengers on board the different vessels conversed together at times, and the officers visited each other in the boats.

Macalbin, his pupils, and his friend, sat under the shelter of an awning on deck during the whole day. He had ordered Spanish books from Dublin before they sailed, that on the

voyage they might commence the study of the language; and he now assigned tasks, and distributed his grammars. It was not easy to conquer the rattling vivacity of Drummond, or to tie down his attention to any elementary literary drudgery. The day, therefore, wore away, marked by no great progress either in the Spanish language or the voyage. The fleet still lagged where it had been on the preceding night.

Immediately after dinner, the students left the officers over their wine, and resumed their station. Hugh, who had mounted guard on their studies, was now leaning over the side of the vessel, whistling up the breeze, and singing snatches of Gaelic airs.

"Ah, Hugh, there you call spirits from the vasty deep, while I must fag at this cursed Spanish," said Drummond, looking to Norman for respite. "I have a notion it prevents digestion. 'After supper walk a mile, after dinner sit a while.' Do you know the proverb, Mr Macalbin?"

"I do, and another," said Norman, smiling. —"O deuce take the other," cried Drummond, guessing its import, and sitting down. But in ten minu..s his head became confused; and, shutting the .ook with a smack, which

made Hugh start, he exclaimed, "I'll *haber* no more.

"Lochaber, dear, do you love it? shall I *croon* it for you?" said Hugh, who gave Drummond all his fondling Highland epithets.

"Aye, do," said Drummond, glad of the mistake, and speaking in Gaelic.—"That chief of ours loves a tête-à-tête by himself of all things; we will have a tête-à-tête by ourselves—And tell me now, Piper, were you ever seriously in love?"

"O Lord! Then you are a merry gentleman," said Hugh, reddening. "It was on the Mohawks they told you that now?"—When stationed in Canada, Drummond had visited the United States, and seen the little colony of clansmen.—"Aye to be sure—But tell me now how you felt,—were you all queer and God-knows-how, with an intolerable hatred of verbs, and nouns, and dead calms?"

"Yes, darling, the queerness I had,—but for hating, I hated nobody,—not Allan himself, thank God,—for had he not the best right to her, having oaths of her for ten years, and keeping by her for ten years among the wild Indians, a prisoner, after the wars were over."

"Of whom?" said Drummond.—"Why of

Mary Bane, Ronald Smith's Mary,—Macalbin's own Moome, I may say. And was not the last letter he wrote from Cork, on Sunday, to Allan and her ?"

"Surely,—Mary Bane," cried Drummond, adroitly seizing every hint:—"A very fair girl she was, with blue eyes and light hair—Had she not ?"

"My *little* mother," said Norman, involuntarily closing his book: "I live in the hope of seeing her one day !"

In the course of the day, Drummond had often burst into fits of half-affected passion at the provoking calm.

"After all, I can't say what the deuce is the cause of my haste," said he, laughing at his own violence. "O ! I'll tell you how it is,—some beautiful predestined *senóra* is waiting me, with eyes of diamond and locks of jet, and delicate little feet, playing bo-peep with men's hearts from under the fringed *basquina*. O heavens, the enchanting creature ! Of course she will fall in love with me, as she goes to church, shrouded in her *mantilla* or veil,—a heroine is nothing without a *veil*—better want a shift to her back. Her ugly old Duenna will be ordered to follow me home, and so learn that I am a brave English cavalier,

ready to encounter men and bulls for her mistress's lovely sake. Then in due time comes the interview on the moonlight balcony, when I must kneel, and complain of her cruelty,—all the women like to be told of their cruelty; so every thing will proceed delightfully according to rule. Next comes the tilting match with her dingy Don, under a grove of cork trees;—you will be my second, and of course we will kill him off, and fly for life, as his uncle or father must be some bloody inquisitor, high in power; and then ——"

"I'll have no concern in so amiable a project," said Norman, smiling at his levity.

"You won't,—you shabby fellow,—then Hugh you will be my second;—we know what love is,—so bring the flute that I may practise a serenade to my lovely senóra."

Hugh trotted away laughing at his gaiety.

"Well, Captain Drummond, I must congratulate you on getting over your parting sorrow,—almost forgot your 'Highland Mary,' said Norman, in a tone of gentle reproach."

"Impossible! Impossible that I should forget my Highland Mary. No, Macalbin, my heart has at least one good quality,—its *polarity*. It still turns for happiness to my northern home."

To Macalbin there was something redeeming in the occasional bursts of deep national and conjugal feeling which mingled with the light effusions of constitutional gaiety in Drummond. His pernicious military habit of raving eternally of flames and darts was so purely nonsensical, that it could not offend even the femininely delicate mind of his friend, though the latter sometimes became a little tired of the sameness of the details of his romances, and sometimes wished him to think a little before he spoke so much.

"Do your thoughts never turn from these Donnas and Mesdames to the formidable French army waiting our arrival?" said Norman.

"Poh! That is the shop,—quite in the way of trade,—mechanical,—I never mind these matters. I just think we'll beat them,—beat them again, and again, if needful:—as to the ways and means, I leave them to the wise heads who are paid to manage all that. When I was a youug man, like you, I used to puzzle myself, and plague others, about *how* and *when* certain things were to be accomplished; but they would none of my counsel. I have a shrewd suspicion, that great men leave more to the chapter of accidents than little men

dream of. For my own part, I know, that, like some great dramatic genius I have heard or read about, I rush into the scene, and abandon myself to nature. That is the only way for a Highlander."

"I know you have no appetite for glory."—"None, certainly, for a morsel,—a nipperkin of glory,—a glory cut into ten thousand slices, and every body putting in a better claim than my own. It reminds me of those days when I left the rough plenty of my father's home, (where we killed a bullock when we wanted meat, or sent a fellow to the hill for a sheep or two,) for a dainty English boarding-school, in which a comfortable looking round of beef was cut into so many *delicate* slices, that I felt inclined to grow sulky, and to say, I'll none of it."

"However, you drew to your plate," said Norman.—"O surely,—and to the gazette," replied Drummond, laughing, "for my share of the laurels. Though of small value at this moment, when I become an old grave gentlemen, a little sprig stuck in my wig will enable me to cut a figure in the eyes of the younkers, and make me formidable at road-meetings. But let us return to my sweet senóra, and never mind Bonaparte."

'Come on raw-head and bloody bones,
'Here's a boy that don't fear you.'

"And why should you, Sir?" said Hugh, advancing with the flute.

"Why should I, Piper?—Think you, now, will he have one horn or two. Pray can you guess the length of his tail?—and then his prodigious saucer eyes! As to the cloven hoof we won't see that, unless the board has ordered us boot-jacks."

"Then you are a merry gentleman, Sir."

"I am a very serious gentleman, Piper.—If you read newspapers, this is the precise idea you would have of the *monster*,—which I shall more fully set forth when I indite my loyal tragedy, that is to open thus:—Enter Bonaparte in the costume of the devil upon a halfpenny picture-book, snuffing up the air, and growling:

'Fe, fa, fu, fum,
'I smell the blood of an Englishman;
'Be he living or be he dead,
'I'll grind his bones to make my bread.'

Norman laughed, in spite of himself, at the voice in which these nursery lines were pronounced.

"Don't you think it will be rather a taking piece now? I'm sure some newspapers 'will

be happy to contribute their humble tribute of applause to the never-enough-to-be-admired *diablerie* of this gallant officer's piece."

Drummond now practised his serenade with the Piper, who played the violin, if not with the science, at least with all the spirit of old Gow. Macalbin had for some time indulged a vague idea that the cultivation of music was *unmanly*,—he could not satisfy himself wherefore; it was fastidious feeling rather than sober reason. He had therefore abandoned his violin even when alone; and his song, since he had left his home, was only the reckless *hum* of a pre-occupied mind. But in that song Drummond discovered the richest bass tones he had ever heard; and he now insisted and pleaded so warmly, that Norman would *for once* take a part in his concert with the Piper, that for once he consented to chaunt the invocation of '*The sea-boy's call*.'

Among the wild shores of the Hebrides, the only seas that Macalbin had ever navigated, he had often been charmed with the shrill whistle and chaunted invocation of the Highland mariner, as on a still sunny noon he called up the dying breeze. But on these shores to him every thing was pleasing.

They accordingly commenced their vocal

concert. Drummond sang the stanza; then followed the long, shrill, quivering whistle of the Piper; and on its dying fall stole the rich full tones of Macalbin's bass voice, most musically deep, as he chaunted the invocation; and, with 'linked sweetness,' Drummond again caught the stanza.

Thus passed the twilight hour, beguiled by

THE SEA-BOY'S CALL.

"O but I hate this dull delay,
That cloudless sky, those molten seas:
Up! lagging breeze, and speed my way
To those I love"—
(Whistles, and then chaunts)
"SPRING UP, GOOD BREEZE!

Strayest thou in ocean's crystal halls,
Mid coral bowers and reedy leas,
Deaf to the sea-boy's whistling calls,
Who sweetly wooes thee:—
UP, FAIR BREEZE!

Aye, now I hear thee far behind,
Like busy hum of moorland bees;
And now thou whistlest in the wind,
Still fresher! fresher!——
BLOW, GOOD BREEZE!

O merrily! merrily! now we go,
Gay tilting o'er the sounding seas;
Our gallant ship's side bending low
To woo thy breath——
BLOW, BLOW, FAIR BREEZE!

Welcome! old Scotland's misty shores!
Welcome! my hill-cot's tufted trees:
Welcome! the maid this heart adores!
O bless thee! bless thee!——
SOUTHERN BREEZE!"

Whether the spirit came when they did call on it, or for some other cause, the breeze sprung up;—and on the tenth day after embarkation they had the happiness to hail Cape la Roque, and the memorable village of Cintra on the heights beyond it. The troops in the various transports were now burning with impatience to land,—to find freer quarters, and a foe worthy of their steel. But, by some unfortunate omission, they were for some days kept beating about the coast, waiting permission to disembark; and Drummond, gazing on the land he durst not touch, alternately raved and laughed at his own impatience.

The fleet was now in Mondego bay, and so near the shore that the troops could perceive the movements of the enemy's corps, col-

lecting on the heights to oppose their landing.

The Portuguese landscape lay stretched before them in inviting freshness as they crowded to the deck at the first peep of dawn; and as they still lingered, at sun-set they could hear the chime of a distant convent bell, and the chaunted *Ave-Marias* of the fishermen, who were permitted to cast their nets within a limited distance from the shore. The votary of the Catholic faith has at least the merit of feeling no awkward shame in the due observation of its rites. He does not seek to bury himself in his burrow ere he perform duties which must otherwise remain neglected. In spite of the sneers of the encircling soldiers, at the hour of vespers the hymn of the Portuguese pilots still mingled its softer tones with their Bacchanalian carols.

A week had now been consumed in tedious waiting. A lurid and sultry day was succeeded by a threatening evening. The burning disk of the setting sun dyed the ocean, and streaked the skirts of the sulphureous clouds, which were fast gathering in the atmosphere, with fiery and portentous light. Every indication of a violent tempest became more evident as the twilight deepened; and when

darkness set in, thick and impenetrable, the breeze, blowing strongly from the west, made the pilots resolve on beating out to sea.

The troops were now imperiously ordered below, with the exception of Norman and Hugh, whom the habits of a somewhat roving and dangerous life had endowed with superior activity and presence of mind. The Piper had indeed been a herring-fisher on the north-west shores of Scotland, and knew how to handle a rope; and Norman, besides possessing that intelligence which is fertile in resource, had, every day of his life, sailed his little skiff on Lochuan, often agitated by wild storms, and rendered dangerous by sudden squalls rushing down the mountain ravines, which would have appeared formidable to much older mariners.

Considerable alarm, and proportionate exertion, prevailed on the deck till about two in the morning, when the wind fortunately flitted round, and the clouds, which had begun to mutter overhead, rolled away far to the south. The rain, now falling in torrents, stilled the hurricane; but Norman, too much excited to sleep, wrapped himself in a watch-coat, and, at his earnest request, was permit-

ted to take the place of an exhausted seaman.

The wind whistling loudly, and by fitful gusts in the cordage,—the jetting motion of the ship, as in regular repercussive bounds she cut the opposing wave, creaking in every strained board which divided her sleeping crew from death and eternity,—composed altogether that melancholy music which may be called Danger's Lullaby. The pitchy darkness heightened terror more than it increased peril; for the steersman, aided by his friendly lantern, studied that blessed instrument which enables the modern mariner to ride the midnight storm in comparative security.

The musings of Norman naturally turned to those days when the seaman

'Knew no north but when the Pole-star shone.'

And more naturally still to the Hebridean mariner of this day, guiding his little bark among stormy channels and round mountain bays, and surprised by the midnight tempest, with no compass, save the Pole-star. With his thoughts wandering in this direction, he beguiled his watch, by repeating the following lines :—

TO THE POLE-STAR.

" No gleam is on the roaring wave,
No star is in the midnight skies;
The gathering tempests hoarser rave—
STAR OF THE MARINER, ARISE!
While wild winds blend their melodies,
To thee our ardent vows we pour;
O guide us through the pathless seas,
O guard us from the treacherous shore!

STAR OF THE BRAVE! pale Beauty's eye
In wild alarm is rais'd to thee;
To thee she breathes the secret sigh,—
' O save my true love far at sea!
' From rock and shoal my sailor free;
' Guide him from whitening waves afar,
' O bring him to his home and me,
' And thou shalt be my worshipp'd star!'

BRAVE MARINER! Hebridean seas
Have rock'd thy bark at summer's e'en;
When soft thou whistling woo'd the breeze,
And thought on thy young love between;
Or view'd th' appointed margent green,
And wish'd that pale light would appear,
And called it loveliest star, I ween,
In all thy northern hemisphere.

Star of the North! where'er he roves,
To thee he turns in fond review;
Sweet beacon of his early loves,
First seen 'mid Albyn's mountains blue,
When life and all its joys were new,
And love and thou his only guides,
As loud and shrill the night winds blew,
And brave he stemm'd * Cor'vrekan's tides.

Loved Wanderer! from thy Highland home,
Who cross'd the deep for Indian gold,
Condemn'd in sunny lands to roam,
Where nothing but the heart is cold,—
O! well canst thou thy pang unfold,
When sunk the Pole-star down on earth,
Marking the liquid lapse that roll'd
Between thee and thy father's hearth.

But cheerly, cheerly, gallant heart!
Scotland and bliss await thee still:
Well hast thou play'd the manly part,
Spurning at temporary ill.—
Rise! visions of his father's hill,
And sooth him with the scenes afar;
With lovely hopes his bosom fill,—
Rise on his soul, thou Northern Star!

* Corrievrekan, " the whirlpool of the Danish prince," is off the coast of Lorn, and between the islands of Jura and Scarba, where a great many opposing currents meet.

Fond will he watch thee o'er the bow,
  Steal from the blue and billowy main,
And greet thee with the kindly glow
  That *wiles* our wanderer's back agen,
From golden climes of stranger men,
  From toil, and strife, and grandeur far,
To sun their age in Highland glen,
  Then sleep beneath their NORTHERN STA

END OF VOL. III.

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